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**Do
women
know**

HOW TO SPEND MONEY ?

Making it go
round
and round

By

MARGARET GREEN DEVEREUX
in her book, "Your Life as a
Woman."

WOMEN spend approximately two-thirds of the country's wealth and buy everything that is bought from ink to insurance, from toothpaste to investments.

No other women in history had such control over spending as does the average modern housewife.

But do we always get our money's worth?

Do we always get what we really want?

We are pretty shrewd about our pennies, and we are well educated as to merchandise values.

Our judgment and our taste are featured and extolled.

Luxuries are accepted as necessities, and there is the most amazing assortment of really beautiful things to choose from, at the lowest cost ever offered to any generation.

Budgets have been tried, and most women heartily dislike them as they frequently defeat their purpose.

But getting simply amounts to not spending more than you can afford, and boils down to the fact that no matter how wisely you plan some act of God or unforeseen contingency invariably knocks your budget sky high.

What women are concerned with is the balance between the things we really need and the things we buy.

No one but ourselves has the intimate knowledge of our needs and our problems, and no one can work them out but ourselves.

We all work out a system of expenditure, and we live up to it more or less. The methods we devise for ourselves are the most effective for us on the whole.

You are perpetually making new resolutions, tightening up one

month because you have to, loosening up the next because you can, adjusting yourself as best you may.

There are just so many pennies in a shilling, and just so many shillings that you have to spend.

Every manufacturer, every profession in the country is competing for each one of them. Money can buy so much that is necessary and important, so much of pleasure and freedom and peace.

We have a tremendous problem determining the wisest expenditures.

We have to weigh so many values before we spend a single shilling.

So much will-power is necessary to resist the lures spread around us, and we have to exercise so much judgment and restraint.

We have a great responsibility.

Good value

IS it more important to have a new coat or to go now and then to the theatre? Your mind can get as shabby as your clothes, you know.

Perhaps it would be better to wear the old coat another year and take a course at the University.

Should you get a new evening frock with the cheque you got for your birthday? Why not take a course of beauty treatments, so that your figure will be improved and you will look more attractive in the frocks you already have?

We not only have to gauge present needs in terms of the wisest possible spending, but we also have to consider the future value of the things we buy.

We have to be wiser, more discriminating, and to exercise more

real judgment and restraint than anyone ever imagines.

That we do as well as we do is miraculous.

The happiest woman is the one who spends money.

Her large family and her sense of values make that imperative, but she never runs bills she cannot meet, and her shillings yield more in human happiness than those of most of her friends.

Isn't that the only test women need apply to their spending?

Consider the comparison between two women who as housewives have money to spend.

There is Mrs. Brown, who has the most beautiful house in the town.

Everything has been chosen with perfect taste, but it is not a home in the true sense of the word.

The right way

MRS. BROWN worries continually about the wear and tear on her furniture and is in perpetual throes of servant trouble because she is so exacting.

She complains about her family's misuse of the household linen, and rarely picks a flower from her lovely garden for fear of spoiling its effect.

Mrs. Brown was so impressed by the value of what she had that she only wanted to preserve and maintain her possessions.

She never spent one penny to make other people happy, or to permit them the enjoyment of the investment she had made.

She spent her money wisely in one way, but created a barrier between herself and other persons, even those whom she really loved.

Mrs. White, on the other hand, with less to spend, gets her money's worth every time.

She lives in an unfashionable street, but her home is cool and capacious.

She has the simplest meals, but her cooking is legendary among her friends. Her flowers are hardy perennials, but her house is filled with them.

It is fairly spilling over with books and periodicals, and her charming furniture is comfortable and planned for family use.

She spends money, as her large family and her sense of values make that imperative, but she spends it to the best advantage.

Let's Talk Of
Interesting
People



Diplomat and dramatist
SIR ROBERT VANSITTART.

Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the British Government, finds relaxation from his strenuous duties in writing plays. His comedy, "Dead Heat," was a highlight of the recent Malver Festival, one of England's outstanding annual dramatic and literary festivals.

Its theme sought to show that a moderate love is the best basis for a happy marriage. A leading role was played by Miss Irene Vanbrugh.



—Julio Leslie.

Red Cross enthusiast

TYPICAL of the modern girl in her efficiency and unflinching zeal for her chosen work is Miss Gladys Richardson, recently appointed assistant secretary of the N.S.W. Division of the Red Cross Society.

Red Cross work is a hobby as well as a job to Miss Richardson. For ten years she has been on the staff of the society's Sydney office, and as a spare time activity she has, for the past eight years, organised the Red Cross Headquarters Younger Set fete, to aid the funds.



Looks after No. 10

PRIME MINISTERS may come and go, but Mr. C. A. Carter, resident Office Keeper at No. 10 Downing Street, stays on. His job, which relates to the care and upkeep of official furniture and contents of No. 10, requires the utmost discretion, and he has adopted as his motto, "Silence is golden."

He also accompanies the Prime Minister when he travels abroad.



ERASMIC Face Powder provided the key

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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

57.40.27



BARGAIN SALES—housewives' Mecca for spending.

"FRED SAVED"—wife's moving war cable

Australian girl's ordeal when
Royal Oak was torpedoed



LIEUT.-COMMANDER COOK carried his bride up the gangway to his ship, H.M.A.S. Waterhen, after their wedding at Garden Island chapel in 1937.

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in Europe.

Twice in a week Mrs. Bettie Cook, a young Australian wife and mother-to-be in England, has been shocked by news of grim war encounters in which her naval officer husband escaped death by a miracle.

Lieut.-Commander Cook, formerly of Melbourne, was on the Royal Oak when she was torpedoed. He was rescued and transferred to the Iron Duke, which was bombed by German air raiders shortly afterwards.

WHEN news of the Royal Oak disaster first stunned England, Mrs. Cook spent anxious hours until the Admiralty issued a list of survivors, among whom was her husband.

"Fred saved," the young wife then graphically cabled the naval officer's mother in Victoria. Behind that short message was one of the most moving stories of the war.

Awakening from an afternoon rest, the wife of Lieut.-Commander Cook, who is shortly expecting a baby, happened to turn on the wireless, and the first thing she heard was the tragic announcement that the Royal Oak had been sunk.

"For two dreadful hours I thought my husband dead," she told The Australian Women's Weekly.

"I can't tell you what I thought or how long those hours were.

"I am just unable to recall what seems a nightmare.

"Then a telegram arrived—it was from my husband.

"It had three beautiful words—'Safe and well.'

"I can't tell you how I felt then, either—I only know I'm the happiest woman, although that happiness is clouded by my thoughts for other women who were not so lucky as I have been.

People's kindness

"ALL the people in this tiny village knew of the disaster, all knew my husband was aboard, all knew I am expecting a baby.

"They came to express sympathy. Many did not even come into the house, but just by their presence outside demonstrated their sympathy.

"When they heard of the arrival of a telegram for me, almost the entire village followed the messenger to the manor to hear the news.

"When they were told my husband was safe they were overjoyed, and shouted messages of congratulation."

Mrs. Cook is staying at the Manor House, Burton (pronounced Berrington) as a guest "for the duration" of Major and Mrs. Bonham Carter.

Mrs. Cook has been helping to care for forty children brought to the Manor from London's East End when air raids seemed imminent at the outbreak of war.



CHARMING HOME STUDY of Mrs. Cook, whose husband was one of the survivors of the Royal Oak.

"I subsequently learned that villagers who heard news of the disaster first from the papers rushed to the Manor House to tell my friends here to cut off the wireless, but I had awakened and turned the wireless on just before they arrived. Two days after the Royal Oak disaster I got a letter from my husband telling me he'd been saved after a very long swim.

"He is fortunately an excellent swimmer, as it was one of his favorite sports in Australia.

"In the letter he also told me his next address would be the Iron Duke.

Lost everything

"SUBSEQUENTLY I had a telephone call from him and learned he got ashore from the Royal Oak wearing only his wrist-watch. He lost all his clothes—everything, including antique silver we'd been collecting, etchings and paintings from Australia, the little koala given to us for luck before we left Australia, also souvenirs of the time he was flag-leutenant to Admiral Ford.

"They've all gone to the bottom.

"I had a second shock the other day when I received another telegram with the message, 'Safe and well.'

"I was puzzled, and had just decided it was a repetition of the first when again I heard on the wireless of the attempted bombing of the Iron Duke.

"So, with war only begun, Fred has had two narrow escapes.

"To-day I had a telephone call from him telling me he'd been granted leave to visit me.

"I expect him at the weekend. I haven't seen him for three months. How happy I'll be to see him just at this time.

"The people of this village feel they can't be too kind towards me.

"Following on the loss of the Royal Oak there was a thanksgiving service for the safety of my husband and other survivors.

"When the bell tolled for the service at St. Mary's, Burton, the entire village turned out.

"Since I arrived here we have been busy caring for the children evacuated from London.

"During the past three months I've had no idea where my husband was, except occasionally when he'd telephone; then I knew for a brief three minutes that his ship had touched shore."

Mother waits also

From Our Special Melbourne Representative.

ALTHOUGH war in its grimmest reality has been brought home to the two young Australian people, and though her anxiety has been so great, Bettie Cook, sailor's wife, has not written one line of complaint to her family and friends.

In her home at Shepparton, Victoria, Mrs. Harry Cook, the naval officer's mother, is anxiously awaiting further details of her son's double escape and whether it has affected his wife's health at this critical time.

"I am very happy that Fred was rescued," she said.

"The first news of his safety came about 9.15 on Sunday morning, when a cablegram from Australia House was telephoned to me.

"That same night I received a cablegram from my daughter-in-law in England, 'Fred saved!'"

Continued on Page 4

An old favourite
acquires
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Turkish women's outlook now vital to Australia

Want to retain their new life and freedom

By Elizabeth Rink



TO HELP in the defence of the country if ever it is attacked, Turkey has a highly trained women's army. Here are girl soldiers marching at their training camp.

Women are playing an unseen, but vital, part in the efforts which Turkey, once an enemy and now a friend of the British Empire, is making to preserve peace in the Balkans.

Only fifteen years after Kemal Ataturk, the great Turkish leader, decreed that women should be free to take part in the government of their country, twenty-five women deputies sit in the National Assembly, the Turkish Parliament.

WHAT these women think about Turkey's relations with Britain and Germany and

her powerful neighbor, Soviet Russia, may decide to a large extent the future course

Ideals, Turkey has held out the hand of friendship to the Empire. For several years past, Nazi agents, including the infamous von

of the war.

Ever since the rise of the great Kemal, who was a staunch admirer of Britain's democratic

Now Russia, after taking a large slice of Poland, and holding a pistol at the head of almost every other small nation in Eastern Europe, has

turned its attention to the small but powerful nation that guards the Dardanelles.

Honoring its pledges to England, Turkey has refused to close the Dardanelles to Allied ships.

Inspired by Kemal, the reformer, Turkish women have nothing in common with the Nazi creed.

Hitler believes that women should have no part in the government of their country.

Turkish women serve in Parliament, on municipal councils, and on every kind of commission or board for the advancement of the nation.

There are women doctors, lawyers, and stenographers.

Papen, have been trying to swing Turkey away from Britain, but their efforts have been unrewarded.

Turks, on the whole, are violently opposed to Nazism and all it stands for.

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When Kemal called to the women of his country, they were not slow to realize the possibilities of the new life that lay before them.

Discarding the old traditions, they took a leading part in the work of building the modern Turkey.

The new outlook spread at an amazing rate and to-day, even in remote regions, girls are being brought up in the modern European manner.

At the beginning of Kemal's regime, women often did not see their husbands before their wedding day. Many women lived and died in the harem without going beyond its prison-like walls.

On the rare occasions when a man was accompanied in the street by his wife, she had to walk, heavily veiled, at a respectful distance behind him. She could never appear with him at public functions. Most of her life was spent shut up with other women in the gloomy harem.

Kemal Ataturk changed all that with one swift move by giving Turkey's first official ball, at which he himself danced as partner of "hanoums" (harem women).

This was followed by a law making it illegal for a man to have more than one wife.

With their new freedom Turkish women gained an education system equal to any in the world.

Kemal himself went on tour through the little towns and villages, and, with chalk in hand, taught the children the rudiments of the new Latin writing.

Although their leader has since died, Turkish women have taken to writing English-style letters as a matter of course.

Throughout Turkey European clothes have displaced the black, monk-like dresses and veil of harem days.

The Turkish girl to-day could hardly be distinguished from a dark Australian girl.

Smartly dressed and attractively groomed, with every modern aid to beauty, she goes to dances, swims and surfs, or takes part in organized sport just like her English or Australian sister.

These are the modern Turkish women whose representatives in the National Assembly are facing, side by side with the men, the great problem of Turkey's future.

THESE GIRLS learning typewriting are typical of the new Turkey. They wear smart European clothes.



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Wife's moving war cable

Continued from Page 3

MRS. COOK, who has been a widow for 20 years, has five sons and one daughter.

Her son Fred's romance began at Kosciuszko.

"It was a snow romance," she said laughingly. "Fred was staying there with his brother Leo for a holiday and he met Bettie Buchanan, who was also holidaying there with some friends."

The young naval man, who was then attached to H.M.A.S. Waterhen, was very attracted by the happy, laughing, fair-haired girl, and they planned to meet again in Sydney.

Naval men are always asked to a great many parties, and the couple met at many dances. After seeing a lot of each other, they fell in love and were married eighteen months later.

A picturesque note at the wedding was the arrival of the bride and her two bridesmaids in the Admiral's barge, which conveyed them from the wharf at Elizabeth Bay to the Island.

This was the first occasion for many years that a wedding had taken place at Garden Island.

Lieutenant-Commander Cook is having a brilliant naval career. He was born in Invergordon in Victoria. He joined the Navy in 1919, when he was 13, and served four years in the Naval College.

He was twelve months in Australian waters before returning with the British Naval Squadron at the beginning of 1925. He served in the Repulse as a midshipman.

After a three years' stay in England he came back to Australia with the rank of Lieutenant, revisited England in 1932 and remained there for two years.

In 1934 he joined the Canberra in Australian waters and subsequently, as Lieutenant-Commander, was transferred to the destroyer Waterhen.

In July, 1938, he was in the Albion when it left for England for scrapping.

His wife followed him to England the next month.

Before he left, his mother spent a happy week with the couple who were holidaying in a cottage they had taken at Cronulla.

Bunglers at the GAME

*J*ULIE sometimes calls me an old maid. I admit that I have fixed habits as regards the greater part of my daily life.

It was consequently rather a shock to me to wake up suddenly at half-past seven one morning and discover, towering over me by the side of the bed, a huge giant of a fellow with a fair beard cut rather short, very blue eyes, and an air of patient amiability such as I have seldom seen equalled. This vision held out a huge hand to me. I shook it before I realised what I was doing. Then I sat up in bed.

"What the mischief do you want?" I asked. "Who are you?"

With a beatific smile he produced a card and handed it to me. Upon it was engraved with many flourishes:

"Baron Conrad von Corberg."

"Well, what do you want with me at this hour of the morning?" I inquired. "And how did you get here?"

"I came in through your sitting-room," he confided. "I have asked the valet respecting your habits, and I find that you do not rise until eight o'clock. That does not suit me. I have another case at eight-thirty. I am obliged to take you at half-past seven."

"Do you mind telling me what you are talking about?"

"I will tell you while we work," was the cheerful answer. "I looked in the bathroom and I discovered that you have plenty of warm towels. Will you kindly remove your pyjamas—see, I will assist you—and lie flat upon the bed? Yours is the right type of mattress. I am glad to see," he went on approvingly, "It has hard springs—not too much give. So," he demonstrated, pushing it down with his fist. "I now fetch a towel. Everything else—powder, the special preparation of my own that I sometimes use, I have ready here."

"But what the mischief is all this about?" I persisted. "What do you propose to do to me?"

He seemed a little hurt. He looked at me with wide open eyes filled with a gentle reproof.

"Why, to massage you," he explained. "It is for that I have come."

"But I never ordered you," I expostulated. "I don't want to be massaged. I am not going to be massaged. Who sent you here?"

"No one," he admitted cheerfully, his fingers all the time occupied with the buttons of my night attire. "So, that is excellent. A good chest, but, alas, it is always so—at thirty or afterwards—and your neck, that needs attention. Stomach is not so bad. Still, we shall improve that."

He was at it before I could remonstrate further. I lay still for a few moments and felt his hands travelling over me with what I realised to be the inspired touch of the trained masseur.

"You see, it is good, that—yes?" he asked with the eagerness of a child. "Soon you will never be able to rise without your morning massage. You will respond, too. You have an excellent frame, Captain Lyson. You are just a little short of exercise, otherwise I should say in perfect condition."

Since it seemed that Fate had ordained that I was to be massaged, I left off arguments and allowed him to proceed. At three minutes to eight he finished, pulled the bedclothes up to my neck, took the tea-tray from my astonished valet and placed it by the side of the bed.

"You would like me to make your tea for you—yes? Sugar—cream?"



A complete story by
**E. PHILLIPS
OPPENHEIM**

... The captain prided himself on his fixed habits, but they were rudely upset by two unexpected visitors

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

Afterwards you will rest for ten minutes, then you take your bath as usual."

He disappeared into the bathroom.

"You excuse?" he called out, as I heard the toilet basin being filled. "I wash my hands—so. You are a good subject, Captain Lyson."

He came back to me, his face beaming. He put on his coat and came to my bedside.

"Four days a week I shall wish to come," he announced. "Which four days would you prefer?"

"What I should like to arrive at is, who told you to come at all?" I persisted.

"But no one," he explained. "How could you know whether you wanted massage or not until you tried? Most of my patients I get in this way. I mark them down myself as likely. Sometimes I find their names in the list of members of a well-known club, sometimes I come across them at the restaurants, more often than anything I visit the actors and the cinema men and those who have to study their appearance greatly."

"AND how did you arrive at my name?" I asked.

"It came with others," he replied.

"I do not remember."

"Do you find that everyone submits as meekly as I do?"

"I seldom have any trouble," was the well-satisfied reply. "Sometimes I find that a man may take months and months making up his mind to embark upon a course of massage, although he knows all the time that it would be good for him. That is what first gave me the idea. I choose my clients. I find out their habits. I appear. You are a client of mine now. I come to-morrow morning or Thursday—which?"

"What do I pay for all this?" I asked.

"For the massage that you have received, my dear sir," was the prompt reply, "nothing. Nothing at all. It is my gift—my introduction to you. Henceforth the fee will be one guinea, and if you wish my services oftener than four times a week there might be some reduction allowed."

"You mean that the massage I have just received—"

He smiled a broad, happy smile.

"It is a gift," he repeated. "It is my own idea. No one else has built up a connection as I am building it up in just the same manner. I shall be here on Thursday at the same time, and I am sure that I shall find you happy to receive me."

He picked up a small bag and a rather well-worn black felt hat. Then he walked happily away.

On the morning of my impromptu

massage I motored a friend down to Woking, where we had a pleasant round of golf, and returned to my small flat in the Milan Court just before one. Before going to my table, I paused to talk for a few minutes to Louis, who was seated at the desk from which he superintended the destinies of the famous restaurant.

"Louis," I inquired, "do you notice anything special about my appearance this morning?"

"Nothing very special, Captain," he replied. "You are looking very fit."

"It's going to cost me a guinea a morning to look as fit as this all the time," I confided. "Do you know that a ruffian whom I had never seen before barged his way into my rooms this morning, insisted upon massaging me, and went away without charging me a penny? I gathered, however, that he has adopted me as a regular patient at a guinea a time!"

"It appears to me a little unusual that he should come without any arrangement," Louis observed.

"He is a very unusual person," I declared. "Here's his card." I went on, laying it upon the desk before him.

"Where, may I ask, is Mademoiselle?"

"In the flat, I believe," Louis replied. "Go in and have a cocktail with her, Captain Lyson. She will be delighted."

"I certainly will," I agreed.

I knocked at the door of Louis' little flat, which was only a few

yards away from the entrance to the Grill Room.

Julie herself admitted me.

"Dear man!" she exclaimed. "Do tell me that you have come to ask me to lunch."

"Nothing was farther from my thoughts," I assured her.

Her face fell.

"Mechant! And I am so triste to-day. Madame Gaudin has gone back to Paris."

"Of course I came to beg you to lunch with me," I said. "Julie, look at me, please. Well? Anything special?"

"You look very well, and I like your tie."

I told her of my morning's adventure. She laughed heartily.

"I think it is delicious," she said. "Fancy that great strong man standing over your bed, holding you down whilst he pummelled and rubbed you!"

"It sounds exaggerated," I admitted, "but it isn't. If he hadn't looked so frightfully good-natured, and so pleased with himself, I should have wriggled away somehow. As it was, I just lay there like a lamb."

We drank our cocktails and indulged in a little gossip—Julie was a great friend of mine—and presently strolled out to my table. Louis, leaning over his desk, detained me as we passed. He was still holding in his hand the card I had given him.

"One moment, Captain," he begged. "This name—it sounds somehow familiar to me. Corberg. A foreigner, I imagine."

"Scandinavian, I should think," I told him. "Most of the good masseurs are."

"Is he coming again?"

"Thursday morning."

"There would be no harm," Louis suggested, lowering his voice, "if you asked him a few questions as to why he singled you out as a likely patient."

"I certainly will," I promised. "It's something I don't understand myself."

So on Thursday morning, at three minutes to half-past seven, when I heard a gentle knock at my door, I made up my mind to solve the mystery of the Baron von Corberg's unsolicited attentions. The question which was already framed upon my lips, however, was never asked. There was the Baron von Corberg

right enough, with that delightful smile upon his lips, and just behind, looking into the room with an air of amused curiosity, stood the most beautiful feminine replica of the man it was possible to conceive.

The Baron introduced us proudly. "I take a liberty, Captain Lyson," he said. "I present you to my sister—Greta von Corberg. Sometimes I bring my sister with me on my rounds."

I drew the bedclothes a little tighter around me and sat upright.

"I—er—charmed, of course," I rejoined. "But really—I must apologise, Miss von Corberg. I may have the pleasure, perhaps, of seeing you later on."

*I*f she noticed my embarrassment, she completely ignored the irritation which accompanied it. She came over to the bedside and held out her hand. Her smile was completely and utterly disarming.

"I am very happy to meet you, Captain Lyson," she said. "I like to know my brother's clients, then we can talk about them later in the day, when he has finished his rounds. You excuse that I come into your bedroom? We are not so strict, perhaps, in those ways as you are in England."

"Well, it's not exactly usual, you know," I ventured.

"I wait, if you permit, in your salon. It is a liberty, perhaps, that I have taken?" she asked, looking at me anxiously. "I am so sorry."

"Not in the least," I assured her. "Delighted to see you. In fact, I should have been disappointed if you hadn't come in. Will you make yourself comfortable in my sitting-room?"

"Of course," she replied. "It is very kind of you. I will be quite quiet, and not disturb anyone."

Please turn to Page 44

Drama and mystery

Continuing
our brilliant and
exciting serial of
a fight for gold
against cruel odds

By ...

R. O. CASE

The Story so far:

COURTENAY STEWART, adventurous young pilot and mining prospector, came to northern Canada to fly in search of a gold deposit which "SWIFTWATER" STEWART, his father, had located; but he found his hands tied by the wealthy and unscrupulous SIR THORNCLIFFE BUCKLEY, who is trying to find the deposit for himself.

RAVENHILL, a mysterious remittance man, came to Court's aid, and they flew off together under cover of darkness, not knowing that DOLLY CANBY, Buckley's niece, was stowed away on board their plane; but when they reached the vicinity of the "Swiftwater Stewart strike," Court found that Ravenhill had tricked him, and Buckley had followed them.

Putting the plane's engine out of action, Ravenhill escaped in a parachute; and as the plane crashed and caught fire with Court on board, Buckley concluded that he had been burnt with it. Actually he escaped with a broken leg, and he and Dolly found shelter in a cave.

Under Court's directions, Dolly made her way up to the foot of a glacier, to find a flat rock under which "Swiftwater" Stewart had left a packet for his son containing the vital secret of the strike. But after a long absence she returns to tell Court that the flat rock was not there.

NOW READ ON—

"No?" He spoke gently, forgetting that his own face was hidden, that she could not see what was written there. Tenderness. Compassion. Bitter self-criticism in that he had driven weak flesh and proud spirit to such an extremity for selfish ends. "You couldn't find it?"

"No." She sagged a little forward on her stick; her mitted hands clutched it with desperate grip. "Just below the glacier there was only gravel and smooth boulders. Round and smooth, like footballs. No flat rock. I looked and looked . . . Do you—believe me, Court?"

"Of course," he said, hastily. "Of course, child. Anything can happen below a glacier," he hurried on. "It might have been swept away. It might have been buried under tons of stuff from above. Look, Dolly; it doesn't matter."

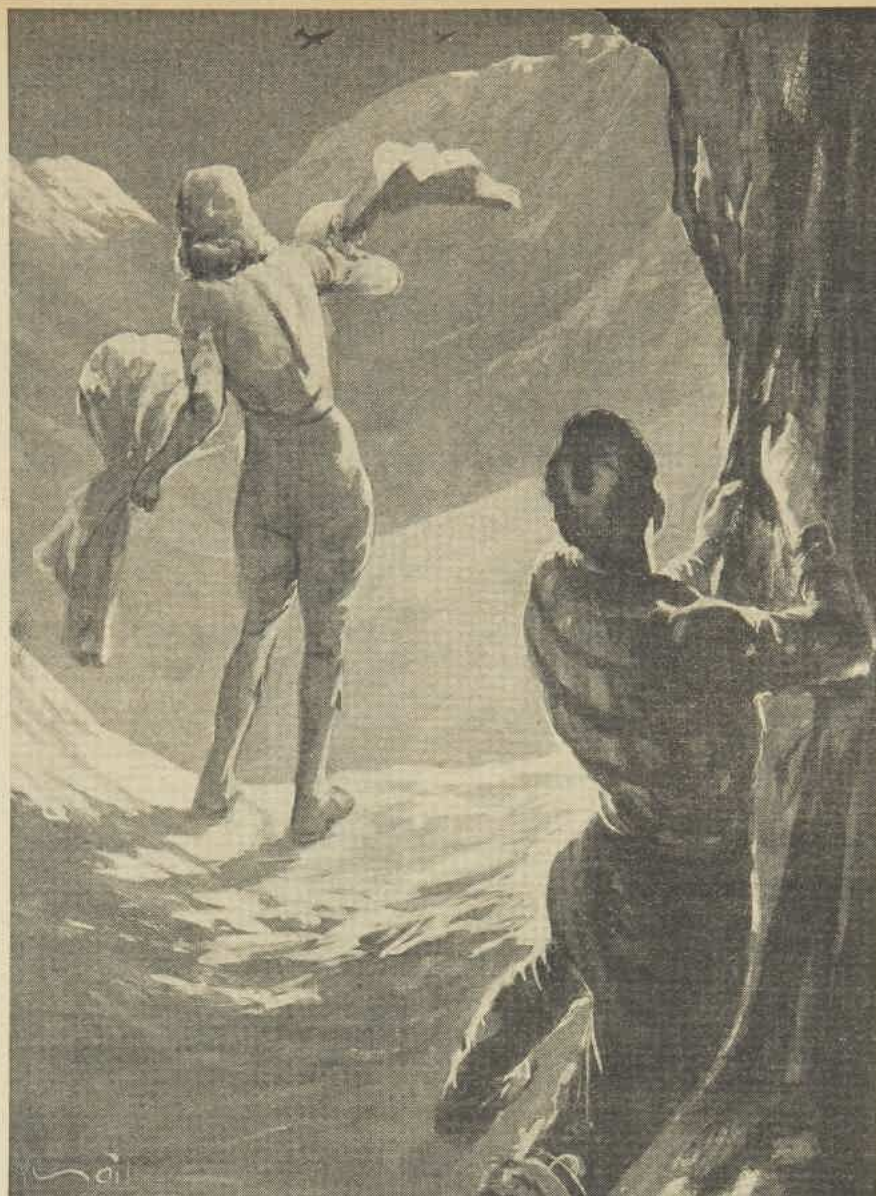
Too hastily. Too hurried. For once, when he needed it most, his poker technique had failed him. She sagged a little lower, her head bowed. She didn't cry out, or tremble.

"I'm—sorry," she said. She was looking down at his maimed leg; at the clumsy harness; at the rifle. "I know why you came this far. You came as far as you could. It was to meet me. You were going to hold them off with the rifle, if they came, until I got here. Can you go back up with me to the glacier, so you can see I haven't lied? I think I could get there again. Only, I couldn't help you."

He shook his head. "Don't be foolish, child. Don't you see that I do believe you? I wouldn't go there on a bet. Not if I had a dozen good legs. You've done your best. There isn't any rock." He was getting nowhere, and knew it; she had worked herself into such an emotional pitch on the long haul back from the glacier that he might have been pleading with the stone walls themselves. "Come on, Dolly," He spoke with decision. "Back to our roost. We're both done in. We'll swamp out that alcohol stove and brew us some hot tea. Then we'll compare notes. Release the anchor then. Alley-oop!"

"All right," she said, listlessly. "All right, Court."

In their shelter, at his direction, she broke out the camp kit, the tea and the spirit stove and brought in a skillet of snow. Then he made her unroll her sleeping bag, take off



"Faster!" cried Court, and Dolly was still waving the blanket as the planes wheeled towards the horizon.

WINGS NORTH

her shoes and snow-matted ski outfit—under it were the riding breeches, sweater and wool stockings she had worn at the Buckley cabin—and crawl in.

"Attention, students," he told her. "Lesson One in the primer of the north. Never drag snow or wet garments into a sleeping bag, even if you have to sleep bare. Your bodily warmth will maintain life at all temperatures, provided there is sufficient covering to keep the heat in and the covers are dry . . . We'll have tea in a minute, Dolly. It'll warm our bones. Do you think you can manage without a slice of lemon? Neither can I."

His chuckle brought no response. She lay, head pillowed on her arm, looking out across the lake. He had never seen her face more hauntingly lovely, nor so sad.

"It's all right," he said, in a changed, matter-of-fact tone. "I'll wait up this time while you sleep. As soon as you've had your tea, you'll go out like a light. I hope they don't come until you've had at least a little rest. You've earned it."

She said nothing. No further word was spoken until the tea was ready. He passed the steaming cup to her and placed his on the tarpaulin at his elbow. His back was to the tarpaulin, hers to the wall. Both of them were prone, relaxed, their heads towards the opening and the lake.

"Cigarette?" He extended his case; there were four left in it. She took one and tapped it against the handle of her cup. "We'll be down to makings soon. Ever roll 'em?"

She nodded and applied her cigarette to his extended match. He

placed his fingers on the spirit-stove control, intending to turn off the near-invisible flame; then thought better of it. No use conserving alcohol; the heat of it, insignificant though it was, would take the biting edge from the cold of the cave.

"Yes, I'll rest. I think I could sleep forever. Maybe I will." She shook back her hair, looking out across the lake. "It would be fun to die in one's sleep, wouldn't it? I mean, if one's dreams were pleasant. Not about wolves and things. The wind and the snow. Ships burning. I'll have to admit it, Court; those things frighten me."

"THEY'D frighten anybody," He spoke soothingly, letting her unburden herself. "That's human nature. The weakness of the flesh. Nobody wants to die. You should have seen me before the crash!" He chuckled. "Green around the gills."

"But you stayed with the ship. You didn't crawl back with me; you didn't weaken. I saw you there. I could see your back. You knew it was coming. But you stayed. Right up to the crash . . . Do you know why it burned?"

"Spontaneous, maybe. She was old, soaked with oil. Metal against metal could have done it. Metal against rock. It doesn't matter." It was best to divert her mind. "Have another cup?"

"Yes. It's good . . . I'll tell you why it burned, Court. I was smoking back there. I just didn't think—as usual. I was shaking all over. I was scared, but not desperate. It didn't seem that we could actually crash. Not with you at the con-

trols. You seemed invincible, sort of. You weren't frightened. And you hated me so. I'd seen it in your eyes, just a minute before, when you'd first found out I was there, in the ship. Just when you were ready to—bail out."

"Hate you?" he said, appalled. "No, never. I've tried to, several times. Never quite made a go of it."

"It was in your eyes," she insisted, unemotionally. "As if you'd said out loud: 'Good Lord, here she is again. Underfoot.' So I'd just lighted up before we crashed. We'd just made a tremendous bank, you remember. Then we'd smoothed out again. It seemed as if everything was going splendidly. I couldn't see the ground. Don't you love that?"

He squirmed inwardly. She was grovelling in spirit at his feet; and he was at a loss to know how to raise her up. "It didn't matter, once we'd crashed. Let her burn. Anyway, you dragged me out. If you hadn't been there, if you hadn't been strong and brave, able to think fast and move fast, where would I be now?"

"If I hadn't been there, you wouldn't have a broken leg," she said. "You'd have bailed out. You'd have had a chance, even then, against them all. You'd have had good arms and good legs and a strong body. Instead, you gave me your parachute. Not because you wanted to, but because it was the thing to do; and you didn't hesitate. . . . If I hadn't been there, underfoot, you'd never have gone to Skyline Lake. You'd never have trusted Ravenhill. You'd never—"

"That's enough," he broke in, almost harshly. "Put all that out of

Illustrated by
VIRGIL

your mind. Facts are facts. Meet 'em; absorb 'em; forget 'em. As a matter of fact, Dolly, there's no blame on you at all. Not any. Why? Because I didn't go into this blind. I didn't go up to Skyline Lake because I trusted anybody. I had to see Buckley and there might be a break. I didn't trust Ravenhill." He waved his cigarette. "So take it easy. Relax. Rest. If there's more noses to count, we'll count 'em later."

But she had brooded too fiercely over these matters, too long. Her mind had fixed itself in a groove. And in his attempts to soothe her, he saw instantly he had gone too far, admitted too much.

"That's it, Court." She thrust her cigarette slowly into the sand, putting it out. "That's it, exactly. That's what I wanted to clear up between us, before I slept. Before they came. Because this is the last time we'll have a chance to talk together. I won't be seeing you alone after they come, nor after we get back to Atherton. Nor ever again."

"Why not? Good Lord, child; do you think that losing the claim has anything to do with us?"

"Everything," she said simply. For the first time she looked him full in the eyes. Unflinchingly. "I don't mean the gold. You know I don't mean that. It wasn't the gold that drove you on; that made you ready to crawl across the lake; that made you put that harness on your leg and flounder around in the snow, waiting for me to come down from the glacier."

"YOUR pride's involved; the memory of your father's struggles; your bitterness towards Thorny—a thousand things that make men fight wars and suffer tortures and face death without a whimper. You can face defeat, too. You're facing it now, and you're big enough to do it smiling. But do you think for a moment I don't know what it costs? How you really feel towards me?"

"You're mistaken, Dolly." He could feel the perspiration bursting on his forehead. Here was defeat that he was unprepared to face. "Listen, child. I'll tell you what I think of you. In words of one syllable. I love you. Always have. Always will. Nothing you can say, or do now, can change it. Is that plain?"

"Please, Court." Her lips tightened a little; her cheeks became pale. "I'm walking in the basement now—way below the levels of self-respect and shame. But there's sub-basements left . . . Look, Court, I'll tell you this, and that'll be the end of it. Then I'll sleep . . . Suppose somebody told you how mean and small and pitiful you were, like you did to me at the Embassy Ball. Suppose you knew that he was right—at the moment, horribly right—but were sure in your heart that he could be proved wrong. Suppose—"

"Wait, wait, honey! You're not giving me a chance. You're not conceding that I might be wrong. I didn't know until Ravenhill told me, on the way up here, that your father had died. I didn't know that you were on your own, like I was. Like I've always been. Do you think I don't know what loneliness means? Heartache? Fear of the future? Would you believe it when I tell you that for weeks after Skinner brought me word that dad was dead I'd wake up in the middle of the night and turn my face to the wall and bawl like a baby? I was a big lad, too. Nearly seventeen . . . You should have told me, Dolly, if I'd only known that your haughtiness was only a kind of defence mechanism that night—"

"Please." It was as though she had already covered this ground, too. "We're wasting time. Because it was true, all you said. Freddy Rand was in the Bermuda party, just like you suspected; remembering him from Atherton last summer. He is the Sugar Boy, one of the Vancouver Rands, who made their fortune when the Canadian sugar tariff went into effect. He is—what was it you said?—popeyed and chinless, but he has millions. You said: 'Marry him; you'll make a fine pair.' I was on my way to do just that; I'd decided to accept him. It was the easy way—the cowardly way—and you practically told me so, smiling. You, in your full dress, one of the lions of the evening."

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Goldfish in the Snow

Illustrated
by
WEP

Complete
Short Story

by

CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

PROFESSOR ROBERT ASHE arrived early at the Summers' for dinner. He found Curly Summers face down-wards on the hearth-rug, sobbing hysterically. He did not understand children, but he had a kind heart and the vague, impersonal manner of the pedant that so frequently passes for sympathy.

"I say," he chided awkwardly, "you mustn't, little woman, make yourself ill and all that."

"Now Shakespeare is dead, too," sobbed Curly.

"That," said Robert Ashe, consolingly, "was a long time ago."

"Only at four o'clock this afternoon. He was terribly happy and eating ants' eggs like mad."

Madeleine Summers came gliding in at that moment, full of apologies. She surveyed her four-year-old's mottled face.

"You're not still crying for old Bacon, darling?" she said anxiously.

"No, Mummie! It's poor Shakespeare. He's dead, too!"

"Goldfish," Mrs. Summers told the Professor. "They die like flies. Curly takes it so personally. I never can feel that it matters so much when a pet without fur pops off—there's something so wistful about cold fur."

"Something must be killing them," ventured Robert Ashe unoriginally. His scientific mind was faintly aroused.

FOUR have gone. I think they commit suicide, or hari-kiri. Now, Curly love, off to bed—and to-morrow we'll get two more goldfish in the town."

Two minutes later, Sam Summers himself came in and welcomed the professor.

"Another goldfish funeral to-morrow, I hear from Curly," he said. "Why won't the wretched things live with us? They pop off like flies."

The professor gazed at him with mild blue eyes through powerful lenses.

"If you would let me have the body, I would perform an autopsy and find out what the deceased died of," he ventured.

The rest of the pleasant, informal evening was spent dining and playing excellent contract with a fourth man, staying with the Summers.

About eleven Ashe rose to make his farewells, and catching sight of the bowl remembered the defunct goldfish.

In spite of his host's expostulations he flicked it out with a paper-knife, wrapped it in his clean handkerchief and tucked it in his pocket.

"It's such a cold night for cold goldfish," protested the hostess. "I wish you'd let me put it in one of Sam's manuscript envelopes or something."

She was right about the cold night. The earth was quiet and white and still; and a foot deep in snow. As he made his farewells he could see the greyish jet of his own breath in the light from the Summers' porch.

"He's a comic, wrapping up Curly's dead goldfish like that," said Avis Summers.

Their other guest laughed.

"Marvellous game of bridge he plays; but he strikes me as pretty absent-minded about everything else. He'll wipe his nose in it and be so surprised."

Less than five minutes later, in the snowy lanes, his comment was justified. The professor sneezed violently. Completely forgetful of its contents, he whipped out his handkerchief to blow his nose with a fine flourish.

The goldfish performed an arc fight and buried itself violently in a foot of snow.

"Blast!" said the professor.

It was cold. Down he went on hands and knees and was in this position, on all fours, when the interested local policeman tethered himself alongside.

"Looking for something, sir?"

"Yes," said the professor crisply; "a goldfish."

He was in evening dress. His black Homburg was hanging on the back of his head. The policeman surveyed him with some astonishment.

The local chemist, passing by in snow-boots, joined the group.

"I should get up, sir," said the constable.

His voice was almost motherly.

"Catch your death of pneumonia, sir," advised the chemist. "What he looking for?" he added, to the constable.

"Goldfish," said the constable sapiently.

The two men winked at each other. "A dead goldfish," said the professor curtly.

"It would be," said the policeman, who was a wag. "Come on now, sir. You come home quietly with me. I know where you live. Never mind about the goldfish."

At that moment the professor retrieved the goldfish.

"Here it is," he said.

"All right," said the policeman. "I'll come quietly home with you after that!"

The chemist and the policeman were both ripe, rich and rollicking talkers. Before the end of the next day the Professor, dead drunk and reeling, had been found crawling on all fours in search of a non-existent goldfish.

Now the Professor was a serious fellow. He was one of the greatest authorities on poison gases and their potentialities. He worked under Government auspices and was held in high regard. He was also a lecturer on economics.

The legend grew. It got a tilt here and a tilt there. Finally, he was to be found night after night fishing in the snow, with a bit of ailing and a bent hat-pin, for goldfish.

Within a few days he had gained a reputation for insobriety that was simply staggering. He discovered nothing of this until another professor's wife, a lady with a strong bias in favor of temperance, talked to him, very gently, on the subject of inebriation.

"You know," she said, "history is full of mighty intellects chloroformed by alcoholic fumes."

The Professor had a naturally exact mind. He demanded a further explanation. He got it. For any-



Laurette was gazing into the trees as the professor came up. "I'm looking for a blue lovebird," she giggled.

one less introvert, less shy and self-contained, it might have appeared as a huge, grotesque joke. Psychologically it left the Professor naked, unarmed and vulnerable to the little community in which he lived. He was aghast that that community should have conceived him capable of such undignified behaviour. He was deeply mortified. He was also highly incensed.

THE whole business shook him up as nothing in all his thirty-five years had ever done. He cancelled all social engagements and stayed in his rooms, which merely served to inflate the goldfish legend. People whispered that the Professor was drinking like a fish.

"Like a goldfish," said the wags. The Professor had never been aware of time in its relation to himself. His birthdays had passed as unnoticed as recurrent weekdays.

Suddenly he began to be acutely aware of the fact that he was thirty-five, that he knew a great number of scientific facts and that none of them related to the emotional life of the sexes. His confusion of mind and emotion was summed up in his own phrase, "Where have I been all my life?"

He wanted to talk about himself emotionally and sentimentally to some woman, and as he had never talked about himself to anyone, or thought about himself, he did not know quite where to begin. And then Laurette Lindsey strayed across his path.

Laurette Lindsey was in her springtime, nineteen and very, very lovely and very unadventurous. She had been brought up by a couple of dreamy, impractical musician parents and soaked and pickled in music; and the lovely, virginal bloom of her enforced seclusion and innocence was heavy upon her.

Someone brought the goldfish story into the music-room of Laurette's home, and Laurette listened with her great blue eyes brooding and cloudy.

"One of the most brilliant men we've got, and he's drinking himself to death," pronounced the visitor. "It's the absurd monastic, celibate life those scientists seem to think themselves forced to lead that does the damage."

"What he wants is a good woman," murmured Laurette's unworldly mother.

"Heaven forbid!" countered the gossip-monger. "What he wants is a girl with a bit of dash who'll snap him out of all this."

Next morning Laurette was at the window when the Professor passed on his way to his class-room. She looked at him with the liveliest curiosity and intense feminine interest, and, although she had seen him dozens of times before, and talked to him casually, he suddenly seemed the most fascinating human being she had ever encountered; and she was thrilled and delighted with him.

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CHALLENGE to SPRING

Adulation meant everything to a great film star until it came to a final contest between ambition and love.

HE looked at them both. But his father was smiling at himself in the tall Venetian mirror. And his mother was smiling at his father. So obviously neither of them was thinking of him at all.

He turned back to the garden. It, too, was a work of art. It ran down the Beverly hillside in terraces and was laid out with flowers that had no business to be blooming at that time of the year. There were coy half-concealed pools with goldfish, and lights hidden in the rockeries, so that at night the place looked even more improbable.

It was like everything else. You didn't believe in it. Pete couldn't even believe in his mother, reclining there on the Madame de Something-or-Other couch in a yellow hostess gown that matched deliberately with her fair hair and the huge cluster of roses in the vase behind her. Pete wondered what she'd be like in a cheap cotton dress and an apron with her sleeves rolled up—what his father would be like driving a lorry—whether under such conditions he would be able to tell them what he so desperately wanted to tell someone. Or whether all parents were the same, whatever else they were—the last people on earth you'd turn to when you were miserable enough to have—

Julian Renfell touched the much-beloved face tenderly. He saw it so often, apart from himself as it were, that he sometimes doubted if it belonged to him. There was still a trace of make-up under the famous eyes. Not unbecoming. He had, in fact, been in a hurry, but it was possible that he had left the smudge there deliberately. Beyond himself he saw Ann. It was amazing the way he felt about Ann after these twenty-odd years. People said it was "just a new publicity stunt." But it wasn't.

Beyond her, by the wide-open windows, he saw his son. The sight astonished him. It gave him a slight, uncomfortable shock. It always did. It was like looking down a narrow vista and seeing himself at the far end, young again and just starting on a journey. He came back anxiously to his own reflection. It reassured him. After all, maturity had its own glamor. There was no comparison between the sleek, broad-shouldered, narrow-flanked man and the clumsy, overgrown boy who didn't know what to do with his hands and feet.

Ann Renfell wondered why young people were so often cross. Her son looked very cross. He looked like Julian on the night when she had refused him for the first and last time. His profile had just that suggestion of sulky obstinacy and charm. Only, on behalf of some unknown young woman, she thanked heaven that the charm was not quite so devastating.

"Darling," she murmured, "if you'd brush your hair and wear human clothes you'd be positively attractive."

"Oh gee, Mum!"

"Well, why not? You ought to be. Most people would be pleased."

"I—I think I'll take the bus and run down to the beach a while."

She sat up sharply.

"Darling, you can't. Julian, tell him not to be absurd. Everyone's coming. Clark Gable—Kay Francis—"

"You know how fond you are—"

"Well—I'm not—not any more. I hate—"

He gulped, trying to find something final. "I hate everyone."

He went out across the porch and three steps at a time down the terraces to the bottom of the garden, where no one would find him. He

could sit there cross-legged on the high wall and watch them roll up in their sleek limousines and exotic sports-cars. The brief Californian dusk was already over. Any moment the head gardener would switch on the lights and the gentle darkness would be dissolved. He wished he wasn't nineteen. He wished he was nine and could cry decently, without shame.

Someone whistled to him from the road beneath. He peered over. It was Jim. And a warm consolatory wave poured over his sore heart. There wasn't any mix-up here. Here everything was upright and open—a staunch he-man friendship between men who had chosen each other for what they were.

"What you doing, Jim?"

"I dunno. I knew your people were giving a party. I thought I'd just snoop round and see 'em come."

"Oh, you'll see 'em all right. That's what they're for." He thought Jim's voice had sounded faintly embarrassed. He stretched out his hand and pulled the big shadow up beside him. He felt better. He wasn't alone any more. He had someone who belonged to him. Really to him. "How did you know I'd be here?" he asked.

"I DIDN'T." I thought you'd be up there with the big shots. Why aren't you?"

"Don't want to be." He dug up some loose stones from the wall and let them slide through his fingers. "I'm sick of the whole crowd. They'd be all over me. But it wouldn't be really me. It'd be just Dad."

He wasn't being very clear. But he didn't have to be. Not with Jim. Jim didn't talk much, but he understood.

"I guess lots of people would give their eye-teeth to be in your shoes," Jim murmured.

"They're fools," Pete said. "They don't know a darned thing." He lifted his face to the hills. Lights were being sprinkled over them. The stars came out over their crests. Just like a movie-set. If you gave the hills a push they'd topple over.

Then suddenly the garden lights went on and you could see every petal of every water-lily. It was like a signal. The limousines began to swish up and discharge radiant blonde women and tall men with square shoulders and narrow hips and crush hats set at a rakish angle. Jim seemed to know them all. He whispered their names as they floated up the shallow steps laughing and calling to each other. Pete could see Jim's face now. It was flushed with excitement. And a vague new sorrow added itself to Pete's concrete misery. It was as though, just for a moment, Jim had deserted him.

"Where's your dad?" Jim asked. "He's at home. But he'll pretend he's been working late at the studio. He'll come round by a back way and make an entry. It's one of his stunts."

Pete threw the loose stones high in the air.

"Jim!"

"Ugh?"

"Corker called me into his office after that last work-out."

"What for? You're going into the team, aren't you? Everyone says so."

"Well—I'm not. He was decent about it. I could see he hated telling me. But you know that time I busted a collarbone? It got into all the papers. 'Famous Movie Star's Son in Football Smash.' He showed me the clippings. Piles of 'em. He said, 'Kid—I'm darned sorry. You've got brawn, and brains. But you got too much limelight. We just can't offend you.'" Pete cleared his throat and



"I'm trying to write a letter," Pete said, and the pretty waitress' eyes grew anxious.

gave vent to what purported to be a laugh. "He said, 'Try being a tennis champ. It doesn't hurt so much!'"

"Gee—that's Joan Crawford, isn't it?"

"Oh, sure," Pete said. "That's all of 'em."

He felt queerly let-down and worried. Jim hadn't been listening properly. If he had, he'd have known that that interview with Corker had put an end to things. Because Pete had had a dream

It concerned the Stamford-Berkley game. In it Stamford had five minutes to draw level. In the last minute Sanders, the captain, had thrown an awkward, half-hearted pass and Pete had snapped it. Then he was off down the field, round everything, through everything, right over Berkley's line. A clean forty-five-yard run. The whole crowd was on its feet, yelling. He was somebody at last. Somebody

on his own. Or maybe not. Maybe old Corker was right. They'd be saying "Know that kid? That's Julian Renfell's son."

Jim nudged him in the ribs.

"There he goes!" he whispered.

Pete's heart jumped. It couldn't help itself. That lithe figure running up the steps two at a time like a boy did something to him. He knew then what his mother felt, what the crowd up there felt.

Julian still wore the Spanish dress of the new part he was playing ("Sorry folks, but I hadn't time to change"), and the bolero and tight black trousers showed off the fine vigorous lines of his body. He stood for a minute in the lighted doorway, his arms raised in a gay, flamboyant gesture of greeting, and the party, who knew the whole performance from A to Z, rose to him with a whoop of joy. Pete put his face down in his arms. He felt in-

Complete
Short Story
by...

I. A. R.
WYLIE

credibly stupid and clumsy and old and worn-out and good-for-nothing. "You must be awfully proud," Jim said.

"Yes."

"And your mother—"

"They say he's still mad about her. I don't see how. It must be hard with all those dames mad about him."

"She's better than the lot of them."

Pete mumbled. "That's how."

"Oh, sure. All the same—Gee, if I were his son—"

"Then what?"

"I wish I was. I'd go places—"

"What places?" Pete asked.

He was alert now. He sat up and looked at the hot, eager face lit by the variegated glow of the crazy garden. Jim hadn't ever talked this way before. He'd never seemed to want to know Pete's people, and Pete had never asked him home. In the holidays, Jim worked in a garage; but it wasn't that. Jim was his right of conquest. He didn't have to share him. He didn't have to run the risk of losing him. "What places?" he repeated quietly.

"Why, I guess I've never told you. I've been sort of shy. But ever since I was a kid I've been crazy about the movies. I had a screen test made the other day. The chap said I was a regular knockout. But he said I'd have to have pull. Everyone did. I thought maybe you—if your dad—I mean—"

Pete stood up abruptly. So that was the way of it. It had been that way all the time, only he'd been too stupid to know it. Jim wasn't different—only slower, more cautious, not right off the mark like the others. Jim stood up too, looking a little scared. "What's wrong, Pete? Not ill, are you?"

"I dunno. I feel sort of queer. I guess I'll go for a walk."

"I'll come along."

Pete jumped off the wall into the road.

"I think I'd rather go alone," he said.



When in that last scene Julian took the heroine in his arms Jane's fingers tightened over Pete's, but he knew she had actually forgotten his existence.

and anxious. They were also very blue, and she had corn-colored hair done in a knot at the nape of her neck and a sweet rather childlike mouth.

"I'm trying to write a letter," Pete said.

"I sort of guessed it." Her eyes smiled. She came forward and cleared away his plate and cup. "Perhaps if you had more room," she said, "it might come easier."

He shook his head. "I guess it'll have to do. I've got to get a move on."

He'd broken into his last silver coin to buy a stamp. The change was in his right-hand pocket. Or it had been. Now there was just a hole. It was a hot day. But a thin ice-cold stream trickled down his spine.

"One—seem to have lost my money!"

Perhaps she didn't believe he'd ever had any. But she seemed just as sorry.

"Are you sure? Try the other pockets. How much was it?"

"It wasn't much—but it was all I had."

They groped under the table. A forlorn gesture. Neither of them had the faintest hope. She sat down at the table opposite him. So she looked less than ever like a real waitress. He didn't see how anyone so delicate and pretty could bother about a lot of rough-necks wanting frankfurters.

"I'm busted," he said, trying to grin at her. "Sky-high."

"You poor kid. But you've got people."

"Yes. But they're no use."

"Why? Are they busted too?"

"No. But they're different. Not my sort. Got to be on my own. And they don't understand—"

"There seems to be always something wrong with them," she said

wistfully. "I mean, with one's own people. Mine happen to be busted. Father's a doctor. A darling. But he doesn't seem to know how to make a go of things. So I'm on my own too—with the other kids."

"What kids?"

She made a vague gesture towards the mountains behind the restaurant.

"There's a big summer resort up there. This is just a sort of receiving station for the guests. The girl who helps run it was ill. So they sent me down. I'm going back tonight on the bus."

"But the kids?"

"Oh, they're like me. College kids. Working their way through. I guess we don't work very well. But we work hard."

They were both silent. Life was tough. Pete thought—tough in all sorts of unexpected ways. You never knew what anyone was up against.

He had a mind to add a postscript to the unfortunate letter, telling Ann and Julian that there was a pretty girl at the Santa Rosa Inn who had been kind to him, and they ought to help her. For his sake.

"I wish I knew your name," he said.

"Why?"

"Just a dying bankrupt's whim."

She laughed.

"It's Jane. Plain Jane Andrews."

"You're not?"

"I used to be. Dreadfully. The name stuck."

"Well, you've grown out of it. I shall call you Pretty Jane."

"When?" she asked.

He brushed aside the brutal reminder of his impermanence.

"Now."

"Then what do I call you?"

"Pete—" He groped hurriedly.

"Pete Smith."

"You don't look like it either."

"There are millions of Smiths."

Illustrated
by . . .
WYNNE
W. DAVIES

You can't know what they all look like. Some may be very queer."

She sighed.

"All right, Mr. Smith. So now we're introduced." Her tone implied

"So what?" And of course she was right. He ought to get up and go. But he couldn't. He owed her some money. He wasn't going to telephone home that he was beaten two days out by a few coppers. Besides, he hadn't the money to telephone. It was a dead end all right.

There was only one bright spot. Jane Andrews was sorry for him—not for the son of the World's Beloved Lover but for an unshaven, penniless tramp. She looked really anxious—as though he mattered. The look made him feel light-headed but resourceful.

HE unstrapped his

wrist-watch and pushed it across the table to her.

"It's gold," he said. "Maybe your manager or whoever runs this place could lend me something."

She turned it over thoughtfully. Then gave it back to him.

"It's a nice watch. Such nice initials, P.R. So like Pete Smith."

"I suppose you think I stole it?"

"I'm not thinking—"

She dug a dollar bill out of her apron pocket and went over to the cash register and tapped out fifteen cents. She

came back and laid the change at his elbow. "That's to go on with."

"Oh, gee!" he said. He wished he had learned to talk—to really say things. "I couldn't."

"Why not? We're introduced. So we're friends. Only—it won't get you very far."

He sat back, smiling at her.

"All right, Friend. Stand me another frankfurter—"

But she was deep in her own thoughts.

"They're short-handed up there. Perhaps if I said you were a friend of mine . . ."

They looked at each other with a sudden gravity.

"You're taking a big chance. You don't know me from a hill of beans. I may have robbed a bank."

"Then you didn't rob it much," she said.

Then they were both laughing.

His feet hurt. His back ached.

It was absurd that mere trays laden with mere plates should be able to devastate a freshman quarter-back.

Or that feeding a lot of overfed

people should almost make him lose his appetite. Or that he should be so happy. The headwaiter, Monsieur Alphonse, approved of him. Ben Herrot, his squad-captain, hated him. Which was to the good too. Because Herrot was obviously crazy about Jane and perhaps Jane had been a little crazy about him.

for he was a handsome bully of a fellow. But she wasn't crazy about him any more.

At six o'clock in the morning Pete would meet her coming across from the girls' bunkhouse. Or if he were late she would wait for him under the trees, and the sunlight would seep down on her fair hair, and her skin would look soft and glowing like the skin of a peach on a garden wall.

At night, after they'd cleared up the dining-room they'd saunter along the mountain road to the cutting where they could sit together and look out over forest and desert sinking peacefully into a sea of shadow. And all day long he'd be meeting her in the bustling dining-room and they'd smile shyly at each other.

Please turn to Page 10

Challenge to Spring

Continued from Page 9

SHE wasn't really strong enough for the job. She dropped things, and that was pretty serious, because breakages were taken out of wages, which were low enough anyhow. And being in love made her dreamy and forgetful, so that she mixed up orders and added up checks to the craziest figures.

Pete knew she was in love. Because he was. Really, for the first time.

Ben Herrot was furious. He kept at Pete's heels like a burly savage-tempered police-dog. And the night he found Pete and Jane in the pantry with a cracked tray between them and a whole first course and ten plates smashed, he had his chance.

"I did it," Pete said. "You don't have to glare at her that way. I pushed against her."

"I'll bet you did. Next time give yourself a push-back where you came from. Wherever that is. I've got a hunch about you. I'd like to know what college."

"You'd be surprised and pleased," Pete said.

"Listen," Jane interposed. "It's all a mistake. I did drop the tray."

It was curious that though she was the real subject of debate and they were both acting for her benefit, neither of them so much as heard her.

"Might be San Quentin," Herrot

hazarded with heavy irony. "Anyway, I'm going to the management."

"Dear old Bertley!" Pete murmured. "You would."

"So that's it!" Herrot had the air of one uncovering a disgusting and final offence. "Stamford. For two pins I'd sock the ears off you."

Nothing but the broken crockery separated them. Pete found two pins in the shoulder-strap of Jane's apron and offered them with elaborate courtesy.

The fight took place that night under the arc lamps on the tennis court. All of Pete's squad were there and on his side, though not vociferously. Herrot, being squad-captain, could make trouble for them. He was taller, heavier and older than Pete. And he had learned boxing. But Pete was in love. Which enabled him to cut Herrot's lip open before Herrot had so much as taken his proper stance. And then someone—Pete suspected Jane—shouted that Luigi was coming, and Jane caught Pete by the arm and dragged him off to a little nearby stream where she bathed his eye and rather unnecessarily bound up his forehead with one of the large handkerchiefs she had brought with her. She made him sit on a rock beneath her so that he could rest his head against her shoulder. He felt sick but exultant.

"I did hit him, didn't I?"

"He was an awful mess." But she sounded miserable. "I suppose he'll get us both fired now."

"Do you care so much?"

"Not about college. I care about not seeing you."

It was so simple—so honest. His voice became quite gruff and cross in its effort to steady itself.

"Oh, shucks! That's all right. We're going to see each other lots—all our lives." He felt tremendously strong and sure about everything. It was as though the shadow of the World's Beloved Lover had melted and he was basking in the full sunshine. It was all right now. He was his own man. Jane's man.

"I've thought it all out," he said. "Things are different now. So I'm going home. I'll finish college. And then I'll get a job and be married."

"Will you?"

"Won't you?" He took her cold, shaking hand and kissed it. "Please, Jane."

"We're just kids."

He said solemnly, "I believe in early marriages."

"But you don't know—"

"Yes, I do. And so do you. We both know the minute we looked at each other. I believe in love at first sight, too."

She bent and kissed his cheek.

PETE wrote home that night. And the next morning he was fired with a week's notice. Neither the letter nor the firing caused him the least concern. The world was at his feet, and he knew now just what to do with it.

"They're giving a movie in the lounge to-night," Jane whispered to him as they stood together for a moment at the serving table. "We're to be allowed in the front row. Sit next to me, darling."

"You bet."

"It's a Julian Renfell picture," she said.

He felt as though everything in him had stopped dead. And then gone on again, but painfully, haltingly, like a track-runner suddenly gone lame with his rival hot at his heels. Jane's eyes were shining. But for once they didn't seem quite to see him. They seemed to be looking beyond him to some other figure. "He's simply wonderful," she said. "He's quite cold."

"Gee, do we have to—?"

"Why not? Do you mind? I've always been crazy about Renfell."

He swallowed hard.

"Oh, all right. Let's go," he said. He held her hand. But he knew that she wasn't really holding his. When, in the last scene, Julian took the drooping heroine in his arms and kissed her, the pressure tightened; but it wasn't for him. He wasn't angry. He didn't blame her any more than he blamed Jim or his mother or any of them.

Afterwards they walked out on to the mountain road. She still held his hand; but she herself was far away. She walked lightly, with her head up, the wind in her hair, smiling at her dreams. She was the heroine in Julian's picture. She was a princess in a fairy story.

"Things like that don't happen in real life," she said. "He's wonderful, isn't he? Sometimes, Pete, you make me think of him—just a little."

"That wouldn't be so queer," he made the greatest effort of his life, but it was no use putting it off. "You see, Jane, he's my father."

She stopped, facing him. "Honestly?"

"Honestly."

"Why—why didn't you tell me?"

He couldn't tell her. As usual the words failed. And anyhow he knew how they would sound—jealous, cowardly, silly.

"I guess I was just mad," he mumbled.

"Pete, is he really like that?"

"Yes," Pete said simply. "He's great. There isn't anyone else alive when he's about." (That was why he'd run away. But he could never make her understand.) "You'll love him, Jane. Everyone does."

"I always have." (She was so young, so simple-hearted. She couldn't know what she was doing to him.) "Pete, shall I ever really see him?"

"Why not? Maybe to-morrow. I told him about you and me and where I was."

"Oh, Pete—how wonderful!" She put her arms round him. She

kissed him. She'd never kissed him like that before. It broke his heart. He knew it wasn't really him at all. And now it never would be.

Julian stood on the train platform. Just as the guard waved his flag Ann found what she had wanted to say.

"Darling, please remember — you thought so too, once. And you were right."

"Of course I was," Julian said crossly. "But you were you. And I was I."

"And, darling, don't put his poor young nose quite out of joint."

"Am I a cradle-snatcher?" Julian demanded.

"Yes, darling. Half the female cradles of the world are empty. Half the male noses—"

He didn't hear the end of that absurd sentence. Ann talked a lot of rubbish. All the same he wished she had come with him to help knock sense into a young idiot who had run away for no coherent reason and then fallen incoherently in love.

He had to admit, though, that he'd been glad to get that misspelt torrential letter.

He hadn't known, until it had vanished, what that awkward young presence had meant to him. To tell the truth, he'd been a little jealous — almost afraid, almost hostile. But now when he looked at his reflection in the long Venetian mirror and saw that the end of the vista was empty, he felt bereft, as though he had lost a part of himself.

Pete came to meet him, grinning. Only it wasn't the sort of grin Julian had expected and half dreaded. It was a strained, rather pathetic sort of grin. And there was a new look in the tawny eyes, so like his own, and that met his fleetingly — a beaten, resigned look.

"Fine of you to come, Dad."

"What did you expect me to do? Send the parental thunderbolts by telegraph?"

Pete tried to laugh.

"I guess you both think I'm crazy."

"Of course." But the words of wisdom failed him in face of this strange, patient grief. "We all are. Where is she?"

AT a little restaurant—where I first met her. It's quiet. We can talk. She's so excited. Dad. You see—she didn't know—I mean about your being my father. She's always been mad about you." He managed his crow's laugh again. "Honestly, Dad, you do get 'em, don't you? I guess they just can't help themselves."

"I have a deadly and lucrative charm," Julian admitted. "But then you're not so bad yourself."

The boy shook his head. "I'm just a fool," he said. "I always shall be."

It was so unexpected, so humble, that in sheer consternation the older man found himself asking, "Do you love her?" as though it were the one thing that mattered. This time the answer came firmly. The young head went up. He said "Yes" with conviction, but without hope.

"Well—what's wrong then? Doesn't she love you?"

"I—I don't know, Dad. I thought so. But she's just a kid. Sort of romantic. Maybe it's what they call in books—just being in love with love. Last night when she saw you in that Spanish picture—well, I knew I just wasn't in it—praps can't be ever."

He broke off. Julian walked on more slowly. Queer that he had forgotten how unhappy a boy can be. He was remembering now.

"Take it easy, Pete. I'm not twenty."

When they reached the restaurant he seemed out of breath. He stood leaning on the ebony stick that was one of his noted dandyisms, and looked at the girl who stood up to greet him. He knew that radiant, spell-bound expression. He had seen it all through his adult life. It had amused, flattered and of late reassured him. Now somehow it hurt a little. It was as though a secret nerve connected him with the boy who stood beside him, waiting and watching. He knew suddenly that his son of whom he had been afraid and jealous was beaten and without defence. So that youth, too, could be defenceless.

"My dear," he said. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. But I refuse to be stamped up hill at ten miles an hour."

Please turn to Page 12

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The Pain in the Neck

Jim's first thought was that he had never seen a more attractive girl, but his second thoughts were much sadder . . . and wiser!

SHE was walking into the lobby of the Hotel Chester when Jim saw her for the first time. He had watched hundreds of women register at the counter, but this one made him halt. This one made him stare. This one hit him under the heart.

True, he saw only her profile, but that was enough. She was, it seemed to him, the most beautiful thing that had ever entered the place. Tall and smart in a tailored grey suit, she wore a blue Tyrolean hat with an audacious feather jutting from its crown. He waited, unmoving, while she preceded two men and five bags into the lift.

Then he hurried to the counter. Her registration card still lay there: "Nancy Page, Harrogate, Yorks—Room 523."

Somewhat bewildered by the sudden excitement in himself, Jim went to his office at the rear of the lobby. He dropped his six feet of lean height into the swivel chair, stretched out his legs, and stared at an inkwell.

There were quite a few papers awaiting his attention. But Jim, thinking of the girl, continued to stare. He stared until the telephone rang.

When he roused himself to answer, Bancroft, the reception clerk, reported: "I've run up against a slight difficulty, Mr. Connell. It's the lady we just put in 523—Miss Page."

Jim straightened. "What about her?"

"Complains her room is too low. Street noises disturb her. Wants to be up on the top floor."

"Well, transfer her. We've got empties up there."

"She wired for a fifteen-shilling room," protested Bancroft. "I explained that rooms on the upper floors are more expensive. She refuses to pay more. I told her I couldn't very well move her without the manager's permission—not at the same rate."

Jim interrupted. "Switch her at fifteen bob. It's worth it to make a satisfied customer."

He put aside the telephone; and though his thoughts wanted to linger on the girl he turned resolutely to the housekeeper's requisition for new linen. After all, he was acting manager of the Chester, with duties to remember.

Within ten minutes, however, the phone rang again.

"Mr. Connell," said Bancroft, "sorry to disturb you. We're having more trouble with the lady in 217—Miss Page."

Jim widened his eyes. "You changed her room, didn't you?"

"Oh yes, sir. That's all right now. It's the—er—towels."

"Towels?"

"Miss Page complained. She says they aren't clean."

Jim rose, astonished and vaguely indignant. "I'll see Miss Page myself," he declared. And he frowned as he went up in the lift. The charge that soiled linen was supplied by the Chester was a slur on the hotel's reputation. You couldn't ignore a thing like that.

When he entered room 217 he found Miss Page cool and aloof and insistent. Her hat was off and she was rumpling golden hair as she faced the housekeeper and a distressed chambermaid.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Page," Jim Connell said. "I'm the manager. Could I see those towels?"

An instant Nancy Page studied

him, appraising his height, his earnest features, even the white carnation in his lapel—the badge of service at all Chester hotels. What she saw seemed to please her for she lost some of her detachment.

"I don't like to make a nuisance of myself," she told him gently, "but—yes, by all means look at them yourself, please."

Jim entered the bathroom. There was no denying the fact that the towels on the rack were far from clean. One flaunted a large brown smudge. Two face towels bore vivid red smears that might have been left by lipstick.

He turned stiffly to the girl. "I'm sorry, Miss Page. I don't know how it happened. The towels will be replaced at once, of course, and I'll investigate this."

And Nancy Page smiled her thanks.

That smile caught Jim unprepared. It sent him out of her room in a daze. It was like sunshine after a storm. It was like wine rising to your head. It was like . . .

Anyhow, it was a smile he couldn't forget, even while he went into a stern soiled-towel conference with the housekeeper and the maid. Later, in his office, he sat at his desk, lit a pipe, and wondered a while about Nancy Page. Marvelled at her slim, streamlined beauty. Particularly at her smile. "She has," he thought, in awe, "just about everything there is—and a few other things . . ."

AT seven that evening, just after he had changed, the telephone in his suite buzzed, and the desk clerk said: "Sorry to bother you, Mr. Connell, but we're having another little difficulty with the lady in 217."

Jim stared as if the report were impossible.

"She ordered dinner served in her room," explained Bancroft, worried. "Everything's all right, sir. Oh, quite! Except that the lady insists on having—er—euro-soff."

"Having what?"

"Eurosoff."

"What on earth is eurosoff?"

"I've never heard of it, Mr. Connell. Neither has the chef. Room Service called her to ask what it was, and she answered: 'What kind of hotel is this? I asked for eurosoff. Can't I have it?' Then she hung up."

Jim Connell uncomfortably moistened his lips. Nancy Page, even he could see, was beginning to exhibit all the symptoms of an hotel crank, and the realization alarmed him. "Tell the operator to connect me with her room," he directed slowly; and a moment later said: "Miss Page?"

"Yes?"

"This is Mr. Connell, the manager. I understand you've just ordered eurosoff and, unfortunately, it isn't on our menu. If you'll be good enough to tell me what it is, however, we'll do our best to get it for you."

Her voice came to him a little wearily, as if she were tired of all these explanations. "Eurosoff, Mr. Connell, is a Russian drink, half coffee and half chocolate, served hot with whipped cream. I like it after dinner."

Jim said grimly: "Thank you. Eurosoff will be served, Miss Page."



Illustrated by KILGOUR

As Jim Connell entered the room, his troublesome guest greeted him with an angry frown.

As he put down the phone, he frowned. A guest like that, he thought, can cause quite a bit of trouble . . .

It was midnight before he saw Miss Page again. Yawning slightly behind his hand, Jim stood in the lobby, near the lifts, and listened to the music of Hal Gordon's swing band in the grill downstairs. He had just considered retiring for the night when Nancy Page came in from the street.

At the door she said good-night to a very handsome young man in a top hat. She smiled brilliantly and pressed his hand. Then she came across the lobby alone. A wrup was gathered about her swirling gown, and her golden hair shone.

Jim adjusted his tie. Miss Page, recognising him, smiled again—a pleasant but formal little smile, like a nod.

"I hope," he said, when she paused to wait for the lift, "you're quite comfortable in your new room."

By OSCAR SCHISGALL

"Thank you. Very." And then, after a silence, because there seemed nothing else to say and he appeared to be waiting, she added, "What a lovely orchestra!"

Jim started to grin in agreement. Hal Gordon's music was singing something that made your feet want to shuffle and your fingers want to snap.

But his grin faded. The nearness of this girl did strange things to him; especially to his nerves. They were actually twanging. And then, perhaps because she was young and alone and so exquisite, a crazy impulse seized him. He looked at Nancy Page and he looked at the entrance to the grill-room, and he said, as if inspired, "Look, Miss Page,

How about coming down to the grill? I think you'll like it."

The lift door opened. A uniformed boy stepped aside for her to enter. But Miss Page didn't stir. Miss Page, astonished, stared at Jim.

"Is—is this part of Chester service?"

"Oh, no. A personal matter entirely." His grin bravely returned and he waved to the door. "Shall we?"

She hesitated naturally. She sent a wavering glance at the entrance to the grill-room; a glance that blended surprise with amusement. Her eyes came back to Jim, and she began once more to smile a little, uncertainly . . .

So there they stood for a time, both young and personable with adventure beckoning and saxophones crooning and the gods making up their minds; and presently, not quite knowing how it had all come about, Jim Connell was leading her into the grill-room.

"This is awfully sweet of you, Mr. Connell," she said later, while they danced.

His nose lay buried in her golden hair. But he lifted it long enough to answer: "My pleasure."

"If you're as considerate as this to all your women guests—"

"I hate to trouble you, Mr. Connell." She sounded angry, and that startled him. "I wonder if you'd mind coming to my room. Something has happened that I really must call to your personal attention."

"Of course," he said. "I'll come at once."

He found her curled in a chair beside the sun-flooded window—a lovely figure in a black satin negligee. She held a slip of paper. Jim Connell hoped she would smile as she had smiled in the grill-room. But she didn't. She frowned instead.

"Half an hour ago," she said coldly, "this memorandum was delivered with my breakfast. Will you read it, please?"

Jim read:

"Mr. Williams telephoned at 7.45 a.m. He left word that you were to call Mr. McCarr before noon."

He contracted perplexed brows. "I don't see anything wrong about this, Miss Page," he said slowly. And if he experienced a sharp thrust of suspicion he quelled it. "It's our usual form for telephone messages."

She answered, with exaggerated patience, "I understand that. And I don't like to be difficult. But it happens that I telephoned this Mr. Williams a few minutes ago. He said he had called very early and didn't like to disturb me. So he left a message. He left not only Mr. McCarr's name, but his telephone number—which this memo omitted. He said I was to call that number before nine, not before noon. Your operator got the message all wrong. As a result, I've missed an appointment that was of the greatest importance to me. It was the appointment for which I came to London."

Jim Connell stood dismayed. He lifted his hands, dropped them. "I—I'm awfully sorry," he apologised. "I don't know what I can say. If our telephone operator made a mistake—"

"Is this," she asked, "the kind of service for which the Chester is noted?"

"Of course not!" He almost scowled. "We try to do our best. But we can't avoid occasional slips."

Miss Page turned her golden head to frown out of the window. Jim Connell felt he had been dismissed. Yet he hesitated, confused and amazed. Where was the girl with whom he had so gaily danced?

She was angry now—visibly angry. Moreover, she was cold and imperious and inclined to be domineering, all traits he could not ordinarily endure. But she was beautiful, too. Maddeningly beautiful. And he couldn't understand how anybody so lovely could become so irritating.

Please turn to Page 22

MOTHER, don't let him start the day



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9.326.53

Challenge to Spring

Continued from Page 10

HE sounded tired and a little fretful. He sat down at the table where the full daylight fell on the handsome, adored face. At forty-five one avoids full daylight. It shows up the secret lines. Another face peers through the carefully preserved mask—an elderly face.

"You go ahead and order," Julian said. "I'm sure that Pete, even in love, still eats like a wolf. I have to stick to milk and bananas. It's my waistline. Not what it was. Or rather a great deal more. They had to make cuts in my last picture—simply because at certain angles there were unmistakable symptoms of girth. And dieting plays the devil with my digestion."

He dug round in his pockets. It seemed that he had forgotten some precious pills. He must have left them on his dressing-table. Ann should have reminded him. He was definitely out of temper and trying to conceal the fact. Pete watched him incredulously. Julian who had never had an ache in his life—who doubtless didn't know what a pill looked like—

"Pete tells me your father's a doctor, Jane. So I'm hoping for some free advice."

The little joke seemed to restore his good humor. He sipped his milk meditatively (Julian to whom a cocktail was the inevitable introduction to a meal) and watched them toy unenviously with their minute steaks.

"Ah, how I envy you! A good steak is the best thing life offers—above pearls and rubies, above love and moonlight. When you're my age you'll believe me."

Pete saw a hurt, puzzled look come into Jane's eyes. He guessed what she was feeling. He was hurt, too, because of her. She'd been hungry and ashamed of her hunger beside this poetic, romantic man. And he wasn't being poetic and romantic. He was being commonplace—almost vulgar. He had put steaks above love.

"Well, so you and Pete are going to marry each other?"

"I guess—one day. If—I mean, when—"

"Of course. When he gets through college. If he survives." He saw the girl start and glance fleetingly at the boy's flushed, unhappy face. "The coach had to yank him out of the freshman team. A fine quarter-back but too hell-bent on breaking his neck—I suppose he told you—"

"No, he never did. Oh, Pete, you shouldn't—"

"Well, I don't—" He sounded sullen. But he was really bewildered. Something was astir beneath his frozen misery—a faint spring-like warmth—a sort of understanding of he didn't know what. It was as though secretly, unknown to anyone else, his father had stretched out a hand to him. Perhaps he had often done it. Only Pete hadn't seen. Just as, often, his father hadn't seen—

"Well—you're lucky to be young," Julian said. He peeled his banana with acute distaste. "Middle age comes fast enough. And it's the devil. You're still in the stage of pretending to be something you ceased to be ten years ago. Take me, for instance, flying up mountains and down precipices after tire-some, quite impossible blondes. I'm sick of it. I shall retire and grow fat and bald and comfortable. Your mother, Pete, says it's time she was allowed to let her hair go grey in peace. She's as tired of living up to me as I am tired of living up to myself." He was being elderly, gar-

ulous, and egotistical. He told them at great and rather tiresome length about a ranch he meant to buy somewhere. He was going to sit on the porch and rock.

"You two will have to spend your holidays with us, Jane—when Pete is a rising star of some sort—"

Pete managed to laugh more easily. "What sort?"

"My sort. Why not? You're my son. You've got my looks. You've got my darned charm. When you've filled out a bit and learnt to brush your hair properly you'll be as like me as my twin brother. You'd step right into my shoes. They'll call you 'The Old World's Youngest Lover'—something idiotic of that sort."

He felt like a general laying down his command—like a king abdicating. He looked at his son. Their eyes met gravely. He saw for the first time that his son loved him.

The rapt, spellbound look had gone from the girl's face. He had wiped it out. Deliberately. She was turning from him to Pete—youth to youth—as a flower turns to the sun. He swallowed a brief bitterness—fought down a brief temptation. "Queer that you should have called yourself Smith, Pete. Our real name is Jones. So you weren't far wrong. But in the movies the Joneses are quite impossible. Excellent, worthy fellows, no doubt, but not glamorous. No one could go mad about them."

Jane flashed up. "I do," she said.

"Of course," He smiled at her. But she and Pete were smiling at each other. "A rose by any other name—" Shakespeare knew that. A wise gentleman who still speaks for all of us—"

But it was no longer necessary to talk so much. For they had ceased to listen.

They went politely to the station with him. He kissed Jane on the cheek. "You're nice children," he said. "You should be happy." He knew that his kiss meant nothing to her. Just Pete's father kissing her cheek. He held his son's hand. They looked steadily at each other. His son's eyes were wet. He seemed suddenly very young indeed—a little boy whose father was a god and had mended a broken toy for him.

"Gee—Dad—thank you for everything."

Julian had a last glimpse of them. They stood hand-in-hand looking after him gravely as at someone who was going away forever. And as he had been he would not come back. The facade was broken. He had thrown down his weapons and he would never bother to pick them up again. Queer that he should feel so happy. Perhaps, without knowing it, he had been rather tired of them.

Pete and Jane walked slowly back together.

"He is great, isn't he, Jane?"

"Great," she said. But she sounded almost too eager. She said after a moment, "I was such a silly kid. I thought people were different. But they're just people, aren't they? Just"—she gave a laugh that was shy and tentative, a little girl's laugh that was being grown-up for the first time—"just Jones."

"That's all I am," he said sturdily. They were alone on the mountain road. She stopped to kiss him, gently, with all her heart, as he had hoped that she would kiss him.

"You're you," she said.

(Copyright)

Goldfish in the Snow

Continued from Page 7

THAT evening when he returned she was sweeping away the snow outside their gate.

"Warm work," said Laurette.

"Let me," pleaded the Professor, and he seized the broom and was very untidy and amateurish about the whole business.

When the sorry performance was over, she asked him in for coffee. Her parents were practising a Brahms sonata. The house was heavy and sad with music.

The Professor suddenly thought her lovely; her big, childish blue eyes, the vague, sweet promise of her faintly smiling mouth. He was profoundly disturbed and delighted by her.

Next day he sent her £2 worth of lilies of the valley. Even in January a great many forced lilies of the valley are obtainable for £2. Every vase was full; and the scent

and the music cloyed up the atmosphere of Laurette's home like warm molasses.

Laurette and the Professor went to a concert. It did not mean much to Robert Ashe, to whom all forms of music were interruptive noises. For the first time the familiar harmonies meant nothing to Laurette Lindsey. They were both in a dither at being together.

He longed to confide in her his confusion and dismay at the false legend of his insobriety; the absurd, monstrous libel of the goldfish story. He ached to tell her how wounded and yet contemptuous he felt; what a pack of brainless apes he thought the community who twittered this idiosyncrasy about him from house to house. He wanted her to know that it had fired him with the idea of escape.

Please turn to Page 14

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Gottings of the Week

by Miss Midnight



• **CONSTANCE ROUSE** goes all glamorous in Mary Queen of Scots headgear for Pat Macken's wedding to Bert Field.



• **SYD FIELD**, groomsmen, and **Kath Noss**, bridesmaid, leaving St. Mark's, Darling Point, after Field-Macken wedding, for reception at the Australia.



• **DENISE OWEN**, smart in black-and-white, and **Kit Binnie**, wearing lovely embroidered coat, at Sargent concert . . . Town Hall.



• **CHARMING** American visitor, **Marian Hogan**, lunches with **Valerie Purves** before leaving for Melbourne and Cup festivities.

Ado about weddings . . .

SIMPLY no doubt about it. This war makes it hard for a spinster. Pay envelope rattles with a hollow laugh every Friday . . . cost of living's going up . . . and every day or so there's a wedding present to buy, on account of practically all your girl friends deciding they might as well get married what with the way males dash off at a moment's notice these days.

Take Wednesday, November 1, for instance. Here am I with invitations from both Margaret Arkell Smith and Wendy Sweet, simultaneous hour. What's a girl to do? Simply can't be twins and be at both ceremonies . . . so it looks like one ceremony and another reception.

Five days later—November 6—Joyce Ruskin Rowe marries George Morris. Quiet affair, no tulle veil. Cocktails at Royal Sydney afterwards.

Mrs. Tom Peters gives a red-and-white kitchen tea for Joyce on November 2. Lunching with Betty Peters t'other day, and of course conversation naturally turned to weddings, and Betty tells me that since she was married a year ago she has been to twelve weddings. Which sounds a record to me.

And the answer is . . .

AVERAGING a baker's dozen or so pre-wedding parties for every bride, plus the wedding present . . . well, work it out for yourself, as I'm no good at maths. But I guess we get the same answer—I'm broke.

And this week just gone . . . on Tuesday Gwen Hill to John Grace, Thursday . . . Margaret McArthur to Jim Carruthers; Norah Boyce to Dan Scott.

Friday, and Joan McGinley marries Bill Barker, with cocktails afterwards at the Nigel Barkers' home, Wentworth Towers.

Bill and Joan planned to marry in December, but the groom has been called up for Air Force duty at the end of this month. No word has come from Bill's sister, Nancy, who married Werner von Stein some months ago and went to live in Berlin. Nancy telephoned from Germany regularly to her family until war started, but since then they have not heard from her.

Hut-tricks . . .

EVE SHEEDY'S white "pancake" . . . mostly snood and old-fashioned white crochet.

Madame Andre Brenac's pale pink felt chapeau of Stetson inspiration . . . yards of pink veiling floating behind.

Mesdames Sam Hordern, Ernest Watt and Doug Levy lunching together, all wearing white hats. June Hordern's a sailor, Ruth Watt's a halo, and Barbara Levy in snappy, wide-brim straw swathed with black-spotted ribbon which trailed down her back.

Back to school . . .

IT'S back to school for me. Every Tuesday night at Double Bay Public.

I go along with Sheelah Lyle, Joan See, Audrey Connell, Bettina Smith, Nancy Macnaught and others, and learn to bandage broken arms, legs, and so on . . . Hal Cramsie shows us how it's done.

In black-and-white . . .

BIT surprised when I get an invitation to the opening of the new Print Room at National Art Gallery, because I always imagined the Art Gallery was a place to go from the Domain when it rains, and not a place to show new season's prints.

But, being all for culture, I go along, and what do you think? It doesn't turn out to be dress materials at all, but a small room filled with black-and-white drawings.

Everyone is most excited about it, so I say, "Yes, isn't it wonderful?" too.

Hardly a soul I know there, except Katrin Rosselle. I ask Katrin if she knew it wasn't a dress show, but just then Mr. Will Ashton takes her off and she doesn't reply.

Mrs. David Cohen says to come and see a very interesting old book printed in 1400 something. But it was all in Latin or some dead language, and I couldn't understand it.

First-night dogs . . .

I JOIN the throng in Lloyd Lamble's dressing-room to say "Well done" after "Dinner at Eight" performance at the Minerva . . . and there upon the shelf I find dawgs, dozens of 'em. I ask Lloyd why, and it appears that his wife, even before they were married, always sends him a doggie for good luck on first nights.

For this latest first night Marjorie Lamble sent Lloyd an unpedigreed doggie with a saucy little chauffeur's cap perched over one eye . . . because Lloyd plays the role of Ricci, the chauffeur, in the play.

Town Hall titbits . . .

AT the Sargent symphony concert

I meet Joe Anderson, who tells me that there are seventy-five offers of homes for the five Town Hall kittens aged one month. But, as Joe says, seventy-five into five won't go.

Helen Phillips takes my eye in front stalls . . . red roses topping her Edwardian, black neckband and sweeping black taffeta coat.

Bettina Barton comes in an ermine cape, and sister Ursula in lovely gold-embroidered coat, ground-length and with elbow sleeves. Helene Fischer wears Chinese brocade.

Also spy Betty Watt, Bunty Broadway and her sister, Roma Rofe.

Speaking of concerts reminds me that, rather guiltily, I borrowed a small child to take along to Sargent's children's concert, only to find Lady Gowrie had done the same thing. Her Ex. arrives and looks just as guilty as I when she explains, "I borrowed some children so I could come, too."

Young Susan Gai Watt was one of her charges.

Heard around town . . .

HUGO BRASSEY is adding to his Dunk Island tan by sunbaking at Lady Martin's Beach . . . Sandy Henry and his bride motored from Adelaide after their wedding and are moving into house they have bought at Kurraba Point . . . Valerie Purves came from Melbourne a month ago to spend a week in Sydney, and is still here. Likes us so much she thinks she will "go bush" in N.S.W. instead of returning for the Cup . . . Sheila Martin has a job in Melbourne and has taken a flat with good-looking brother, Steve, who is at the flying school there . . .



• **TWO SMART** guests . . . Mrs. Dick Grace and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Hector McFarlane, of Young, arrive at All Saints' for wedding of John Grace and Gwen Hill.



• **WILL ASHTON** and **Nance Mackenzie** agree as to excellent quality of prints in new Print Room at National Art Gallery.



• **JOAN AYERTON** and **Lois Chartres** lunch at Prince's . . . a party for Joan Fell who marries Dick Willis this Saturday.



• **SANDY HENRY**, of Neutral Bay, and his bride, **Pattie Clatterbuck**, leave St. Peter's Cathedral, Adelaide, after their wedding.

"PROFESSOR

CLEMENT CRAWFORD is coming down to look us over. He is spending the week-end here," was what he told her instead.

"Oh," said Laurette, whose interests lay in another world, outside the university life of the town.

"He will hear us take our classes. He knows our scientific records. They think a lot of personality in Canada. It isn't the man's record that gets him the job—it's the man."

"Has this . . . or . . . Professor Clement Crawford got a job to offer?"

"The biggest plum in Canada."

"And you?" faltered Laurette.

"Like a shot; if I got the chance," said Robert Ashe.

"Oh!" said Laurette in a panic, and became tongue-tied; for she knew quite suddenly and unmistakably that she wanted this man deeply and desperately; and she had not the foggiest idea how to get him. Her youth became a menace. The delicate traditions in which she had been brought up became insuperable barriers. Suffocating mentally and emotionally in a panic behind them, Laurette heard Professor Robert Ashe say in a queer, strained voice:

"Have you heard about . . . about my goldfish?"

"Yes," said Laurette.

"You didn't believe it?"

Laurette, who knew nothing of life and little of men, cast about in her mind for the correct answer from a woman of the world to a man of the world. She did not want to appear a prig or a prude. She did not want to turn him from her by a hair's-breadth.

And, above all! but above all! she did not wish to appear the good woman from whom the teller of the goldfish story had so indignantly defended Robert Ashe. She wanted to be "the girl with a bit of dash who'd snap him out of it all."

"Of course I believed it," she breezed hardily. "I thought it was a great joke. I roared with laughter. Have you fished for any more goldfish in the snow?"

"Dozens," said the Professor. "Every night from two till four. They think I'm an ant's egg at that time. It's great fun."

His voice was bitter and savage.

A woman had burst in Robert Ashe's life like a bombshell and destroyed the order of it. He was a walking misery of indecision and lack of concentration. If he had

Continued from Page 12

encountered feminine mentality and youthful psychological ignorance as he should have done, he would have seen what Laurette was up to and why she reacted this way. That she should condone insobriety seemed horrible; that she should actually applaud it seemed revolting. She was so lovely, so young, so excitingly, tenderly slender and soft-voiced and exquisitely delectable. He would have loved to give her a charming home, adoring children, a beautiful garden to stray in, soft, brilliantly-colored clothes, a marvellous piano. He ached to serve and guard, and protect, and watch over her. She roused the tender father and the violent lover in him simultaneously. It is a formidable combination for a man used to emotional upheavals; for a man hitherto immune from them it was catastrophic.

It destroyed sleep, and the habits of work and concentration and all the other mechanical modern aids to human balance and poise.

It made another man of him. His lectures suddenly disentangled themselves of their usual pedantic, parrot style, and owing to the fact

that they were hardly prepared and never concentrated on, bristled with personality; a kind of angry, challenging, stimulating, provocative personality that absorbed the fascinated attention of his amazed students.

Professor Clement Crawford, sitting at the back, was witness of their complete, enthralled attention on several occasions.

"Bit dynamic," he said to the Principal. "Bit of an eccentric, d'you think? Still—he certainly gets them, and he disinters his subject and mounts it in a very entertaining way—if a little revolutionary."

"He has altered a lot lately," said the Principal uneasily, for the goldfish story had reached him in gay and rollicking form; but he did not want to spoil a brilliant man's chances.

"Wine, women and whimsy." "Wine and whimsy," admitted the Principal. "And," he added truthfully, "very whimsy, from what I can gather!"

"I haven't sized him up," said the eminent professor. "I think he's my man, though. We don't take kindly to the gentle Oxford scholar. We need something with more fibre, tougher," he paused. "I should like to see what he's like socially," he said candidly. "We have much more social life in the campus in Canada than you do here. I would like to see how he makes the grade and how good he is in personal contact."

So the Principal gave a party. It was in the nature of a command, so far as the teaching staff were concerned.

Professor Robert Ashe came late, fearing and longing to see his young love, which he did almost immediately.

SHE was standing outside the house, in the full glare of the lights, with her adorable mouth wide open, gazing up in the trees. There were two young students with her.

"What is it?" said Robert Ashe, joining them. "Aeroplane?" He could hear no plane.

"I'm looking for a blue love-bird," said Laurette, and she giggled with nerves.

"Don't worry! I'll send my goldfish to look for it!" promised the Professor in a blind fury; for he thought she was mocking him and condoning the goldfish at the same time; and it hurt unbearably.

Their uncertain laughter followed him, and he misunderstood it all, especially hers.

It did something to him. It dynamited him out of himself.

At the party he was gay and debonair and witty.

He never once glanced in Laurette Lindsey's direction.

She might not have been there.

The pleasant Professor Clement Crawford said quite impersonally:

"Don't you think you had better ease up, young lady?"

It was not his party. It was not his country. These were not his students; but really, the girl was so adorably pretty and so perfectly charming.

"He thinks I'm a good woman," said Laurette. "And I want to marry him," she hiccuped; and it was a charmingly discreet and frightened hiccup; rather like a small girl at a party. The Canadian savant found it endearing and touching, rather than shocking; and wholly childish. "Good women aren't any good to men who catch goldfish in the snow—like Robert Ashe."

"So he catches goldfish in the snow?" murmured the Canadian thoughtfully.

"He wants s-snapping out of it," said Laurette. "I want to be the s-snapper."

The Canadian chuckled. Suddenly he began to see daylight. He was astute in his psychology. He saw the little problem of these two lovable, awakening adolescents; the Professor and his charming little lady.

"Does Robert Ashe know that?" "I don't care if he does," said Laurette. "AND so far as I am concerned he can—can fish for goldfish anywhere he likes, any time he likes—and I'll h-help him fish."

The Canadian Professor looked at her defiant, beautiful, troubled little face and suddenly old memories stirred in his heart and he envied Robert Ashe this lovely, belated spring; and saw with insight what sort of man it would make of him ultimately. He made up his mind on that vision. Crossing the room he tapped his future lecturer unostentatiously on the arm.

"I say," he said gently and almost boyishly, "what's all this nonsense about you being found by a policeman fishing for goldfish in the snow?"

Goldfish in the Snow

"I WAS," said

Robert Ashe indignantly.

"I suppose," said the Professor gently, "it couldn't have been a real goldfish?"

"Of course it was," said Robert Ashe.

"You couldn't have explained that, could you?"—the Canadian was patient, mystified—"and stopped a lot of foolish chatter?"

"No," replied Robert violently; "if they liked to think of me as a drunken sot crawling in the snow after invisible goldfish, let 'em enjoy the story!"

"But they did, my good chap," said his future chief candidly. "Life in these little English towns is very dull; and you are a much more interesting person with a common vice than—with no vice at all. That's human nature. By the way, would you like that Canadian post? It's still open."

Then five minutes later he said nonchalantly:

"By the way, there's a little friend of yours over there who's throwing them back a bit. She'll be seeing goldfish, too, if someone doesn't do something about it."

"Here's blue-birds," mentioned Robert ungrammatically and incoherently.

"Well, I should do something drastic about it, Ashe, if I were you—with black coffee," he paused. "Until the black coffee does it work, you might help her catch her blue-birds. She confided to me that she would help you catch your goldfish in the snow anywhere in the world. I have an idea it's true."

The years shaled from Robert Ashe under his eyes. He looked suddenly what he was under his pedantry—a frightened, exalted, inexperienced youth desperately and fiercely in love.

"She came here like that," he whispered. "She was looking in a tree for them—with two of my own students—if what you say is true—"

"It takes them all ways and never the same way," said the Canadian dryly. "I'd go across to her if I were you and get her out of here quietly and quickly."

"I'll try—I'll try," stammered the Professor. "I want to marry her," he blurted out. "I'm going to marry her."

"Good luck," said the Canadian.

He went around, chucking at himself inwardly as an emergency dramatist, and spread the report of Robert Ashe's acceptance of the Canadian post; and then the delicious and unexpected thing happened.

The hostess' large black cat strolled in with a dead blue budgerigar in its mouth.

The hostess fell on it with a little shriek.

"The cage door was open! There wasn't a feather about! We thought it had escaped! Oh, you wretch! You wretch!"

She tried to secure the cat. Guests tried to secure the cat and rescue the dead bird.

"I organised a hunt in the garden," the hostess was saying. "I knew it couldn't go far because I clipped its wings myself! Oh, the pretty pet! What brutes cats are!"

"So the blue-bird was real!" said Robert to his love.

"But of course, dearest! You don't think . . ."

"I thought it was just another goldfish."

"You mean you thought I was ragging you—in front of your own students. Oh, darling!"

"You see," said the Professor humbly. "My goldfish was real, too."

And he told her the whole story while the guests whooped round after the cat, which they ultimately caught.

But when someone decided to announce Robert Ashe's new appointment and call upon him for a speech, he had vanished.

He was at that moment standing under the tree with his arm around Laurette in such a state of beatific happiness that he could hardly be called sane.

"I never knew that stars could look so wonderful caught in branches," he said. "I never knew they were so little, or so bright."

An aged professor of etymology, arriving at the party late and reluctantly, paused beside Robert Ashe.

"An owl?" he said inquiringly.

"No, sir," then suddenly Robert Ashe turned on him a soft, boyish smile so charged with mischief and sheer, dancing happiness that the aged one could not believe his eyes. "Just a goldfish and a blue-bird building their little nest together," he said. "Such fun!"

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WHY GERMANY ONLY WANTS REVENGE!

Its people thrive on stern rule, says famous writer

By air mail from
MARY ST. CLAIRE,
our special representative
in England.

Emil Ludwig, famous biographer, shatters the belief held by many that the Treaty of Versailles was unjust to Germany, and is an underlying cause of the present war.

IN "Das Neue Tagebuch," a journal published by German residents in Paris and Amsterdam, Ludwig reviews the circumstances that gave rise to the idea that Germans were not given a fair deal in Versailles. He gives a startling definition of the German people's national character and aggressive attitude to the world.

During the 1914-18 war, Germans are told, the English recognised the ingenuity of David Lloyd George, and handed over to him the leadership of the country.

They were victorious essentially because of his strength.

When, after the war, the English found they were being governed by such a dictatorially-inclined man they invented the immorality of his peace treaty in order to get rid of him.

Only now, 20 years after the treaty, and 17 years after Lloyd George's fall, are the British beginning to realise their mistake—namely, that it was not the treaty, but the failure to carry out the treaty that is responsible for Germany's uprising.

Writing as one who has studied the German character for 30 years, Ludwig repeats that it can never be changed through kindness, but only through sternness.

A people that loves order more than freedom is willing to accept commands, but will reject suggestions.

The alleged "unjust" peace of Versailles was much milder than the treaties that the German Empire concluded at Bucharest and Brest-Litovsk in 1918, which means that it was milder than the treaties which the Germans would have concluded in case of their own victory.

The English failed to see that only similar severity on the part of the Allies in carrying out the Versailles Treaty could call a halt to that double German lie—that Germany neither started nor lost the war.

That misrepresentation is the basis of Hitlerism.

National ambition

ONLY a people that feels it has been attacked unjustly and then, after being defeated, has been condemned unfairly, can be urged to bear such deprivation as has been seen during the last six years.

The former victors ought to have controlled every German book that falsified the causes of the World War and ought to have supervised the education of every German youth.

German youth is not worse than that of any other



MEN, guns, and
revenge are the
Nazi trinity.

country, but it is idealistically minded. When it has been taught that its fathers were attacked without cause, that they were victorious in spite of everything, and that they were finally cheated in a disgraceful peace, a generation is created which thirsts for revenge. What the world is witnessing to-day is not a Germany that desires riches. Rather it is enthusiastic German youth which is interested neither in Russian cornfields nor Rumanian oil wells, nor African cotton. All it wants is conquest and victory.

Hitler's young men and girls from their 16th to their 60th year are not moved by anything more profound than by the desire for revenge against France and England.

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EACH UTILITY
TABLET

Save these
crosses



TROOPS at Holdsworthy Camp enjoy a wash and general clean up after a hard morning's drill. "Cook-house" will soon be sounding.



J. SALMON, army cook, looks over a consignment of cabbages, while his companion, Cook Gordon, watches the soap.



ROAST BEEF—rice custard, Cooks Williams, Gordon, North, and Harrison supervise the serving of the camp dinner.

We visit a military camp and find THE ARMY FEEDS 400 MEN IN FIVE MINUTES

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH, first woman journalist allowed to visit a military camp.

Except for the young soldier on guard, the entrance to Holdsworthy Camp might be an English village.

On the left the officers' mess, a low, old-fashioned building with doors and windows opening on to a narrow, white-washed verandah, looks like the village inn.

Across the narrow road the administrative quarters might be wooden farm buildings, except for the mysterious sign, "H.Q. 1 MED BDE" (Headquarters, 1st Medium Brigade).

INSIDE the "farm building" Lieut. Walsh, the giant blond Adjutant, rose from his chair by his trestle table to salute impressively.

This was our first sample of army chivalry, so courtly and Old-World, that by the end of my day in camp I felt like a Kipling or Somerset Maugham heroine.

While he filled in forms authoris-

ing us to be in the camp for a certain number of hours, the Adjutant offered me a precarious seat on a folding camp-stool.

We set off down the red earth road to the camp, passing a goods store—



THE SERGEANTS' MESS at Holdsworthy Camp where artillery-men are in training.

all that remains of the railway station built when Holdsworthy was an internment camp during the last war.

Up the hillside the gunners were just finishing morning gun-drill. At first glance the tractors and transports and the busy young men looked like a picnic outing—until we saw the grim howitzers and 60-pounder guns among them.

Their heavy boots stirred up the red dust as they ran—no artillery-man ever walks on duty. The red dust disappeared in a haze over the gum trees and the avenue of laurels.

In the cookhouse

BEYOND the drill ground the mess huts were ready for lunch—white, washable tablecloths with high pylons of buttered bread at intervals on long tables accommodating eighteen men each.

Beside the cookhouse half a dozen men were on fatigue duty peeling potatoes for dinner. Near them cooks prepared cabbages and stoked the outdoor coppers where the washing-up water was heating.

The cook, Sergeant Hilder—a second cousin of the famous water-colourist and an artist himself in the kitchen—showed us the cookhouse.

Two big ranges cook for four hundred men. The big, shallow zinc dishes in which the food is carried to the mess-hut shine like Sheffield plate.

"Hot water and elbow grease" was Sergeant Hilder's explanation of their polish.

The cooks and kitchen assistants are permitted to wear leather sandals in camp because the concrete floor in the cookhouse is so tiring for their feet.

In the recreation hut, with a picture screen at one end, the sports committee were holding a meeting. Except for their uniforms they might have been a city board meeting.

There are one or two picture nights a week. A Wallace Beery film of 1921 was a tremendous success, especially the 1921 fashions worn by the women stars.

One street along the sleeping-huts were wide open to the warm air. Along the walls each soldier's kit was piled up neatly according to regulations, forty straw mattresses, folded in three, blankets, clothing, cap and belt, with enamel plates, mug, knife, fork and spoon on top, and rolled leggings in front.

From the doorway the long, neat rows of leggings looked like mahogany bedposts.

Behind each man's kit his tea-towel and bath-towel hung on a wire.

The bath-towels were a bright band of color—blue-and-white sur-

ing towels decorated with fish, red-and-yellow checks, green-and-white stripes—against the corrugated-iron walls and uncovered wooden floor.

While we marvelled at all this neatness some of the batteries swung down the street, bringing a roar of sound with them. Grabbing their towels, the men ran for the bath-house, some of them dragging off their shirts as they went, shouting remarks to one another over their shoulders.

IN the hospital-tent Sergeant Larkin, of the Army Medical Corps, the brigade medical orderly, Bombardier Grey, treated two patients—Signaller T. G. N. Daly, who had fallen over a tree and grazed his face, and Driver A. B. Jones, who had a sore wrist.

At the post office Battery-Sergeant-Major Kempshall distributed the day's mail. A dispatch-rider brings it every morning, and it is a very heavy mail.

Gunner De Gruchy holds the record for the largest number of letters.

Another, whose name his loyal comrades refused to tell, received so many letters that his battery played a joke on him, sending him a faked letter signed "Your ever-loving Joan."

Continued on Page 28

Three things
you must know about
the safe food for
baby

To grow into a strong, healthy child, baby must be fed correctly, from birth. The safe food in the event of a failure or diminishing of breast milk is Vi-Lactogen—the Humanised milk. It closely resembles breast milk in its composition. Read why.

VI-LACTOGEN BEING SCIENTIFICALLY HUMANISED, IS CLOSEST TO BREAST MILK

In the manufacture of Vi-Lactogen, fresh milk (from specially controlled dairies) is analysed and its composition altered to closely resemble breast milk, by the careful addition of sugar of milk and pure addition of cream. It is pasteurised and then undergoes the process known as homogenization, which breaks down the fat globules until they are as small as those in breast milk, thus ensuring that Vi-Lactogen is easily digested.

EXTRA VITAMINS 'A' & 'D' ENSURE HEALTH AND GROWTH

Extra Vitamins "A" and "D" have been added to those already present in Vi-Lactogen. They are obtained from the richest natural sources, and make the use of emulsions and synthetic vitamins "A" and "D" unnecessary. Vitamin "A" promotes growth and is anti-infective. Vitamin "D" protects against rickets and deficiencies in bones and teeth.

ORGANIC IRON GUARDS AGAINST ANAEMIA

Iron is essential to health. It is derived by adults from greens and fruits, but, of course, baby cannot obtain it in this manner. Cow's milk contains very little iron, so an adequate supply for baby's requirements is added to Vi-Lactogen—enough to equal the normal quantity present in breast milk. It guards against anaemia.



That precious little mite, your baby, needs the greatest possible care in feeding, especially during the first months. Remember, if breast milk has to be supplemented or replaced, use only Vi-Lactogen—it is a complete and safe food, most closely resembling the milk that Nature intended baby to have.

VI-LACTOGEN
REGD. TRADE MARK
A NESTLE'S PRODUCT
THE READY MODIFIED OR 'HUMANISED' INFANT FOOD

EASIEST OF ALL TO PREPARE

One simple operation—just the addition of hot (boiled) water—is needed to make Vi-Lactogen into a food of a composition closely approximating that of breast milk.

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"Washed Out" And Tired...?

Your body and nerves need COMPLETE rest every night. Sleeplessness robs your nervous energy, undermines your good health, makes you irritable, and (most important of all) DESTROYS YOUR EFFICIENCY. Sleep naturally—like a child... take two NUROS tablets, crunch in the mouth and swallow. Then you'll enjoy a good night and complete rest and relaxation. NUROS is a safe, harmless, sedative that gives natural sleep without drugs; it cannot form habits. All chemists sell NUROS at 2/6 for 20 tablets, or post free from Box 3723 SS, G.P.O., Sydney.

DOCTOR'S FORMULA FOR ECZEMA

DEXMA... gives immediate relief from itching eczema. Quickly banishes ugly sores. Dermal All chemists. H.D.

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet. HEARS EARPHONE CO. 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

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Up-to-the-minute styling ✓
 The wonderful way they wash ✓
 Crease-resisting qualities ✓
 Their smart gay designs ✓
 The fact that they won't shrink ✓
 Their bright, fadeless colours ✓

Spectator SPORTSWEAR

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EVERLOC

THE LASS IN THE STUNNING STRIPE
 Cool and sophisticated—and without a wrinkle at the end of the day. Easy to wash, but won't shrink or fade—there are seven dazzling shades in each of the twenty-four designs from which you can pick.

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PERCHED A-TOP OF THE WORLD

Always poised and chic—no creases will ever mar the fresh beauty of Miss Modern's frock. You can select yours from a dozen heavenly designs each available in eight perfect colours.

From . . 39/11

SHARKTEX

ICE-CREAM COOL

So crisp and tailored—the lass on the left knows her frock will wash and wash without the color ever losing its original brilliance. There are ten fascinating pastel shades from which to select.

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Remember the famous

GUARANTEE!

Won't Crush
 Won't Shrink
 Won't Fade
 WILL Wash



There's a store close by that stocks Spectator sportswear—we'll tell you its name if you let us know where you are. Write, too, for a brochure with cuttings of fabrics and illustrating twelve of the smartest styles.

E. LUCAS & CO. PTY. LTD.

27 FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE.

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE LABEL

Do you have these DREAMS?

Author probes strange fantasies of the brain

"If a young maiden drink on going to bed a pint of cold spring water in which is beat up an amulet, composed of the yolk of a pullet's egg, the legs of a spider, and the skin of an eel pounded, her future destiny will be revealed to her in a dream.

"This charm fails if tried any other day of the year but the first of January."

THIS is one of many samples of folklore concerning dreams recorded by R. L. Megroz in an enthralling new book, "The Dream World."

Mr. Megroz spent twelve years collecting his material, and he traces in detail various types of dreams that man has recorded and tried to interpret from earliest ages—dreams of creative imagination, childhood dreams, dreams of the unknown past and future—and the mysteries of telepathy.

Poets and authors, he shows, have been inspired by dreams.

Psychologists and students have found, he states, that the same "type dreams" are found among widely differing savage races and civilised people—for instance, the tooth-

losing dream, the flying dream, and the climbing dream.

Interpretation of these dreams is also similar in different countries.

For instance, in Ireland, Switzerland, Greece, Galicia, the Ukraine, the African Gold Coast, Nigeria, Tanganyika, Borneo and China a dream about eating raw meat is believed to presage misfortune.

Memory of past?

THE flesh-eating dream, it has been suggested by some writers, indicates a racial memory of our savage past, just as dreams about flying without mechanical aid are supposed to be an echo of the still earlier past when we swung from tree to tree.

The examination dream, caused by the strain of having to pass



examinations or by overwork generally, is a "type dream" among people as widely different as the Chinese and Teutonic races.

A typical examination dream involves not being able to pack in time to catch a train, catching wrong trains, or missing them altogether.

Mr. Megroz quotes Bernard Shaw's overwork dream.

"I find myself madly about to walk on to the stage to perform a part of which I do not know a word, or to sing an operatic role without knowing a note of it."

"Many people who are tongue-tied or too humble in company," Mr. Megroz explains, "recover their self-assertion in dreaming by a compensating fantasy of sweeping all before them."

"Examination of the mechanism of dreams has shown that the mind can dramatise a story from a sensory stimulus like heat or cold affecting some part of the body, or from internal disorders."

The biological purpose of a dream, he adds, is to save us from waking up when disturbed. When the sleeper is disturbed his unconscious mind immediately invents a story to account for the disturbance.

For example, if your bedclothes are inadequate you may dream you are at the North Pole, if your arm is cramped your unconscious mind may invent a story that your arm has been injured.

Many psychologists have asserted that color is absent from our dreams or at most very feebly suggested. But from personal experience, Mr. Megroz believes that the sensation of vivid color is added to the dream when daylight disturbs the sleeper. Before awaking the sleeper often half opens and shuts his eyes.

Children's dreams

THE dream life of children, he says, reveals some similarities with that of savage peoples.

Children's dreams also show universal characteristics belonging to the dreams of adults, but children's dreams are notable for their great frankness.

The child, like the savage, is able to believe readily in the reality of objects that exist only in imagination, whether in dreams or while awake. Hence its ready pleasure in a fairy story which resembles dream fantasy.

"The frankness of the child is well shown in its dreaming, and egotism in conflict with authority or 'duty' is nearly always present in thinly-disguised form, as in the dream of a schoolgirl that she is swimming to save a friend from drowning when she meets a teacher in the water, who tells her to go back to school at once, because she has been selected to take the part of Julius Caesar in the play."

Children often dream of the removal of rivals or those in authority over them, either parents or teachers.

In a chapter on telepathy in sleep, and dreams which carry the sleeper back to the unknown past or into the unknown future, Mr. Megroz suggests that not all these dreams can be dismissed cynically as mere coincidence.

"If the mind can indeed pick up mental messages there seems no reason why it should not be sensitive to the thoughts of many minds



PEOPLE who are humble and shy in real life, Mr. Megroz says, often throw off their "inferiority complex" in dreamland and see themselves as outstanding personalities. An example is the girl who dreams of herself as a fashionable society woman.

Dream saved his life

A REMARKABLE story told by Mr. Megroz concerns the Waratah, the ship which disappeared in 1909 with many Australian passengers on board after it had left Durban, South Africa, on its way to Capetown and London.

Mr. Sawyer landed at Durban although he had booked his fare to Capetown. He told many people in Durban: "In the early morning (while on board) I had this strange dream. I saw a man dressed in a very peculiar dress, which I had never seen before, with a long sword in his right hand, which he

seemed to be holding between us. In his other hand he had a rag covered with blood. I saw that three times in rapid succession the same morning."

On July 28, after the Waratah had sailed, but before there was any reason to suppose that anything had happened to her, Mr. Sawyer had another dream. He seemed to see the Waratah ploughing her way through a heavy sea. As he watched, a great wave swept over her bows, and, rolling over on her starboard side, she disappeared from sight.

all at high tension. Possibly 'clairvoyance' may be due to a kind of voyaging of the consciousness in sleep.

"After examining not a little documentary material, I am inclined to think that the study of dreams is as likely to yield reliable evidence of telepathy as the numerous observations of waking experiences."

Mr. Megroz analyses views on dreams from ancient times, when the dream interpreter was one of the most important people in a ruler's court, to the theories of Freud and J. W. Dunne.

Mr. Dunne's theory—which few of us can even attempt to understand—is that "now" exists partly in the past and extends partly into the future.

From his own experience of dreaming events which actually occurred the following day or several days later, he concludes that these dreams are due to a peculiarity in Time itself—that events become displaced from their actual place in Time, like a train that arrives ahead of schedule.

If this explanation is accepted, Mr. Megroz suggests, dreams that foretell events are no longer a mystery.

Sometimes this type of dream is of great value to a dreamer.

He quotes the dream of a poor farmer in Denmark that he was "uncovering red gold" on his land.

Upon waking, he began digging in a field and at last discovered a lode of red clay which proved to be worth about £40,000.

At other times the dreamer is not so fortunate.

A South African farmer had a recurrent dream that he would discover a diamond mine on his property. He prospected unceasingly, but did without unearthing any diamonds.

In his will he directed that the executors should continue prospecting, and within a month a diamond mine was discovered. The farmer's wife sold her share for £250,000.

"The Dream World," by R. L. Megroz. (John Lane, the Bodley Head.) Our copy from Angus and Robertson.



Girls who succeed in jobs avoid underarm odour with MUM

SALLY thinks the whole world's against her. She works so hard at her job. She tries so hard to make friends. But somehow all that she gets for her pains are snubs.

Strange that such a pretty, capable girl should find others so unfriendly? Not when you know what they know about Sally! For no one likes to be near a girl who offends with underarm odour. And everyone finds it hard to say, "You could be popular—with Mum!"

Girls who win, in business and love, know a bath alone is not enough for all-day underarm freshness. A bath removes only past perspiration—but Mum prevents odour to come.

MUM IS QUICK! Mum takes 30 seconds, but keeps you fresh all day!

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is harmless to fabrics. Even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odour. Mum is such a dependable aid to charm!

Obtainable everywhere, purse size 3d., regular size 1/6, double size 2/6.

GIVE ROMANCE MORE CHANCE... USE MUM!



Another use for MUM Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

No need for worry...!

Modess can't chafe; it's softer, more comfortable. It's safer—with a moisture proof backing. It's economical.

MODESS
SANITARY NAPKINS

Product of Johnson & Johnson

1' BOX OF TWELVE

MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



"Mopsy, you know girls shouldn't fight."
"I know, but Nancy doesn't, so I'm proving it to her."



"Excuse me, sir, the tailor's collector is at the door."
"Well, congratulate him on having a permanent job."

"Most jokes were old and mellow
when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow,
they'll still be evergreen."

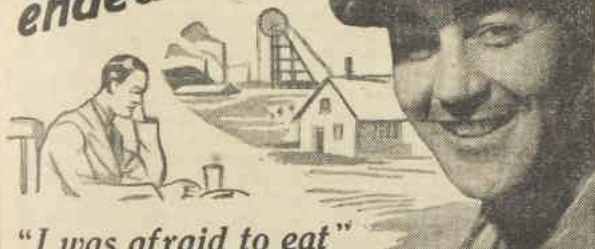


"I see Bill's been arrested for taking photos."
"What! And they call this a free country."
"But he forgot to take the silver frames off them."



"I don't suppose you know what good, honest work is?"
"No, lady. What good is it?"

INDIGESTION ended!



"I was afraid to eat"

Here is proof that chronic indigestion can be overcome. Read this report, just one more of the remarkable tributes to De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Another user, Mr. V. E. Willis, says:

"I suffered terribly with chronic indigestion for years. I was afraid to eat anything and was just about a wreck when I tried De Witt's Antacid Powder. Within a week I was looking forward to my meals. Now I really thank De Witt's Antacid Powder for having made me feel better than I have done for years."

The first dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder gives instant relief because it immediately neutralises stomach acidity, the cause of heartburn, flatulence or pain after meals. One ingredient soothes and protects the stomach lining and another helps to digest your food.

In fact, De Witt's Antacid Powder is really the modern triple-action treatment for indigestion and stomach troubles.

From to-day—eat what you like! Enjoy every meal! Be sure you get the genuine—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence. Of all chemists and stores, in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6. Giant size 4/6.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

FIRST SHOPPER (to second ditto): Well, my dear, if you're not going to buy anything, we might just as well look at something more expensive.

"HAVE you any explanation for wandering about at this time of night?" asked the policeman.
"If I had," replied the dejected-looking man, "I'd have gone home hours ago."

"HARRY, the dry-cleaner has called for his money."
"Tell him he is out of his turn. The suit isn't paid for yet."

BOBBY (short of money): Dad, have you any work you would like me to do?
Dad (taken by surprise): Why, no; but—
Bobby: Then how about putting me on relief?

"YOU have my sympathy, old man."
"Why?"
"My wife has a new hat and she is calling on your wife to-morrow afternoon."

HUSBAND: It's a peculiar thing, but the biggest idiots seem to marry the prettiest women.
Wife: Now, now, dear, don't flatter me!

DINER: Do you serve rabbits here?
Waitress: We serve anyone—sit down.

FEET THAT SOON ACHE & TIRE Are In Need Of

Zam-Buk

HOW many thousands of women say to themselves during the day, "Oh, my poor feet!" Hours of standing and walking, shopping, and household duties, are responsible for tired, aching feet, corns, and swollen ankles. Therefore be sure your hard-worked feet have regular care.

First bathe them at bedtime (and morning, if possible) in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly relieved. Hard skin and corns are softened and easily removed; blisters and soreness are soothed and healed; joints, ankles, toes and feet are made easy, and you can again walk in perfect comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night for happy, healthy feet.

1/6 or 2/6 a box. All chemists & stores.



"Constant standing at work caused swollen, painful feet. Walking was a punishment, but applications of Zam-Buk soon made my feet sound and healthy. I now get about without the slightest discomfort."—Mrs. E. Owen.
"My husband, who does a great deal of walking, finds Zam-Buk splendid for keeping his feet free from callouses, and when my boy had foot trouble it was Zam-Buk that soothed and healed."—Mrs. E. Keeling.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly

An Editorial Mr. Chamberlain likes literature that "cheers people"

OCTOBER 28, 1939

ADVENTURE—OR AN IDEAL



"WE must make peace as glorious an adventure as war," says famous writer H. G. Wells, "otherwise this spirit of adventure will always call men to war."

There is truth in that statement, but not the full story.

A recent questionnaire conducted among the men in our new army brought the answer that among other things many of the men had joined up because of the adventure of war.

Still the young Diggers of to-day, like their fathers and elder brothers of 1914-1918, do not wear their hearts on their sleeves.

Admitting the adventure appeal of a war, something more than that brought them into the army.

Basic patriotism was the main cause, but a soldier does not talk of that when his practical patriotism is apparent to all.

As a nation we are proud of the spirit of adventure in our youth; we are prouder still that we have not exploited it for the sake of war.

We have tried by every means in our power to preserve peace in the world, we have held our youth back from the dread arbitrament of war, but Hitler has decided otherwise.

For us the adventure of war is only worth while if after it all we get the greater prize of permanent peace.

That is the Empire aim—there are no territorial ambitions to this war on the part of Britain and her Allies.

Hitler, on the other hand, has exploited the youth of Germany.

Young and old are pawns in his game of conquest.

High adventure to the German youth, according to the Nazi creed, is war for war's sake.

To the Australian and his fellow soldiers in the Empire armies it is war for peace' sake.

That is the difference in the adventure.

—THE EDITOR.

Prime Minister finds recreation and new strength in reading

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

ROMANTIC stories are a solace to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Britain's Prime Minister.

In his readings he has found strength and philosophy that have enabled him to face the arduous tasks that have confronted him.

An insight into the splendid character of the seventy-year-old man who is now directing the Empire's resources to win the war was given in one of his recent addresses.

"One of the things about which I have to pick a bone with the dictators is that they leave me so little time for reading," he said humorously.

"Every day of the week they have been making speeches, and I could not read for twenty minutes without a visitor coming in and saying: 'HE has done it again!'

"So you can see how difficult it is for me to get the reading I should like."

Bright reading

THE Prime Minister then referred to the value of literature and reading matter aimed at "cheering people up" in these troublous times.

"I find change and recreation and new strength in reading," he said.

"Perhaps it is fortunate for me that Prime Ministers are not marked off in order of merit according to their own contributions to literature. If they were, I should come out at the bottom of the list.

"It is extraordinary, on looking back, to see how many of them have been authors, and distinguished authors, too, although I cherish the belief that their writings were not done while they held the office of Prime Minister.

"Perhaps I may be allowed, instead of dwelling upon my own lack of achievement, to point out what I owe to literature.

"Two years before the 1914-1918 war the toast of Literature was proposed at a banquet by Mr. Arthur Balfour, as he was then, and on that occasion he toasted literature in general and in particular the literature 'that cheers us all up.'

"I am afraid that to-day we are even more in want of that kind of literature than they were in 1912, but I daresay different people have different ideas on what literature does cheer them up.

"To me it does not consist in stories with a happy ending.

"What I feel I want is something that takes me out of my daily life



MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN enjoy a quiet read in the study at No. 10 Downing Street.

and away into a world as remote from reality as possible.

"For that reason I always find solace in the great romances of which there is fortunately a large range.

"I REMEMBER that when Mr. Baldwin first revealed the beauties of 'Precious Bane' he indeed earned a 'precious bane' for himself, for every post brought in applications from authors with offers to send him their books on the sole condition that he would say a word in their favor.

"Therefore, I will only admit that my favorite romances are those of the elder Dumas and the superb series left us by Joseph Conrad, with that wonderful word-painting and that haunting sense of ever-present mystery.

"Some people find their relief in poetry, but I always think that you must have a poetical ear as you have a musical ear.

"It is not true, as I have sometimes seen it stated in the Press, that I go about with a Shakespeare in my pocket, but I do occasionally indulge in a perusal of some of his works.

"I remember that George III once observed to Fanny Burney that there was a great deal of 'sad stuff' in Shakespeare. 'Only,' he said, 'you mustn't say so.'

"I am afraid I agree with him; on the other hand, of course, there are many famous passages in Shakes-

peare which one can always read again and again, because they fascinate the ear with their music and the inner eye with the images that they call up.

True to nature

"YET to me the great interest and delight that I find in Shakespeare are not so much in his words as in the study of the development of his characters, minor as well as major.

"Born in another world, they are yet so true to nature that always they seem to be part of our modern life.

"I think it is this same eager desire to get away from the real and the present that leads many people to devote themselves to crime stories.

"I am not above swallowing one occasionally myself as a sort of literary cocktail, but it is as easy to become an addict of detective stories as of opium or crossword puzzles. I prefer, therefore, to treat it as an occasional excess.

"In these odd moments that come to me I do feel relief in one of those many excellent works on fishing which I do not think most of you would class as literature at all.

"They do, however, take me back to the river that I cannot visit in person and recall many thrilling moments that I would like to repeat.

"And always I cherish at the back of my mind the idea that some day I shall have leisure to tackle those more serious works, in many volumes, which at present remain unread."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



PLUMBOB, the magic plumber . . . A fairy story



Amazing career that was shaped by a Witch's mystic rite

I must tell you about a most remarkable man—a plumber.

His father was also a plumber, and had him christened Plumbob, but most people just called him Bob.

SOME of those present may raise the point that there is nothing remarkable about plumbers. I will admit that; but Bob was different. By the way, his surname was Waterhouse.

He was handicapped early in life by being born very young, and for a number of months he was unable to walk and had to be carried about by his mother.

Waterhouse, with indomitable courage, eventually overcame this difficulty. He even, of his own

accord, laid on a hot and cold water system in his perambulator.

His father used to give him a soldering-iron to suck and made him a teething-ring out of a length of gas-pipe. I am telling you this so you will understand that this man was a born plumber.

BUT—his mother, Waratah Waterhouse, was a very superstitious woman, and now that I look back I can see that she was the cause of all Bob's trouble.

She consulted the local Witch—you guessed this was coming, I suppose—and the Witch advised her that if she wanted her son to

By
L. W. Lower
Australia's Foremost
Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

be a really marvellous plumber she must bury a chop-bone in the churchyard at the full moon, together with one of her husband's bootlaces.

It seems absurd, viewing it in the light of modern science, but "There are more things in Heaven and Earth than ever you dreamed on, Horatio" (Henry Lawson).

Mrs. Waterhouse faithfully followed the Witch's advice, and the results were astounding. Bob became a plumber practically overnight.

Of course, judging by the way one of them fixed our bath-heater, this is nothing unusual, but Bob became a real, super, streamlined plumber. What's more—this is the important point of the whole narrative—he was a magic plumber.

He could make things leak just by waving a spanner at them. His father had taught him the fundamental ethics of plumbing.

"My boy!" he said, "uphold the traditions of the Waterhouses. When sent for to repair a leaky tap, make as much mess as possible, look suspiciously at the gas stove, smack it with a hammer in a vital spot and say, 'you should have had this fixed up long ago. You must have a pretty heavy gasbill, Mrs. Jones?'"

"Oh, you've no idea!" she'll say. There is no one on this earth, my boy, who doesn't complain about his or her gasbill. It's a sure winner."

At "outs" with union

SHORTLY after this Bob received an urgent call. Waterpipes had burst and the house was flooded, said the customer. The gaspipes had also sprung a leak.

So Bob went to the races that day and the next day he went along to the house to have a look at things. He didn't have his tools with him at the time, so he said he'd be back the next day.

So far, as you may have noticed, he was behaving like any ordinary plumber.

But the next day—what a difference! Bob arrived with two assistants and enough tools to build a battleship, and in no time—say, about four hours, not counting time off for afternoon tea—he had everything fixed.

There was a bit of an outcry about this from the Plumbers' Union, which resented these speed-up tactics, but Bob ignored them—or it. Take your pick.

A man in my job should know his grammar, but do I? Echo answers, "He don't!"

I don't suppose you know anything about wiping a joint? No. I thought not.

Anyway, it has nothing to do with cooking.

An ex-plumber, I will explain. You know those swollen, knob-things on waterpipes half-way up the wall?

Well, all you have to do with them is slam on some kind of hot metal—melted-down saucepans, or something like that—and then you get a piece of thick rag and rub

"Bob became a real, super-streamlined plumber . . . a magic plumber."

it all over the joint, and there you are. Easy!

It was very sad about Bob. He was a comparatively young man when he met his death.

Just a moment while I check up. No. He can't meet his death yet. I've got a bit more to go. Hang on. Won't be long now.

He was doing a bit of guttering for a customer whose downpipes had become cluttered up. You always find when the downpipe is blocked that the guttering is full of birds' nests and tennis balls and pieces of newspapers.

Bob was on the roof this day

examining the guttering and poking holes through the rusty parts with a screw-driver, so that he could say that entirely new guttering would be needed, when he lost his footing and crashed twelve feet to his doom.

The funeral was fine. Bob's ashes were put in a wash-basin and placed in a niche in the wall of the gas-works.

Beneath the niche is a small brass plate bearing the inscription:
Here lies Plumber Bob.

He died doing his job.

Compliments from the mob.
If that's not sad, what is? Never mind. I'll write you something cheerful next time.

DO YOU KNOW?



A JAPANESE KNIGHT OF THE ANCIENT PROVINCE OF KII, WAS CALLED HAGUI DAIEMON OR "STRONG-BITES DEMON" BECAUSE HIS TEETH WERE SO STRONG HE COULD BITE PIECES OUT OF AN IRON PAN! STRONG, HEALTHY TEETH ARE CLEAN TEETH—KEEP YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN WITH KOLYNOS!



EXCAVATIONS SHOW THAT DURING THE 3RD AND 4TH EGYPTIAN DYNASTIES, DENTAL DECAY WAS PREVALENT AMONG EGYPTIAN SLAVES. HOWEVER, THE DENTAL GLASSES PARTICULARLY THE NUBIAN SLAVES WHO LIVED IN SIMPLE FARE, HAD CLEAN, STRONG TEETH. SOME LAUGHING SLAVE GIRLS WERE A SURPRISE TO BEHOLD! TO-DAY WOMEN KNOW THAT THE SECRET OF SPARKLING ATTRACTIVE TEETH IS KOLYNOS! "BACTERIAL MOUTH" CAUSES DENTAL DECAY THE REAL CAUSE OF DENTAL DECAY IS BACTERIAL MOUTH—TINY FOOD DEPOSITS LEFT WEDGED BETWEEN YOUR TEETH. KOLYNOS BURSTS INTO A FOAM, SURGING FORTH OF TINY BUBBLES WHICH FLOAT THESE DANGEROUS FOOD PARTICLES OUT! KOLYNOS LEAVES YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN! SPARKLING WITH GLORIOUS NEW LUSTRE! KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY DENTAL CREAM, TOO—1/2 INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS ENOUGH! KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM 1/3 AND 2/3

Why Envy Slenderness in Others

Don't envy others but get that slim, healthy figure for yourself by taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system, improve your health and remove fat-forming residue daily. Don't forget—you can spend pounds on your clothes and never look really smart—unless you have that fashionable slender line.

So start safe slimming to-night with Bile Beans and make sure of looking your best at all times.



"Thanks to Bile Beans I can now wear slim, smart fitting clothes and feel altogether brighter and happier. For years I was 'bulgy,' but Bile Beans taken regularly have reduced my waist and hips by four inches."—Miss A. M. Palmer.

"Dieting failed, but nightly Bile Beans removed all surplus fat, restored my energy and brought splendid health. To all with a tendency to put on weight I recommend Bile Beans as the safest and surest method of slimming."—Mrs. M. Harbridge.

BILE BEANS

"Slim While You Sleep"

JIM CONNELL

himself felt very angry when he left room 217.

During the next few days he saw a great deal of Nancy Page, but usually his glimpses were confined to the moments when she passed through the lobby. And, to his exasperation, not one of those days lacked its quota of complaints from room 217.

On Thursday morning, however, Miss Page emerged from the hotel just as Jim started for the Chester's advertising agency. She seemed to be in excellent humor. It was a sunny day, brisk with a fine wind, and they walked up the street together.

As it had been when they danced, Nancy Page appeared to glow. She was gay, spirited, utterly enchanting. Yes, here in the street she was perfect.

The Pain in the Neck

Continued from Page 11

Jim thought, with a mental groan: "But what is it that changes people so when they begin to demand hotel service? What turns an angel into a pain-in-the-neck? What is it?"

He didn't know. He knew only that, when she left him, he looked after her with actual yearning and decided she was perfect. Her final nod of farewell when she glanced back—an intimate little nod as personal as a blown kiss—was destined to enliven his entire day.

He returned to the Chester at five—to find Bancroft, the counter clerk, scowling ominously. Bancroft snapped, "Mr. Connell, we'll have to do something about Miss Page. Ten minutes ago she threatened to write a complaint to the owners!"

The report struck Jim like a body

blow. "Why?" he demanded, bewildered. "What—what's happened now?"

"Everything! About three o'clock she telephoned to say she needed extra clothes-hangers. What kind of an hotel was it that couldn't supply enough clothes-hangers to its guests? So we sent her a dozen. About four-thirty she came down to the lounge for a cocktail. In ten minutes she blew out like a tornado. The waiter, she informed me, had spilled a cocktail over her dress.

"The waiter claimed that she jostled him and knocked the glass out of his hand. Anyhow, I had to take it on myself, Mr. Connell, to promise we'd have the dress cleaned."

"Naturally," Jim muttered, and

again suspicion stabbed him.

"Naturally."

"She went upstairs in a huff. That's the last I've heard of her—except that the housekeeper just called to find out how long the woman in 217 expected to remain with us. She sounded as if she couldn't stand it much longer."

Jim Connell made no comment. Tight-lipped, he went to his office. Scowling, he changed to dinner clothes.

And at nine o'clock that evening he was once more summoned to room 217.

Miss Page sat under a reading-lamp, a book open in her lap. She didn't move when he entered in response to her crisp "Come in."

Jim began, "I hope everything's all right?"

"It isn't." She jerked her golden head towards the wall. "Hear that?"

Yes, Jim heard it. In the next room a radio was playing. Every room in the building was equipped with its private radio.

"I'm trying to read," said Miss Page. "Whoever's in that room has been playing that thing for the past hour. Can't I have some peace?"

"I'm sorry," he said softly. "It's only nine o'clock. We can't ask guests to turn off their radios at this hour."

She looked annoyed.

"I've been trying to read against that music and I simply can't. It seems to me that if I request a little thing like silence, Mr. Connell, the hotel ought to get it for me. Can't you ask the person next door to shut the radio off?"

"Not very well," Jim Connell said. He regarded Miss Page with narrowed eyes. "Not, at any rate, without offending her. And I shouldn't like to offend Mrs. Sheffield. She's a permanent guest of the Chester."

"Suppose I insist on it?" Nancy Page closed her book with a snap. "I'm entitled to service."

"That doesn't come under the head of service."

SHE drew a long breath, and rose out of the chair.

"Mr. Connell, you yourself have been very nice to me," she said. "But I've had all sorts of inconveniences since I came to this hotel. I've had to complain dozens of times. And this—well, this is the climax! All I ask is that you have that noise in the next room turned off. And you, the manager of the hotel, flatly refuse."

Jim suddenly shut the door behind him. He shut it with a slam. He'd had enough. His face was hard, the lips tight. He came forward until he stood directly in front of Nancy Page.

"When you walked into this hotel a few days ago," he said, "I decided you were the most beautiful girl I'd ever laid eyes on. Every time you passed something jumped into my throat. I tried to tell myself I was crazy. I was too level-headed to fall in love with anybody at first sight. But I wasn't fooling myself. My heart kept hopping every time I looked at you. And if that isn't a sign, I don't know what it is."

He drew a heavy breath. "But, in addition to being beautiful," he continued, "there are times when you're also the world's worst pain-in-the-neck. Your complaints have driven my whole staff crazy. Every man and woman of them wants to wring your neck and throw you out of the place. In fact, there have been moments when I've felt like doing it myself."

His words brought a flush of outrage into Nancy Page's cheeks. Her eyes blazed defiantly.

"You," she whispered, "you've felt like—like wringing my neck?"

"Again and again," he emphatically assured her, "Almost as often as I've felt like—kissing you."

HE didn't know what made him do it. Maybe it was proximity. Maybe it was madness. Maybe it was the curve of her lips. Perhaps because she was so lovely and because there was no further need to conceal his feelings, Jim Connell pulled the girl into his arms. He kissed her.

He kissed her roughly, full upon the lips, and she didn't jerk back her head. It was only later, when he stepped away and tried to sweep the dizziness out of his senses, that he discovered how shaken and dazed she appeared.

But there was something in her eyes he hadn't discerned before. A kind of happy incredulity. It vanished almost as he saw it, however. When she spoke, her voice was a strained whisper.

"Why—why did you do that?"

"I'm afraid," said Jim simply, "because I love you."

"You just called me a—pain-in-the-neck!"

"That's right. It sounds unreasonable, doesn't it? But there you are. I love you."

At that she sat down shakily.

"What hurts most about your attitude," Jim went on, "is this: I'm not manager of the Chester. I'm acting manager. The owners are giving me a month's trial. My job depends on keeping things running smoothly this month. And you haven't been making it very easy with your constant complaints about the service, with your threats to write letters of—"

"I think," she interrupted, in a small voice, "you—would better give me a minute or two to—straighten out a few thoughts."

"Do it aloud," he advised. "I'm interested."

"You know," she said suddenly, "you may as well have it now. The—truth, I mean. I'm not a guest here. Not really. I'm a representative of the Wilson Agency."

The words didn't surprise Jim Connell very much. "Once or twice," he acknowledged tightly, "I've suspected it."

"You know the kind of service we render our clients," Nancy Page rushed on, as if in self-defence. "We send people to hotels to test the service, and we report to the owners. Somebody in London—one of the board of directors of this Chester chain, I think—hired our agency. Said a new man was managing the Chester here. We were supposed to put you to the acid test."

"I had orders to come here and act as objectionably as possible. I was to complain about everything. I was to demand impossible things. I was to test your patience, your courtesy, to the limit. That was why I soiled towels and faked telephone messages. Every one of your reactions—everything you said and did—had to be reported to my office. And I'm to write my personal recommendations direct to the board."

She didn't have to explain the Wilson Agency. Jim had met their representatives dozens of times. But never had they sent a girl like this. Exacting old bachelors, yes. Pseudo-invalids, yes. A girl like Nancy Page, however . . .

He began to grin.

And Nancy Page smiled, too—though it was a nervous and rather guilty little smile.

"Sometimes," she whispered, after a pause, "I didn't complain just for the sake of getting service."

"No? What other reason was there?"

"Well—" She lifted her eyes, and they were mischievous. "I discovered that if I complained about something serious enough, they usually sent the manager up here. I—"

She didn't finish. She couldn't, because Jim Connell caught her shoulders in a hard grasp.

"Look," he said. "If I kiss you, does it go in your report?"

"If you don't," she assured him, rising quickly, "I'll complain!"

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forms contain the famous Lifebuoy health element and give the rich, deep-cleansing lather which gives protection from "B.O." (Body Odour).

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—are extra mild—proved by scientific tests. A famous Australian Skin Specialist, after making 6,000 tests, stated publicly that "Lifebuoy Soap is one of the mildest available—certainly milder than some other soaps recommended for babies and women."

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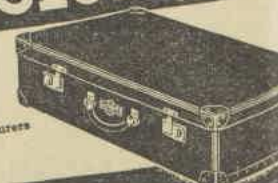
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FASHION PORTFOLIO

October 28, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

WITH PLEATS . . .



• AN EFFECTIVE pleated treatment for a border-printed crepe-de-chine. Note high neckline and corded waist.



• GAY little sports dress of summer-weight brown wool, with front pleats, gold leather belt and white collar.



• DYNAMIC OUTDOOR DRESS of wool linen with plain bodice and novel treatment of pleats in the skirt. These fall from a narrow hip yoke. Hat of summer felt of the modified topper type.



• MAINBOCHER MODEL with three-tiered pleated skirt and fitted jacket. Rose Valois hat with netted crown.



• NINA RICCI MODEL in black chiffon with accordion-pleated frills edged with ruffles of black lace.



• SPECTATOR SPORTS MODEL in white linen with pleated bodice and pockets. Chimney-pot hat trimmed with wide-meshed net.



• HENRI JACQMAR MODEL in soft green jersey with new sunray-pleated skirt. Fastened from hem to throat with matching green buttons.



• YOUTHFUL FROCK of red-and-white dotted silk with pleated skirt, and plain, shirtmaker type of bodice trimmed with self-covered buttons. White Peter Pan collar and cuffs make a neat finish.

SUMMER EVENINGS

Here's a cool quartet to help you keep that refreshing, unwilted facade . . .

• AT THE LEFT is a lingerie frock of white lawn starched and threaded with red ribbon round the frilled neckline and waist.

• BELOW, white muslin hailstone, spotted in red, has a very Old-World air about the frilled yoke, basque and sleeves, which are outlined with red rick-rack braid.

• AT THE RIGHT, an idea for a hot night—a brief top doing up with one button. Bare midriff and a widely-flaring skirt—done in a candy-striped cotton.

• AND, at the lower right of the page, a red cotton jacket striped with white and starched. Stiffly colorful and quite cool-looking over a muslin or cotton dress.



So COOL and SMART...

• A WHITE jersey Sunday frock is worn with a wide yellow belt and a matching yellow hat—perfect for Sunday luncheon.

• TRY a dashing red striped shirt with a white sharkskin skirt and a huge white sailor hat.

• A BLUE jersey top over a white jersey skirt, full and gathered. Add a white necklet and a white jersey turban to look crisply cool.

• TRY a white sharkskin jacket over your printed frock. Let the collar of your dress peep out at back, and have a hankie made of your dress material for the pocket.



*Sweet dreams...
sweet 'jamas...*



A flattering Empire-cut tunic. Tiny net-edged sleeves . . . and your luxury-loving soul will adore the elegance of the French crepe-de-chine and net-embroidered yoke. Just one of the many lovely 'jamas that Bond's have designed this season — at prices that start with a whisper. From 6/6 to 18/6.



"SHORTEEZ" — the exciting new pyjama fashion by Bond's. Tailored shorts. Tuck-in top. Heavenly coolness for hot Summer nights. "Shorteez" pyjamas are only 9/11 and 10/11 everywhere.

Bond's
LOVELIER THAN EVER
Underlovelies

AT ALL SMART STORES: LOOK FOR THE BOND'S LABEL ON EVERY GARMENT

Margaret Vyner sums up . . . FASHION IN AMERICA

From MARY ST. CLAIRE
by air mail

NINE out of ten women who come back from a trip to America can hardly wait to tell you about the lovely clothes the girls wear over there — the cut, the fit, the hats, the colors, the thousand and one snappy styles.

Which, as we live and dress in England, doesn't really get us anywhere unless to the shipping offices.

But Miss Margaret Vyner, after taking a collection of English dresses across Canada and America, thinks that American women can still learn a thing or two from us in the way of good dressing.

"It rests my eyes to look at English girls again," she said the other day. "When I go to a restaurant I find myself saying, 'There's a pretty girl over there,' instead of 'Will you just look at that hat,' or 'Don't miss this coat coming in now.'"

"Women in America play up to the current fashions altogether too much—you don't notice the girl because you are dazzled by her clothes.

Color craze

"COLORS, for instance. When I was over there a couple of weeks ago a group of shades—char-treuse-green, cyclamen, royal-blue—were 'in.' Result, everywhere you went you saw women wearing char-treuse, cyclamen, royal-blue—whether it suited them or not—until you longed for a nice quiet navy.

"And when they go out for an accessory color scheme they go all out for it; I met one girl walking down Fifth Avenue wearing royal-blue hat, blouse, scarf, gloves, hand-bag—even shoes. The effect was positively frightening.

"It's the same with make-up. The beauty experts tell them to play up their good points; so if they have big eyes they will make them up till they look like owls—and leave the rest of their faces hardly powdered.

"But, of course, these are details. American girls get their reputation for good dressing because they have such an enormous range of styles and sizes—particularly sizes—to choose from. Once a girl knows her graded size she can walk into a shop anywhere in America, ask for what she likes the look of in her size—and walk away in it."

I asked Miss Vyner for a few good points from American clothes that we could apply over here. First, she thought, we don't wear enough lingerie touches—fresh white collars and cuffs, which are flattering and the best pick-up in the world for an old dress. It's probably the bother of washing and pressing them that puts us off—because they must be washed at least every other day—but honestly they are worth the trouble.

What men think

THEN she thought that Englishwomen pay too much attention to what other women think of their clothes, not enough to what a man says.

"If another woman laughs at your new hat the first day you wear it, you probably won't wear it again," she said. "But if a man laughs at it you'll merely think, 'Oh, well, he doesn't understand it.' Which is illogical when you think that most of us, honestly, dress to please men.

Finally, Miss Vyner thinks that in England women haven't got the good habit of "shopping around" that American women have. That is, of thinking about their clothes in plenty of time before they buy them; of reading about the new fashions and spending quite a time looking at what's to be got in the shops before actually getting them.

And—an old idea, but it can't be repeated too often—if you have got a dress that suits you, don't be afraid to wear it a lot, and go on wearing it. Have it copied, too, in other colors and stuffs.



• AMERICAN MODELS with skirts showing straight fronts and fullness sweeping to the back. The swing dress is of transparent silk muslin over taffeta and the bustle evening gown of white slipper satin.

*Housecoats go
gay this Summer*

STAY COLOURFUL
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You'll adore the new, floral housecoats. Gay as a spring garden and oh! so flattering. Such a practical fashion, too, because Lux keeps colours vivid and fragile fabrics like new. And Luxing is so easy! A quick dip in creamy Lux lather and colours bloom again.

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THIS WEEK FEATURES THREE CHARMING GARMENTS

Sizes 32, 34, and 36 in. bust.

No. 1.—DAY FROCK: Requires 3½ yds., 36 ins. wide.

No. 2.—DINNER GOWN: Requires 5½ to 6½ yds., 36 ins. wide.

No. 3.—COAT: Requires 4½ yds., 36 ins. wide.

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Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.

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Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
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Patterns may be called for at addresses appearing on page 3.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....
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TOWN.....
STATE.....
SIZE..... Pattern Coupon, 28/10/39.

WW2983.—Delightful evening frock and jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 6 yds. for frock, and 2 yds. for jacket, etc., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3089.—Smart design for tennis and sporting occasions. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3090.—Skirt front fullness combined with chic bodice makes this charming frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4 yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3091.—Delightful bolero frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½ yds. for frock, 1½ yds. for bolero, and ½ yd. contrast, and 2 yds. 7 ins. wide ribbon for sash. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3092.—Slightly flared skirt and new bodice feature this smart frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3093.—Charming sun frock for little girl 4-10 years of age. Requires: 1½ to 2 yards, 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

WW3094.—Delightful lounge pyjama suit. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5½ yds., 36 ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

Please Note To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

3 FIRST PRIZES AT BABY SHOWS



—thanks to a CLEAR SKIN

Mrs. E.L.W. of East Sheen, is proud of her son's complexion. It has won him 3 first prizes, and she gives much of the credit to Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

She writes: "Donald is a winner of 3 first prizes in baby contests. Once he was chosen from over a hundred children, judged by famous Harley Street doctors. And each time I was complimented on his beautiful skin. I feel sure his success, in no small part, was due to Wright's Coal Tar Soap. I may add that Wright's is the only soap used by my family."

Keep YOUR skin fresh and clear—use

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

W4-59

Homely glimpse of air force leader and his wife

To his wife and his friends, Group-Captain de la Rue, Commander of the Australian Air Expeditionary Force, is affectionately known as "Kanga."

The nickname originated because of the similarity of "de la Rue" and "kangaroo," the airman explained when he and his wife were interviewed by The Australian Women's Weekly last week.

JUST after I came back from the last war some-one at Point Cook, where I was stationed then, originated the nickname, and it has stuck ever since," said Commander de la Rue.

His real name is Hiptolyte. On their recent visit to Melbourne the airman and his wife were found at the home of Mrs. de la Rue's brother-in-law and sister, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Smith, at Kew.

Mrs. de la Rue was in the lovely garden—for it is to the garden that she always gravitates.

Gardening is her dearest hobby. "This is my favorite weapon," she



GROUP-CAPTAIN de la RUE and his wife.

said, brandishing a small gardening fork in a very businesslike way.

She looked attractive in a smart black-and-grey checked jacket, with tailored black skirt.

"I am very proud of the appointment, from my husband's point of view," she said. "This is the culmination of his service life—what he has trained and worked for all ways."

"But 'Kanga's' going away will also mean loneliness and the breaking up of our home."

Nevertheless she smiled courageously at her brilliant airman husband as he came to greet her, capable and alert in his suit of Air Force blue.

THE de la Rues are living now in quarters at the Royal Australian Air Force station at Richmond, about 40 miles from Sydney.

They have been there since January, 1938, and Mrs. de la Rue has spent a great deal of time in the garden there. It was freshly laid out when they went into residence, and she has added attractive paths and made flower beds massed with vivid colored flowers.

She says she loves color. Her greatest pride, however, is in her lily pool. In it she has lovely blue lilies and Egyptian grasses given to her by Colonel Wiston Walsh, who is in charge of medical

services in New South Wales, and a very keen gardener.

Mrs. de la Rue has some beautiful tropical freshwater fish in her pool.

"I shall be very sad to leave all this, because, of course, we cannot stay in quarters when 'Kanga' goes," she said.

Although her airman husband does not like gardening much, it is easily seen that these two are very good comrades.

They both have the same jolly outlook on life, and a readiness to see humor in things.

Mrs. de la Rue was a Melbourne girl, Clare Stone.

"My baptismal name is Clara, but it is seldom used," she said laughingly.

They were married 16 years ago. Young Flight-Lieutenant Hiptolyte de la Rue, who came from Auburn, in New South Wales, and was stationed in Melbourne, then met her at a party, and they fell in love and were married after a short engagement.

They have one daughter, Yvonne, aged 13, who is a boarder at P.L.C., Pymble.

She has had rather a broken education because her parents have had many moves. They have lived in Victoria and New South Wales, and from 1928 to 1931 were in England.

We visit a military camp

Continued from Page 16

AS he knew several Joans, he was a very perplexed young man until his friends admitted their guilt.

Letter-writing is one of the main spare-time occupations in the camp. The first night, the Y.M.C.A. hut was opened 400 letters were written and posted.

The second of the two preliminary bugle-calls for lunch caused a rush from the bath-house, huts, and canteen.

A few minutes later the four trumpeters blew the final call and hundreds of hungry young men—rows of brown, black, and blonde heads, and one solitary bright red-head, all with sun-tanned faces—fell into groups, each carrying his enamel plate, mug, and cutlery.

They marched off briskly to the mess hut in table groups of eighteen.

We followed them to check up on the Adjutant's astounding statement that four hundred men can be fed in five minutes.

He was quite right.

The eighteen plates at each table are gathered from the far end, upside down. When they reach the serving end they are turned right end up so that the farthest plate is on the top.

The mess orderly fills each plate, and it is passed along the line.

In five minutes the four hundred men had nearly finished their first course of stew and vegetables, the pylons of bread and butter had disappeared, and the mess orderlies were setting out with the second course—rice custard flavored with spice and raisins.

After a meal, each man does his own washing-up and his time is his own until two o'clock.

The officers were assembled for lunch at a long table on the glassed-in back verandah of the officers' mess.

Vases of apple blossom on the window-sill and milk covers with blue and white bead edges were a surprising sight in this masculine atmosphere.

For lunch we had a choice of cold beef with an impressive array of salads, steak and kidney pie "like mother used to make," jelly and cream, cheese, scones, and fresh fruit.

Mistletoe gone

AFTER lunch we were introduced to the camellia tree and the persimmon tree, rather a sorry sight at present because it was severely lopped to get rid of the mistletoe.

"There are hardly ever any girls here," said a young officer wistfully, "so it wasn't much use to us."

Rain fell as the batteries moved out again for training. Their heavy raincoats made a great rush of sound as they ran.

We watched one battery move off for practice. In front marched the marker. After him lumbered the tractor on its tanklike tracks.

It roared and heaved over the bumps, shaking three intense-faced young drivers nearly out of their seats. The gun trundled along behind it, with the gunners and signallers marching in the rear.

Tractors, guns, and soldiers disappeared in the scrub, where the engines roared throughout the afternoon while the batteries practised placing and manning of the guns.

THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

The Government statistician has just told me that last month there were over 150 more weddings than in the previous September—in Sydney alone!

How quickly will Good Fortune take you to the altar? Soon! No matter how many months it may seem now, the busy weeks ahead for you will slip swiftly by. Now is the time to make plans for the Christmas or January wedding.



There are many things to do almost at once that you must have a copy of my new Bride's Book by you. It covers all aspects of the wedding—many, many Trousseau ideas, Etiquette points and Home Planning details that are easily overlooked in the excitement of the time. It is the most complete compendium of its kind . . . and it costs you nothing if you are going to plan a wedding. There is also another publication we have recently prepared at Bebarfalds, entitled "How to Get Your Money's Worth When Furnishing," and the contents certainly justify the name. It is filled with excellent advice, and money saving ideas. You can obtain your free copy by writing to, or calling to see me.

FREE

Miss Mary Sheraton,
Home Planning Bureau,
Bebarfalds Ltd.,
George Street, SYDNEY.

Please send me, without charge or obligation, a copy of the literature I have marked
The Bride's Book ()
"How to Get Your Money's Worth When Furnishing" ()

NAME
ADDRESS W.W. 21.10

Charles Cousens presents his Children's Newspaper of the Air

Every week day at 6 p.m.

The news of the day . . . what it means . . . is reduced to simple terms which a child can understand.

For the intelligent youngster, too, there is the prize of MEMBERSHIP IN THE RADIO REPORTERS' SESSION.

2GB



Conceal blemishes

...the Film Star way

YOU may have the personality of a screen star, but if a skin blemish mars your appearance, people will want to pass you by. Yet it is so simple to conceal all kinds of skin blemishes with COVERSPOOT. Merely rub it over the blemish like a face cream and the result is an unmarred complexion all day long. COVERSPOOT does not fade or easily rub off, and cannot be detected. Get some today—Four shades. Two sizes 1/6 and 4/6.

FOR DAY OR EVENING WEAR. COVERSPOOT is equally good as an all-over make-up. Gives unexcelled evenness—makes powder cling hours longer. Effectively conceals uneven sunburn and freckles on face, neck, shoulders, etc. Prevents windburn too if applied before spending a day outdoors.

Coverspot

CONCEALS ALL SKIN BLEMISHES

Look at the wonderful

VITA-BRITS

FREE GIFTS

that are waiting for you



Come in and choose
from the

300 GIFTS at

SYDNEY: Vita-Brits Gift Showrooms, 263 Castlereagh Street (Opposite Mark Foy's), Sydney.

NEWCASTLE: The Coupon Gift Centre, Hunter Street (Opposite Civic Station), Newcastle.

CESSNOCK: The Coupon Gift Centre, Vincent Street, Cessnock.

MELBOURNE: Cereal Gift Showrooms, 123 Swanston Street, Melbourne (in Basement of Robur Tearooms), Box 2796X, G.P.O.

PERTH: Cereal Gift Showrooms, 361 Murray Street, Perth.

HOBART: Cereal Gift Showrooms, 61 Murray Street, Hobart.

LAUNCESTON: Cereal Gift Showrooms, 58 George Street, Launceston.

In appreciation of the wonderful popularity of Vita-Brits, large Showrooms have been opened in every State, where every one of the 300 Free Gifts is clearly marked with its Gift Seal exchange value. At these modern Showrooms you can exchange your gift seals and collect immediately the gift or gifts you desire.

SAVE THE SEALS FROM THE PACKET FLAPS

Printed on the end flap of each packet of Vita-Brits is a Gift Seal. Large packets (24 oz.) carry a large Seal. Small packets (12 oz.) carry a small Seal. In exchange value for gifts, three small Seals equal one large Seal.

IF YOU LIVE OUT OF TOWN and are unable to call personally, post the necessary number of Gift Seals, together with the postage and package charge, to the address of your nearest Showrooms (above). Your gift will then be forwarded to you immediately.

More and more women are using Vita-Brits—those delicious, golden toasted "biscuits" of whole wheat... for quick, healthy breakfasts, and for any of the "morning, noon and night" recipes which are advertised regularly in this paper.



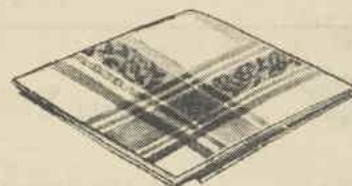
KETTLE

3 pint aluminium Kettle with heat-proof grip handle. Save 48 large seals or 144 small; postage and packing 1/6.



COLANDER

Strong quality aluminium Colander, 9 ins. diameter. Save 30 large seals or 90 small; postage and packing 1/6.



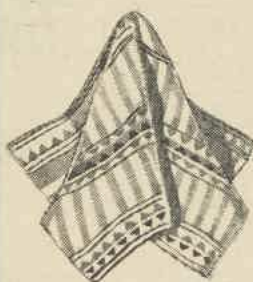
DAMASK TABLECLOTH

Cotton damask cloth, 63 in. x 63 in. Attractive coloured border and patterned. Save 40 large seals or 160 small; postage and packing 9d.



BREAD KNIFE

Stainless steel, serrated edge and strong handle. Save 18 large seals or 54 small; postage and packing 2d.



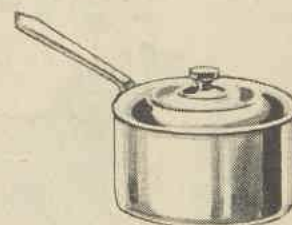
BATH TOWEL

First grade quality in new range of coloured patterns. Save 12 large seals or 36 small; postage and packing 6d.



PILLOWSLIP

Plain hand-worked first quality pillowslip. Save 14 large seals or 42 small; postage and packing 6d.



SAUCEPAN

2 1/2 pint strong quality aluminium Saucepan. Save 30 large seals or 90 small; postage and packing 1/3.



LARGE SCISSORS

6 1/2 ins. long, serrated edge, high grade steel. Save 20 large seals or 60 small; postage and packing 4d.



TEA TOWEL

All Irish Linen Tea Towel, 22 1/2 in. x 34 in. Long wearing. Save 10 large seals or 30 small; postage and packing 3d.



What's Wrong with so many Marriages?



The world is full of Men and Women thinking, "My Marriage is a Failure." No open break... just submission to a future without Romance. Sometimes it is the wife's fault... some women fail to realize that their hold on Life and Love depends upon their charm. It is questionable if anything kills charm so swiftly and so surely as a patched, wrinkled, faulty skin. Why risk use of happiness, of self-esteem, and of the Thrill of Popularity when you may, with the aid of Australian Rice Face Powder and Cream possess a smooth, clear, exquisite complexion? The Powder is only 1/- and 1/- a box from good Chemists or Stores. The Cream is 1/- for a giant jar.

AUSTRALIAN RICE

face powder & cream

DRINK HABIT CONQUERED

Secretly or Voluntarily. For 45 years we have been the means of bringing happiness to homes in misery through drink. Not costly. Write or call for FREE SAMPLE and Booklet.

Dept. B, EUCRASY CO.
257 ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.

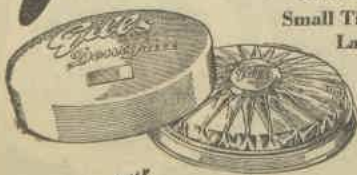
Since when have
YOU been using
GIBBS?



Better to learn early than late the value of Gibbs Dentifrice. Its fragrant antiseptic foam penetrates to every corner of the mouth... sweeps away every decay-causing particle... leaves your teeth polished to gleaming whiteness—your mouth toned up and refreshed. Gibbs Dentifrice is economical, too—lasts twice as long as ordinary tooth-cleaning preparations.

YOU CAN FEEL YOUR TEETH ARE CLEANER
WHEN YOU USE...

Gibbs Dentifrice
AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
Small Tins 1/-. Large Tins 1/6
Large Refills... 1/3



Write your
name on your
own tin!

**CHANGE
TO GIBBS
TO-DAY**

25.10.35

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN
President Australian Astrological Research Society

SCORPION-born people are usually rather wise individuals, but if they are lacking in that regard they balance the deficiency with shrewdness and general keenness.

BEING shrewd and wise, Scorpions usually make names for themselves, but they possess a strength that can be developed for evil as well as for good.

Consequently, unless they deliberately and wisely take up activities which are on the right side of the law, they are liable to run into trouble in battling against existing conditions and the good opinions of others.

Those belonging to this sign of the zodiac are people whose birthdays fall between October 24 and November 23, but people at whose birth-moment the sign of Scorpio was racing across the eastern horizon are also regarded as Scorpions, inasmuch as they express the "personality" of this star-group.

The majority of Scorpions are am-

bitious in a determined, self-assured, rather unbeatable way. They know what they want, and go after it with all the energy, enthusiasm, and shrewdness of which they are capable.

As a result, they are found seated in the best-padded chairs in the commercial, political, medical, and legal worlds, and holding the more important posts in the Army, Navy, and Air Force. In addition, they will be found bearing the brunt of things in secret service and diplomatic spheres.

Even in the ordinary fighting forces they are in the habit of climbing from the bottom rung into one position of authority after another. This is due to the fact that they are better at giving orders than at taking them.

One result of this is that they often get a bad name for defiance and lawlessness when all that ails them is a distaste for being "bossed" (although they themselves are usually "bossy"), and a definite assurance that they could give much better orders themselves, anyway.

Once a Scorpion gains a position, however lowly, he is content so long as he is not the lowliest worm of all and has no chance of getting higher. But only for a while. Soon he will be off again, always climbing, seldom faltering, delighting in the battle for progress.

Only one thing will spoil his chances—that is, unhappiness. Whether the unhappiness comes from discontent, disappointments, opposition, domestic difficulties, or from a nervous collapse does not matter. The important thing is that a Scorpion seems to need more assurances of happiness and success than do most people.

He also likes approbation and dreads criticism. Put a Scorpion up against comparatively small upsets and he is likely to seem anything but the really courageous, battlesome person he is.

The truly wise Scorpion will therefore see to it that he overcomes this tendency to let the little troubles of life get him down. Instead, he should strive to be his own happy, reliable, confident, quick-witted and optimistic self.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Just a week of days. November 4 best.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): A still tongue makes a wise head, and most Taurians will find that wisdom is needed in speech as well as other ways if they are to keep out of trouble at this time. This is especially the case on November 4.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Un-spectacular. October 31 and November 1 just fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Be ready to chase success and stabilisation now. Try to finalise new or important ventures on November 2 and 3; and continue to plan ahead. Hard work at this time should get most Cancerians good results.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Forebear to roar and concentrate upon getting out of difficulties and trouble. Be especially cautious on October 28, 29 and 30.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Quite fair on October 28, 29 and 30 (to dusk).

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): October 31 and November 1 the best of a poor week.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Diligence and wisdom can produce good dividends to wide-awake Scorpions. November 2 and 3 are especially good for consolidating things and seeking promotion. But use caution on October 28, 29 and 30 against mild opposition or losses.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): November 4 best this week, but weak anyway.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Quite fair for lively Capricornians on October 28, 29 and 30.



THE HISTORIC Newmarket Town Plate, which was founded by Charles II to commemorate his accession to the throne, is the only race in England in which women compete with men. This year's race, won by Mrs. S. Langley (shown winning on Lucky Patch), was notable for the fact that no men competed.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): You are sure to do the wrong thing most of the time just now. Act wisely on October 28, 29 and 30 (to dusk), and again on November 4, otherwise gloom will catch up with you.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Your stars are still with you, so go after the things you want in a

big way, provided they tend to consolidate your position. Don't delay until your stars move on again; use their influence now. Be sure to work hard and intelligently on November 2 and 3. Good results likely.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

The Modern Wife



takes
**Beecham's
Pills**



Like her Mother and Grandmother before her the modern young wife keeps healthy and happy by taking Beecham's Pills. And to her complexion is clear and unblemished. Her breath is sweet. She avoids sick headaches, biliousness and digestive upsets. The happiness of youth shines from her eyes.

Worth a Guinea a Box

Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

UMBRELLA COLLECTOR

WHEN I decided to collect an umbrella I had left to be mended, rain fell heavily, so I took an old umbrella with me. On the way I called at a shop and absent-mindedly picked up an umbrella leaning against the counter, forgetting that mine was on my arm.

The owner of the umbrella ran after me, and I returned it with apologies. Later I called on a friend who asked me to return an umbrella my sister had lent her, and then I collected the mended one.

Thus with three umbrellas I took the train for home, and who should be seated opposite me but the woman whose umbrella I had picked up in error.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Cook, Hopetoun St., Petersham, N.S.W.

A REAL PUZZLE

WHILE I was on the staff of a public hospital a patient developed an infectious disease, and a convalescent was given the job of plastering up windows and crevices so that the room could be fumigated.

When passing the door a little later, an anxious face appeared and a puzzled voice asked: "Nurse, how will I get out when I've plastered up the door?"

2/6 to Miss V. Foster, Ross St., Ivanhoe, Vic.

THE APPOINTMENT

WORKING for a large city firm, I was taking down dictation from one of the executives when a clerk rushed in.

"Mr. Smith is here from the country, sir," he said. "When will you see him?"

oblivious of the interruption, and thinking only of the letter he was writing, he looked up and said, "Say about next June."

2/6 to Miss L. Holland, Seaview Rd., Kirkcaldy, S.A.

RADIO'S CHOICE

WITH my family I was looking at a picture and we were trying to decide the most handsome person in the group.

The argument was getting quite heated when suddenly a strange voice said: "Don't be silly; the best-looking one isn't there."

It was a voice on the wireless.

2/6 to Miss D. Jones, Woronora Pde., Oatley, N.S.W.

NOT SO FUNNY

HEARING a knock at the back door, I guessed it was my husband arriving home for lunch.

I was preparing lemons for marmalade, so I picked up a nice squashy one, crept to the door and threw it, just in fun.

How embarrassed I felt when there was no retaliation and I discovered a poor tramp wiping his be-spattered face.

2/6 to Mrs. O. Burleigh, Allansford, near Warrnambool, Vic.

BRAINY DOG

WHEN a cow grazing outside Singleton got its head and horns caught in a wooden barrel, the dog which was with the herd walked around the animal gazing at her curiously from all sides.

Finally he grasped the edge of the barrel, did his utmost to release the cow, and in the end succeeded.

I only hope the owner of the dog learns of his intelligence and fidelity.

2/6 to Mrs. H. Roberts, John St., Singleton, N.S.W.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column. Full address at top of Page 3.

Airman on fire in the air

Perilous flight to aerodrome

WHILE flying a heavy bomber from Adelaide to Melbourne a few years ago, I thought on several occasions that I could smell something burning, but although I made repeated inspections of all electric wiring within my reach I could find no fault. Apart from that the instruments showed that the engine was functioning normally.

Nearly half an hour elapsed without the smell being noticed again, but then I saw an eddy of smoke whirl around the cockpit and disappear.

Now firmly convinced that something was on fire I hurriedly searched about, but still finding nothing, decided to try to land.

I had been flying at 8000 feet, well above the clouds, on a compass course, and when I attempted to come down I found, to my horror, that the clouds extended to within 50 feet of the ground, and that I was over mountainous country.

Then another eddy of smoke whirled round my legs.

There was only one thing to do, so I turned again towards Melbourne and climbed above the clouds.

Saved by toy drum

A FRIEND had just moved to another house and had placed on the fire a shovelful of chips she had gathered in the yard. Her three-year-old son was in the room with a drum suspended in front of him, when suddenly there was an explosion in the fireplace, and a bullet pierced the outer and inner portions of the drum. It also penetrated the child's clothing, but only discolored the skin on his chest.

An exploded cartridge on the edge of the fireplace indicated that it had been gathered with the chips.

2/6 to Miss M. Thurston, Elizabeth St., Hobart.

"Ghost" laid

ON Thologolong Station on the Upper Murray is an aborigine's grave, and when a new governess arrived one of the boys told her of it, adding that his ghost appeared every night at midnight.

Miss Blank replied that she did not believe in ghosts, and bet him £1 she would go to the grave alone at 12 o'clock that night.

The perpetrator of the joke decided to dress himself in a sheet, and a number of the station hands went into hiding near the grave.

However, the governess heard of their plans, and when the "ghost" appeared she pretended to faint.

This created alarm, which was intensified when they failed to restore her. The outcome was that the help of the "audience" was enlisted and the "casualty" was carried home.

On arrival at the homestead the governess thanked them for the ride and collected her £1.

2/6 to Clarence McKenzie, Esyth St., Lismore, N.S.W.

Timely Discovery

TWICE a week two mail trains crossed at the railway station on the north coast of Queensland where I was Night Officer.

One of the nights I had one train standing in the loop line awaiting the up mail and the road set.

The up mail whistled coming to the home signal, and then for some unexplained reason I discovered, to my horror, that I had set the points for the trains to meet head on.

In a flash I turned the points—just in time to prevent dozens of people being sent to their deaths.

2/6 to Paul McGee, Radford, Qld.



"Running away to keep the flames blowing away from me, I slipped off the harness."

After another hour of dreadful suspense I saw a hole in the clouds and went down, to find myself only 50 miles from home and over open country. All this time the smell persisted, but nothing could be seen, so I flew low, and twenty minutes later landed at the aerodrome and taxied up to the hangar. Stopping the motor, I stood up to climb out of the cockpit, and as I did a sheet of flame shot up from behind me.

Hastily jumping to the ground, I discovered that the seat-type parachute I was wearing was on fire, so, running forward to keep the flames blowing away from me, I hurriedly slipped off the harness and rid myself of the burning bundle.

It was a narrow escape. If I had moved off my seat in the air, the draught would have carried the flame to the fabric of the plane, and it would have been a very warm end in the air.

£1/1/- to N. Rogers, cr. Hawthorne and Chrystal Sts., Roma, Qld.

Mountain peril

WITH a party of other young people I decided to climb Mount Egmont, in New Zealand.

The trip was without incident until we were almost to the summit, where we had to cross a wide expanse of ice.

This was accomplished by jumping from one projecting rock to another.

Unfortunately I jumped short, and at once commenced slipping and sliding on the ice, gaining pace rapidly on the almost perpendicular surface.

Luckily my brother, who was some distance down the mountain, had a secure foothold on a rock, and he grabbed me as I was flying past and dragged me to safety.

When I looked down into the deep crevasses and gorges, I realised how lucky I had been.

2/6 to Mrs. F. W. Schafer, Walcha, N.S.W.

Not the outlaws

WHEN the Breelong murderers, the aborigines, Jimmy and Joe Governor, were at large and in our neighborhood, Dad and Mum decided to make an all-night vigil rather than be caught unawares.

About ten o'clock there came a thunderous knocking on the barricaded door. "Who's there?" called Dad, as he grabbed his rifle.

Another salvo of knocks, and Dad beckoned Mum to stand aside and awaited only the next knock before discharging the rifle into the door.

Yet another knock. Dad raised the rifle and was taking deliberate aim when the man outside called, "All in bed?"

Mum darted forward and knocked the barrel upward. She had recognised the voice of a neighbor who had come to take refuge from the outlaws.

2/6 to Alison Hay, Lithgow, N.S.W.

Papers save miners

FATHER and several mates had completed their shift at the Bonshaw Mine, near Cambrian Hill, and were about to step into the cage to go up, when a man who had come down in it invited them to look at some papers.

They stood in the drive, and while examining the papers an iron truck which had been standing at the top of the shaft became dislodged and came crashing down on top of the cage, completely wrecking it.

Had the men been in it, nothing could have saved them.

2/6 to Mrs. E. Forbes, Snodgrass St., Yea, Vic.

In wrecked bus

AS the only passenger on a bus returning from the hospital to the town, I was watching out as we neared the railway station.

There was an engine standing there, and I heard it whistle. This must have distracted the bus driver's attention, and he did not notice a train coming the other way.

Suddenly I felt the bus swerve; then there was a terrific crash and I was thrown to the floor under the seat.

With the bus crumbling up around me, I crawled out of the wreckage to a hole near the back, and passers-by helped me out.

I escaped with a cut leg and many bruises.

2/6 to Mrs. Jack Ashmore, Myall St., Dalby, Qld.

DON'T LET HOUSEWORK SPOIL YOUR HANDS



30. "I find that warts soften and fall out if you rub them with 'Vaseline' Jelly night and morning." 5/- to Miss Kennedy of Terrois West.



31. "I had little red pimples on my face until I used 'Vaseline' Jelly; then in a few days my skin was clear and soft." 5/- to Miss Grace of Melbourne.

32. "When the dirt hardens under my fingernails after gardening or housework, I use 'Vaseline' Jelly to soften and cleanse them thoroughly." 5/- to Miss Doherty of Gympie.



33. "When my fingernails get dry and brittle, I find that a little 'Vaseline' Jelly rubbed in every night soon brings them back to normal." 5/- to Miss Loneragan, Shepherd's Flat.



34. "To keep baby's ears quite clean apply some 'Vaseline' Jelly on a small piece of cotton wool at the end of a toothpick." 5/- to Mrs. Fletcher of Glen Ronald.



35. "The quickest way to soften and remove blackheads is to rub on 'Vaseline' Jelly." 5/- to Miss Francis of Conadilly Street.

We will pay 5/- to anyone sending in uses for "Vaseline" Jelly which we are able to accept and publish. Just post your suggestion to Chesebrough, Dept. A38 Box 1131J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Remember when you buy, to look for the trade mark VASELINE. This trade mark identifies the original Petroleum Jelly, especially refined and purified for medical and toilet use. Do not accept substitutes.



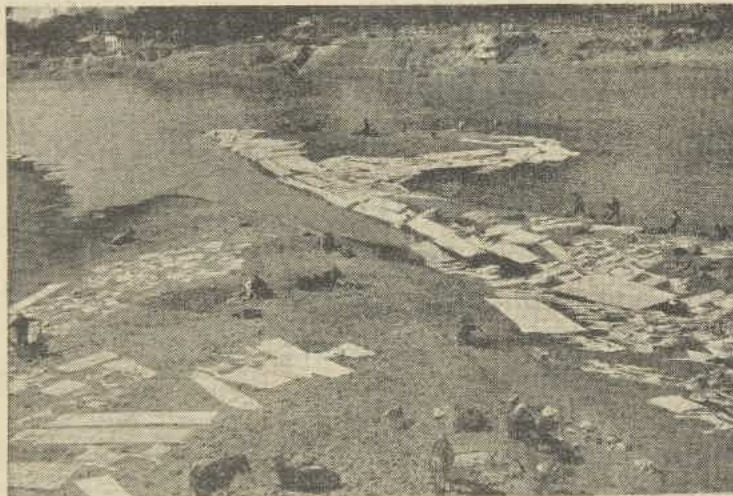
Look for this name on the jar

Vaseline
PETROLEUM JELLY

Washing day around the world...



Portugal Peasant women, armed with soap and scrubbing brushes, still do their washing in this modern city's river.



India A public washing place on the Jumna River, India. Clothes are spread to dry among the feeding cattle.



China The poorer streets of a Chinese town look like this on Mondays. Even the lamp-post acts as a support.



Japan The Japanese housewife spreads her linen to dry on special boards so that it will need no ironing.



Czechoslovakia Peasant women in Czechoslovakia do their washing in wooden troughs in dirt-floored kitchens.



Burma The village pump becomes a meeting-place on Monday mornings when the women do their family wash.



HIGH-SPEED RULE is the order in Feisal's domain. In the Bagdad palace garden he explains to his playmate just how an expert driver handles a streamlined racing car.



THE BOY KING'S holidays are spent at the seaside. Iraq was part of Turkey until the armistice was signed in 1918, then it became an independent State under British mandate.

Three Feet High He Rules Three Millions

THE world's youngest monarch, four-year-old Feisal II, is King of Iraq and her huge oil resources on which a warring world looks with envy. Last week Hitler offered Iraq to Turkey as a bribe for her support, but the Turks pointed out that he was offering them something he did not own. Britain has big interests in the oilfields.

Feisal II was proclaimed King in 1938 a few hours after his father's tragic death in a motor accident in the Iraqi capital, Bagdad. Little King Feisal is much too young to start worrying about ruling yet. Until he is twenty-one his mother's brother, the Emir Abdul Ilah, will rule the country as Feisal's Regent.



THE WORLD'S YOUNGEST MONARCH. Feisal became King in 1938 when his father, King Ghazi, was killed in a motor accident. Feisal was only four years old when he came to the throne of Iraq. Until his 21st birthday his uncle, Emir Abdul Ilah, will rule as Regent.



LITTLE FEISAL is fond of gardening. Here he is watering his sand garden with a Mickey Mouse can filled with sea water.



A SHEIK OF ARABY. Feisal posed in Court dress at the time he was proclaimed King.



NOT CAMERA-SHY, the youngest King poses naturally in the courtyard of the palace.



PLAYMATES QUARREL and the unspooled King brings a bunch of red geraniums as a peace offering to his little playmate.

Try for £1 Prize

For the best letter published each week we award £1 and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.



Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

OLD-WORLD COOKING

READING through an old recipe book I came across a list of herbs and their uses.

What a vista of Old-World housekeeping the names open up!

We moderns, with our packets of dried herbs and flavorings bought from a store—how little we know of the gracious aromatic charm that hung over the herb garden, or the portion of the old kitchen-garden devoted to herbs.

Why do we grow so few of these old herbs now, especially as, with all our modern knowledge of vitamins, we are relearning the value of fresh "greens" and salads?

£1 for this letter to E. Ruback, Mary St., Maryborough, Qld.

LEISURE HOURS

WHY do so many workers look forward to a "sleep-in" at the week-end? They admit to lying in till midday, then wonder why Monday comes round so quickly.

What better relaxation could one have than a whole day in fresh air and sunshine? Why not plan an outing for each week-end, rise early on Sunday, and take advantage of all the sunshine one can get?

Audrey E. Moseley, 37 Denham St., Bondi, N.S.W.

LOOKING YOUNG

IT seems to be the generally accepted idea that women age far more quickly than men, but do they? In the days of large families and women's subservience to men, this was undoubtedly so, but nowadays I think we have conquered the art of looking every bit as young as our husbands, and even younger.

Mrs. Frank Pearson, 27 McDonald St., East Geelong, Vic.

CHOOSING TEACHERS

OF all professions, that of teacher is of the greatest importance.

As saplings handled by a rough and ignorant gardener grow to distorted trees, so children taught by the wrong kind of teacher may become warped, neurotic men and women.

In the choice of teachers character tests should be of greater importance than university degrees.

Mrs. M. Maddocks, 313 Young St., Wayville, Adelaide.

"WONDERFUL TIME"

WHY is it that girls always seem feverishly anxious to impress upon their friends that they are "having a marvellous time"? Do they imagine there is something inferior in admitting, when it happens, that a dance or show has not come up to expectations?

I have been to dances with girls, and they have come in the next day boasting of the wonderful evening, when I know as well as they that it was dreadful.

I can't understand this insincerity in girls who otherwise are most charming and natural.

Mrs. Meg Sorrell, c/o No. 1 Flat, 19 Stafford St., Double Bay, N.S.W.

EDUCATION PROBLEM

ONE is enough to educate these days.

Frequently the foregoing is cited by parents as the reason or excuse for the many one-child families we have in our country. Perhaps the fact that many of the Empire's greatest men have come from large and often comparatively poor families is overlooked.

In Australia we have one of the finest educational systems in the world. Let us not fail to take advantage of it.

Mrs. W. Miller, 140 Walker St., Maryborough, Qld.

What is reason for fear of cats?

MOST people who have a strange fear of cats, Miss Jose (7/10/39), have had some frightening experience in which a cat has been concerned.

Sleeping with my bed under an open window one night, I was awakened with a movement on my pillow. Looking around, I put my hand on a furry form and two piercing eyes met mine.

The mention of cats has a nervous reaction with me, and I would not sleep if I knew one was in my room.

Miss G. M. Nicholls, Watchem, Vic.

Ancient origin

A PSYCHOLOGY book I have just read offers an explanation for the strange fear that some people have of cats.

In medieval times cats were always associated with witches, and people who feared witches feared their cats.

The antipathy spread to all cats. Some of this persists to the present day.

H. Watson, No. 5 Home Flats, River Rd., Brisbane W2.

Other odd fears

IT is not only cats that terrify women.

I can approach snakes and other such creatures, but I have a terrible fear of frogs.

I know that they are harmless and quite incapable of hurting me, but still I cannot overcome my terror of them.

Mrs. Thompson, Morinish, Rockhampton, Qld.

Is ill at ease

I DO not think that superstition can be connected in any way with the aversion some people feel for cats. In my own case the following incident seems a likely cause.

My parents tell me that when a very young child I was subject to convulsions, and that one day they found I had taken one and was staring into the eyes of a toy cat which, needless to say, they at once destroyed.

From my earliest memories cats have inspired me with a feeling of dread, and when out visiting I am never at ease when the room is shared by the pet cat.

Mrs. J. Waters, 1 Prentice St., Yarraville W13, Melbourne.

Give sympathy

FEAR of cats is inexplicable, but many people share that fear.

Lord Roberts, one of England's bravest soldiers, could not bear a cat to come near him, and I have seen men and women unable to control a shudder of horror at the sight of a harmless pet cat.

We should not scorn the cat haters, but be sorry for them.

Mrs. T. Dickson, Jeffcott St., North Adelaide.

Parents can help

PEOPLE should not encourage others in their fear of cats.

If a child shows signs of disliking a cat, he should be persuaded gently, and without frightening him, that the cat is his friend.

It is foolish to let the child grow up still holding the thought of the cat as an enemy and something to fear.

Care and forethought by parents and friends would have saved many grown-up people the confession that they have an unreasoning fear of cats.

John Sullivan, Peppermint Grove, Perth.



"Feeling of dread."

That new vogue for color in men's clothes

I LIKE to see men brighten up their garb to a certain degree, Mrs. Scott (7/10/39). Until now men have dressed far too somberly.

Gay shirts, ties and bathing suits are quite nice, but I don't think our Australian "he-man" should wear floral or pastel-hued shorts. The new bottle-green and teal-blue suits and hats are very smart.

I think most women will agree that we've had things all our own way as far as colors are concerned long enough.

Here's to gayer colors for the men—but may they show discretion in choosing them.

Mrs. A. Lind, Stafford St., Windsor N3, Brisbane.

Depends on complexion

THE only men who should wear bright colors are those who have a dark complexion.

Although these vividly colored shirts, beach shorts, etc., are rapidly

Hospital rule against cosmetics

HOSPITAL rules invariably state that nurses should not wear make-up on duty.

A nurse's life may become drab and monotonous and the psychological value of cosmetics and polished nails should not be disregarded.

An attractive appearance, combined with ability, has a beneficial effect on the patient, and, from my own experience, the type of nurse who uses make-up has a pleasing personality and is usually more efficient.

Miss J. Clarke, 125 Chandos St., Crows Nest, N.S.W.

becoming fashionable, most men look hideous in them.

While shorts, etc., certainly look very cool and smart.

Miss D. Sinclair, 631 Kent St., Maryborough, Qld.

Dark best

WE have become so accustomed to seeing men attired in plain, sensible shades that imitation of the feminine flair for multi-colored apparel detracts from the masculine personality.

Men look better dressed in dark clothes, as will be verified by the fact that they rarely achieve greater sartorial distinction than when dressed in conventional black and white evening wear.

Miss N. Lee, Kin-Ora, Macaulay Rd., Stanmore, N.S.W.

Should friends expect gifts of flowers?

I AGREE with Mrs. Goodair (7/10/39) that garden-owners should give flowers to their friends. There is more pleasure in giving away flowers than leaving them to fade, as they do if not cut.

Wouldn't it be a great kind-



ness to present a few bunches to invalids? They would often be more acceptable as presents than any other gifts.

Mrs. J. Crighton, 2 Albert St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Heavy expense

WHY should people with beautiful gardens pick their flowers for others, Mrs. H. Goodair?

Evidently Mrs. Goodair does not realise the expense and hard work necessary to make one's garden "abundant with color and fragrance."

Where would your beautiful garden be if you gave a "few blooms" to all who asked for them?

Mrs. V. Mealey, 193 Dawson St., West Brunswick, Melbourne.

Only for best friends

IN the majority of suburban gardens there are grown only sufficient flowers for household use.

The man of the house usually works hard for weeks to have a good show during the warmer months; so why, when the flowers are at their best, should he strip his plants for other people?

It is only to one's best friends that one offers a bouquet of one's cherished home-grown blooms.

Edith Bury, 29 Ading St., Preston N18, Vic.

Selfish attitude

FOR one, can't understand why so many owners of gardens laden with beautiful blooms are so loath to give any away to even their best friends.

Not all of us can afford the time or energy to grow our own flowers. Those who possess gardens are indeed selfish if they keep the flowers to themselves and merely allow them to die on the plants.

Miss M. Green, Macquarie St., Hobart.

ORCHIDS

WHY orchids? Are they admired for themselves alone, or because they lift the proud wearer a step above her less fortunate (or financially) sisters?

Personally, I would far rather have a simple spray of old-fashioned sweet-peas, or any of a score of well-loved, fragrant favorites, than a single haughty, supercilious orchid.

Miss M. F. Bird, Rosebank, Mt. Macedon, Vic.

WINDOW SHOPPING

I THINK a lot of time is wasted by women who go into town, just for the sake of "going into town." They are apparently bored with their homes and wander round vaguely, looking at goods with no intention of buying, and wasting their own time and that of shop assistants.

They tire themselves out with walking round, and would, I'm sure, be better at home, engaged in some work or hobby.

Miss J. Beale, 39 Tennent Pde., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

FIRE THRILL

A FIRE in a nearby dwelling gave me cause to wonder at the morbid curiosity of the crowd which appeared magically on the scene.

It was apparent that the majority considered it a major thrill.

Is it a "survival of the fittest" instinct, or just lack of imagination which enables a certain type to derive enjoyment at the contemplation of havoc and misery to his neighbor?

Mrs. R. Stanton, 155 Esplanade, Cairns, N. Qld.

BEST CUSTOMERS

MANY shopgirls show a decided preference for male customers. They will give them almost affectionate attention, while their unfortunate women customers are treated with scant ceremony.

After all, the salesgirl's job is to serve customers, and it should make no difference to her whether they are men or women.

Mrs. Frazer, 2 Meaken St., Hurstville, N.S.W.

MOTHER OF 20

WE have recently read of a mother of twenty children here in Australia.

I wonder how many people realise just what courage must be needed to raise such a family.

Is not a woman who has done her duty to her country in this way just as deserving of assistance as the mothers of quadruplets and quintuplets?

Edith Dodd, 12 Evelyn Ave., Concord, N.S.W.

RADIANT HEALTH... due to ENO

Bright eyes! Clear skin! Buoyant step! Everywhere these signs of health are known and envied. They are the outward signs of inner cleanliness—a system cleared regularly of bodily waste.

Make sure of this inner cleanliness—and at the same time make sure of radiant health, by taking a sparkling glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" first thing every morning.

Eno costs 2/3, and double quantity 3/9

ENO IS DIFFERENT because

Eno contains no Epsom, Glauber or other harsh purgative mineral salts. Eno contains no sugar to overheat the blood. Eno is non-irritant and non-habit forming. Eno is pleasant to taste, safe, mild yet thorough in action. Eno being highly concentrated is far more economical.

Listen to the "ENO CRIME CLUES"

Thrilling detective mysteries featuring Spencer Dean and his assistant Dan Cassidy. Each episode complete in two half hours over Station 2CH at 9 o'clock every Monday and Wednesday evening.

ENOS FRUIT SALT

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.





MALE v. FEMALE TEETH

THE average woman has lost half her teeth at age 40; the average man doesn't lose half his until age 50; but why lose teeth at either age? Regular brushing with Listerine Tooth Paste will keep the teeth free from the germ harboring film, tartar, and food debris that cause decay. Because of its exclusive combination of rare cleansers—found in no other dentifrice—it makes teeth white and gleaming with amazing speed.

It contains NO soap . . . NO trick frothing element, nothing to harm gums or tooth enamel and is a real

Beauty Bath for Teeth

FREE GIFTS FOR LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE CARTONS

A taped pillowcase; art silk guest towel; white huckaback guest towel; or white supper cloth, whichever you prefer, will be sent you post free in exchange for twelve 1/3 size or eight 2/3 size cartons (the box sent to G.P.O. Box 2813 TT, Sydney).

Two sizes, 1/3 and 2/3.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Relieve Eczema and Itching Skin

If you suffer from Eczema or other itching skin complaints, don't delay proper treatment another day. When care is not taken, there is a tendency for the continued irritations and unsightly eruptions of the skin to spread and become chronic. Doan's Ointment will give you quick relief, for it penetrates to the true skin where the inflammation lies. It is antiseptic, healing and quickly allays the irritation. Be sure you get Doan's Ointment to-day.

DOAN'S OINTMENT

The Australian Women's Weekly
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Women also Serve



Arranges huge floral "carpet" for patriotic fund



MISS UNDERWOOD arranging flowers for the huge floral "carpet."

ARRANGING for the delivery of hundreds of thousands of blooms for a huge floral "carpet" was the arduous task undertaken by Miss Lorna Underwood, a leading member of a committee working for Sydney's Patriotic Fund.

Through Miss Underwood's efforts, more than 1,250,000 pink and yellow roses, thousands of nasturtiums, leaves and purple statice were delivered at Sydney Town Hall.

The completed design covered a floor space 44ft. by 30ft.

As secretary of the transport section of the committee, Miss Underwood was busy on arrangements for obtaining the flowers weeks before the "carpet" was ready for inspection by the public.

She visited schools to obtain the help of pupils and their parents and enlisted the aid of hundreds of garden-owners.

When the "carpet" was ready hundreds of new blooms had to be obtained each day to take the place of flowers that had begun to fade.

Continues work for soldiers begun in last war

ONE of West Australia's leading women war workers is Miss Mary Meares.

Assistant State Controller of the V.A.D. and secretary of the blood transfusion service established by the Red Cross, she is carrying on the splendid work which she began in the last war, and for which she was awarded by the King the order M.B.E.—Member of the British Empire.

As well as the M.B.E., Miss Meares received the honor certificate of the Returned Soldiers' League for voluntary work in the interests of soldiers.

In the last war Miss Meares took a leading part in the work of attending military hospitals, seeing that the patients were provided with comforts, attending to their correspondence and caring for their families.

She and other helpers met every troopship going to or coming from the war and organised entertainments for the troops.

Organising Australian help for Poles

TWENTY-FOUR years ago, Mrs. R. Underwood, of Sydney, started the first Australian relief fund for Poland.

She is now president of the newly-formed organisation in Sydney, which is collecting money and clothing for victims of the German invasion of Poland.

For her work in the last war, Mrs. Underwood, who was formerly Mademoiselle Janina Czaykowska, was awarded the Polish Gold Cross of Merit.

To-day, Mrs. Underwood and a large committee, which includes Mrs. L. de Noskowski, wife of the Consul-General for Poland, is busy working for the fund, from which clothes and money will be distributed through a neutral country to people in Poland and to refugees in Lithuania and Rumania.

Another Australian nurse "somewhere in France"

ANOTHER Australian nurse who is on active service "somewhere in France" is Sister Shirley Bechervaise, of Melbourne.



Sister Bechervaise

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bechervaise, Sister Bechervaise has been abroad for 18 months, and during the Munich crisis in 1938 she joined up with the army nurses in England.

Soon after the war began she was mobilised for nursing with the British Expeditionary Force in France, and was sent to a base hospital in England to await transportation.

Miss Bechervaise, who is an old girl of The Hermitage, Geelong, trained at the Alfred Hospital.



MRS. CHARLES ALSOP, changing the tyre of a truck.

Learns to drive transports

TYPICAL of many leisured young married women who have enrolled as transport drivers, under the National Emergency Scheme, is Mrs. Charles Alsop, of Toorak, Melbourne.

Before her marriage Mrs. Alsop, then Miss Linda Skewes, lived at Canberra. Because her home was several miles from the nearest garage she undertook a course in car mechanics.

To brush up her knowledge she is now attending classes being held in Melbourne to train women in transport work.

Hundreds of women who hold driving licences are being taught car maintenance, and the driving of ambulances, buses, and trucks, with the idea of releasing men for active service.

Amazed by ability of women volunteers

HONORARY secretary of the Women's Voluntary Register in Victoria, Miss M. A. Williamson has been impressed by the amazing ability of hundreds of women who have enrolled for national service.

Most of those who have enrolled wished to be car drivers and canteen workers, but women have also volunteered for duty as laboratory technicians, linguists, chiropodists, dietitians and switchboard operators.

Typical of the highly-qualified women interviewed by Miss Williamson was one who was able to do almost every class of work likely to be available.

As she was leaving, she turned and said, "Oh, by the way, I'm a fluent Hindustani speaker."

Miss Williamson went to England as a Victorian delegate to the Conference of the International Council of Women at Edinburgh last year and was at Geneva during the September crisis.

She was called back to London and saw how unprepared England was then. It was a different story, however, after another four months.

Works on committees for soldiers and airmen

AS a soldier's wife and as the mother of an Air Force officer, Mrs. J. D. Lavarack, of Melbourne, is a busy member of two committees working to provide additional comforts for men on active service.

The wife of Major-General Lavarack, who has just taken over the Southern Command of the Australian military forces, Mrs. Lavarack is president of the Staff Corps Auxiliary of the Melbourne District Nursing Society's After Care Hospital.

During the war half the proceeds of the auxiliary's efforts will go to the comforts fund for soldiers.

Mrs. Lavarack is engaged in similar work as a member of the Air Force Wives and Mothers' Association. Her son, Flight-Lieutenant Peter Lavarack, is stationed at Point Cook.

Girls learning to assist air pilots

ONE of Brisbane's leading women air pilots, Miss Dell Mullin, is directing an aviation class which has been formed by the Young Australia League.

Girls attend the class two nights a week and are given instruction in the main principles of flying, aircraft engines, navigation and Morse code for signalling by radio.

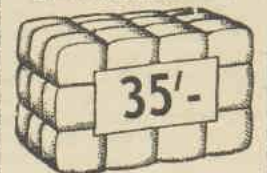
Miss Mullin is assisted by three other pilots, Mrs. Jason Hassard, Miss Patty Redman, and Miss Connie Jordan. Miss Joyce Roper is the honorary secretary.

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STOCKS MEAN LARGE SAVINGS

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2 Double Bed Size White Blankets, Whipped edges, extra soft quality.
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1 Large Size, nicely coloured Supper Cloth.
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3 Good linen finished Tea Towels.

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MONTHLY. Ask your newspaper to reserve a copy for you every month.

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel each tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/-



BUSTLE BOW

on your new Petalweave Braid

As new—and old—a fashion as those polonaise sashes the French designers are looping at back of skirts. Petalweave braid for Spring with a taffeta bustle bow, in navy, toast, white and navy, white, brown. At **16'11**

NEW MILLINERY SALON—THIRD FLOOR

Enjoy afternoon tea with music, in Farmer's 5th Floor Restaurant, where the Trio renders well-loved favourites.



10/6

We've a wonderful range of

ADORABLE DOLLS

Be an early Santa Claus—lay-by for Xmas!

Usually 12/6. Baby Doll with composition head and hands, soft body. Enchanting Mamma voice. Now **10/6**

Usually 12/6. Baby Doll, cries and sleeps. Composition legs, head and arms, soft body. Pink, blue, lemon. **9/6**

Toy Department, Fourth Floor.



Light and Airy

A Summer Corselette, Smooth as a second skin.

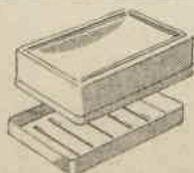
The perfect garment for Summer... voile, cool and light as a breeze to sheathe your figure. Slender, youthful lines, finished with tiny suspenders for smooth lines 'neath the sheerest frock. Bust line in skin-tone lace. **25/-**

Fourth Floor.

"Commonsense" Soap

Box... non-fragile,

colourful and neat, 1/3



Something you've needed a long time—a non-fragile soap box for travelling. In all gay colours. At **1/3**.

Lower Ground Floor. Country Carriage exit.

Cool, cool Farmer's a haven of freshness after the restless heat of the street. Come, wind, come heat, Farmer's maintains a steady 73 degrees.



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Locknit Sports Frocks

Usually 29/11. Only 500 of these smart striped locknits for sports wear—correct either to play or look on in. Tailored, cool and crease-resisting, they're in ground shades of navy, red, black, white, brown. Special, **16'11**

SPORTS WEAR—SECOND FLOOR



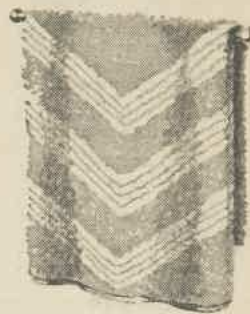
'Walkstraight' derby shoe for young, sturdy feet

Built to stand up to the wear your active youngsters will give them. Strong leather heels and sewn soles. Dark tan or black calf. Made on the "Walkstraight" last. 7-10½, 9/11; 11-13, 10/11

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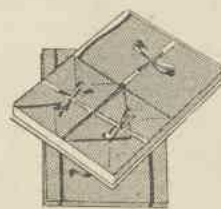


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Men asked us... for "a towel a chap can get a grip on". Women requested "a towel he'll know is his—a good towel". You see our reply above. It's the best possible quality, it's a huge size—30 x 60 inches. In blue, green or gold. Priced at a mere **10/6**.

TOWELS—FIRST FLOOR



New American Stationery Cabinet

Most distinguished Stationery seen in Sydney for some time. Nut brown, blue, grey or cream, with fine contrasting border. Buy now for Xmas. **4/6**

GROUND FLOOR



Cake Lifters for Xmas Gifts

Clever new Gadget, in beautifully polished nickel. Automatically ejects cake onto plate. Handles in assorted colours. Price **4/6**

CUTLERY—GROUND FLOOR
Country Carriage exit.



Mother-to-be
SHE'S LOVELY

She wears, in our sketch, a fancy-dotted sheer of a crushed raspberry colour, the wrap-around frock full-shirred at waist, the little sleeveless jacket shirred from the shoulders. Exquisite Spring fashion from our Maternity Section. At **39'6**

FOURTH FLOOR, GEORGE STREET ELEVATOR

The "racey" narratives of Betty GEE

THE walls are of glass, and as you sit daintily sipping your cup of tea and delicately forking your fairy-cakes you can see what's going on all over the course.

At Caulfield the women are just as well catered for as the men.

And that's not surprising, either, because Mr. Fred Elbeshausen, the handsome, debonaire V.A.T.C. secretary, tells me that there are more women at all his big meetings than there are men.

That seems surprising to Sydney, but you've only got to battle through the Caulfield Cup crowd with your eyes skinned to realise that women predominate.

Not merely in the Paddock enclosure, but even in the cheaper reserves.

Caulfield's glass-house tearoom is the last word in racing luxury

By telegram from BETTY GEE in Melbourne.

The racing clubs of Sydney ought to take a leaf out of the Melbourne books in the matter of racecourse catering and accommodation for women.

Take the V.A.T.C. at Caulfield, for instance. Since I was here last February they have copied my idea of a transparent tearoom.

The reason isn't far to seek. Women like Caulfield. And why shouldn't they? Everything at Caulfield is delightful, the lawns and gardens, the Totes, the pine-shaded birdcage where the horses are

stabled, and the stands, and catering arrangements.

When you sit down in the tearoom you are amazed at the quality of the furnishings and appoint-

ments. You get the impression that you are in a millionaire mansion.

The tearoom tableware is of the most delicate design and quality. There is no glass. It is all crystal. The chairs and tables are like costly antiques.

Harry Greville, proud caterer in charge of all this luxury, said the club gave him carte blanche in the selection of the most delectable furnishings he could choose, and he put in all the highest class stock a caterer could lay hands on to maintain this standard with his end of the job.

And the result is truly delightful. I have never taken afternoon tea under more pleasant conditions.

Imagine all this luxury on a bright sunny afternoon with the best-dressed people on the lawns and among the flower beds and trees visible through the glassed walls. It seems a fairy-tale, but it's true.

Will Randwick ever get these racing luxuries?

One wonders.

When it does 10,000, no, 20,000 more people will come racing in Sydney.

I'm not grumbling at the A.J.C., mark you, because I realise that it will require a lot of money to rebuild on modern lines.

Perhaps some day it will do this.

Up to date

CAULFIELD is so nice and up to date because it is the latest made of all the big Australian courses.

What I like best about Caulfield and Moonee Valley is that it's so easy to bet on the Tote.

No tedious waiting in long queues. They have special selling windows for women.

But it is just as easy at the other windows. The reason is, of course, they employ enough sellers to cater for all. No skimping of services to the public.

I'm looking through the Melbourne Cup field to see if there are any lady-owned candidates, and what do you think I find?

Why, the two best horses in the race are. At any rate they are the topweights. Mosaic and Catalogue, each with 9st.

Mosaic is owned by Mrs. Stan Crick, of Sydney, and Catalogue by Mrs. A. Jamieson, of Palmerston North, New Zealand. Billposter is also owned by a lady, who races as Mrs. L. Lawrie. She is of Sydney. So you see we have excellent prospects of winning the Cup.

Mrs. Jamieson's husband was a



Caulfield Racecourse has the tea house one dreams about.

hotelkeeper until a few years ago.

There's regarded as New Zealand's lucky hotel. They won the Melbourne Cup, and the young New Zealander who bought it from them hadn't been established a week when he won £17,500 in a certain investment.

Catalogue is trained in New Zealand by Mrs. W. A. McDonald. But in Australia this is not used and her husband now has charge of the horse down at Mentone where he trains.

The racing has been grand over here. It's a pleasure to win under such enjoyable conditions.

I landed the money at Caulfield two days, but the third smote me hip and thigh.

Now I'm looking forward to Moonee Valley Cup Day, next Saturday. I always win down in the Valley.

I am told by the Boots of our inn to get on to Happy Bay for the St. Albans Handicap. He says it's as fast as lightning.

The Head Waiter says if Te Hero gets away he'll win the Phoenix Handicap.

I'd sooner lay it down on Creditor for the six furlongs Dundonald, because I happen to know from a strictly inside source that he's been specially brought from Sydney for it, and you can rely on him to leave the barrier. Te Hero thinks he can give the field a start.

Such horses are dangerous and expensive.

Dr. Gearin says his mare Leif is going to have a try for the Moonee Valley Cup. She is a good 'un, he assures me.

And for the Cox Plate, have a little each-way bet on Beau Vite. I was talking on Saturday to Mrs. George, and she says he's better than ever before—and she should know because her husband trains it.



That's the kind of girl I like... naturally lovely

NATURAL loveliness! What every man admires and what every woman can have if she guards skin health with Rexona Medicated Soap. Rexona protects the skin from blemishes... corrects a dull skin... leaves a normal one flawlessly beautiful.

CADYL, REXONA'S compound of medications, guards against BLEMISHES!

The air is full of dust and grit that choke the skin pores... cause ugly blemishes. So don't run risks! Guard your skin with Rexona, the only soap medicated with Cadyl. This highly protective compound of medications reaches the very source of skin faults... gently draws away

germ-laden dust from the depths of the pores... purifies. Slackened tissues are toned up and your skin left healthy and so naturally beautiful.

REXONA SOAP, famous as a Shampoo for lustrous, shining hair... healthy scalp

Bring your hair to its full glory by shampooing it with Rexona Soap. Rexona's medications stimulate the scalp... keep dandruff in check... make your hair a shining crown, gleaming with lovely high-lights.

These revitalising medications make REXONA SOAP the perfect beauty care

EMOLLIENTS — to soothe, soften and heal.
NUTRIENTS — to nourish and revive.
ASTRINGENTS — to refine pores and improve texture.

TONIC ELEMENTS — to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.

Safest for baby! REXONA SOAP

No other soap but Rexona for baby's tender skin! Rexona is so gentle, so soothing. Its special compound of medications guards against chafing and irritations... rashes and blemishes. Rexona Soap and Rexona Ointment, used together, quickly cure Cradle Cap.

The complete REXONA treatment... SOAP and OINTMENT together

If Rexona Soap does not banish skin faults quickly, then use Rexona Soap and Ointment together. This healing combination ends blemishes, leaves the skin healthy, clear and unmarked.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.



Also extra large Tins, three times the quantity, 3/-

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REXONA Medicated Soap brings Natural Beauty through Skin Health

Darwin—city of newly-weds

From Our Special Representative

Despite Darwin's renowned shortage of girls there have been more than a dozen brides here in the past fortnight—but only one has had a home of her own to go to.

Darwin's acute shortage of accommodation has been sorely felt by many people, but most of all by the newly-wed.

THAT is why many brides-to-be have deferred their weddings until their soldierly fiancés can return south at the end of their terms in Darwin.

The only recent bride fortunate enough to have a home is Mrs. Roy Edwards, wife of a well-known Darwin pilot, who was married a fortnight ago.

The bride was formerly Matron Ida Ashburner, of Darwin Hospital.

They were married very quietly at an early morning wedding—7.30 a.m.—and then slipped away to Marrakai Station for three days.

Edwards is now back at his job as lieutenant in the Intelligence Service, which he joined soon after the outbreak of war.

This couple are living in Mr. Edwards' attractive tropical home on the Esplanade, overlooking Darwin Harbor.

Four soldiers and one Air Force man have been grooms at weddings in recent weeks. Another was married last week. Of these, four have completed their three-year terms and will leave Darwin in a few days.

At present, the husbands are living in barracks, while the brides remain at home with their parents or are staying with friends.

It is known that several other soldiers would get married if it were possible to rent a home. Another couple who were married a few days ago were Mr. Arthur Clinton Morgan, a teller in the Darwin branch of the Commonwealth Bank, and Miss Pauline Sheppard, of the Administration Staff, and formerly of Adelaide.

Until Mr. Morgan returns to Sydney in February these two are staying at an hotel.

An interesting feature of soldier weddings is that the bride cuts the cake with a bayonet. All soldier husbands are from the coast defence garrison. Members of the mobile force are not allowed to marry.

It is often said girls come to Darwin from the south in search of husbands, but recent weddings show that local girls can hold their own against southern invasion.

Five of the brides have been Darwin girls, and another will be married this month. The Administration Staff has lost three typists in the past fortnight.



The Movie World

October 28, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

First Page

American homage to Anna Neagle

HOLLYWOOD DELIGHTED
WITH TALENT AND CHARM
OF THIS ENGLISH ROSE

From JOHN B. DAVIES,
in Hollywood

IT won't surprise anyone if the coveted gold statuette for this year's best acting is carried off by a golden-haired English girl, making her first appearance in a film made on American soil.

The girl is Anna Neagle. The film is "Nurse Edith Cavell"—produced in Hollywood by English Herbert Wilcox and a complete English company.

The story of Edith Cavell, heroine of the Great War, is well known to everyone.

This is the second time that Herbert Wilcox has used the subject for a film. It was made some years ago, under the title, "Dawn."

Anna has made a remarkably good impression in America. She has a refreshing and stimulating personality—beauty allied with intelligence.

Work has integrity

IN fact, she has been called by one enthusiastic critic "the female Paul Muni."

Anna herself did a great deal of the research work for "Nurse Edith Cavell."

And she supported Wilcox wholeheartedly when he refused all suggestions for "glamorising" her.

Anna created a particularly favorable impression in the colony itself by her quiet mode of living.

She made no attempt to seek publicity by haunting well-known night-clubs and spot-lighted premieres.

Anna is now back in London. Her next film will be "Kitchener of Khartoum," and after that, as present arrangements stand, she will return to Hollywood for a screen biography of Marie Lloyd, the famous English music-hall artist.



• Anna Neagle, the lovely English girl who has scored such an amazing success in America with her performance in RKO's "Nurse Edith Cavell," the film to make which English producer Herbert Wilcox brought over an entire English company of players and technicians to Hollywood. At left, you see Anna as she appears in the film.

Vita-Weat

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● **VITA-WEAT**
Peek Frean's Vita-Weat Crispbread! Crisp, crunchy slices of whole wheat to keep your vigour up and your figure down. You will enjoy Vita-Weat with every meal . . . it's the perfect daily bread!

Peek Frean's
CELEBRATED BISCUITS

SCREEN FARE FOR NEXT YEAR

Love dramas for adults only are planned by studios in new drive to pep up pictures.

By Joan McLeod from Hollywood



• Binnie Barnes has the type of worldly beauty which will be ideal for the new season's sultry love stories. Binnie has a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox studio, which will carry her on for the next three years.

MILLIONS BEING SPENT, TOO, ON SPECTACLE AND SEA ADVENTURE

HOLLYWOOD has made up its mind as to the entertainment menu for 1940. The chief items on the theatre bills of fare will be—sex and spectacle.

Studio producers have come to this decision after 12 months of experimenting with all kinds of film ideas. Some of these ideas will remain; some will be amplified.

But you can be sure of one thing—the spun-sugar type of movie is out altogether.

For the past six years the studios have been toying down the sex angle in their films. One result was the madcap comedy craze, which jeered at romantic love-making, but gave the public a headache in the end.

More robust romance

ANOTHER result was the return to the classics for sweet and simple stories which pleased the matrons who had wept over "Little Women" in their youth, and was all right for the family trade, but kept out of the theatres in large droves all those who like their movies to be as adult as themselves.

Studio executives now believe that they can put stronger sex stuff into films to-day without offending the censors. Among ways and means of doing this, they name "greater writing skill, improved direction, and more appropriate background music."

Already there have been significant signs that the public prefers its romance with a more robust flavor.

United Artists' "Wuthering Heights"—which retells a violent and passionate love story without one comedy touch—is gripping audiences all over the world.

And the two current queens of the screen are Hedy Lamarr and Ann Sheridan—Hedy, who has brought the word "torrid" back into the film reviewers' vocabulary, and who has a really sultry story in "Lady of the Tropics"; and Ann Sheridan, responsible for the word "Oomph!"

According to studio heads, sex is to be set in really dramatic dramas—none of your whimsy or hare-brained touches at all. Script-writers are working overtime to supply this demand.

Drama of the political type, and of the sociological type, is still going to be popular. (I shall come to the action films later on.) Such topics were once considered dynamite for

the screen. But political pictures, which commenced with "Blockade" and burgeoned with "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," are on the list of every major company. Social problem films, introduced to the screen with "Dead End," have established themselves firmly in public interest.

They are not, however, the big moneymakers of the screen. And here is where the action films come in. Spectacles set the cash registers singing merrily—so spectacles of all descriptions will thrill, chill and dazzle the audiences of 1940.

Again, a sign of the times. 20th Century-Fox has spent an extra £25,000 on wind-making and rain-making equipment. Paramount has

spent £12,500 on hydraulic ship-rocking machinery. Storm, earthquake, and fire are roaring through the stories being prepared for cameras.

Most fashionable spectacles will deal with the sea. Indeed, over twenty ocean stories are down for filming in the next few months—and every story is packed with towering action.

Metro is launching "Thunder Afloat" with Wallace Beery. This is a tale of submarine chasing in the Great War. The same company is to make "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

Always noted for vigorous and powerful films, Warners have earmarked a cool £1,000,000 for sea

pictures. "The Sea Hawk," Rafael Sabatini adventure, will be made in technicolor—and with Errol Flynn. James Cagney is to play the American naval hero, "John Paul Jones."

Spectacle of the most realistic kind will be found in "Titanic," a fictional story woven by Seznick studio around the worst maritime disaster of all time.

Going back into history, producer Edward Small, who made "The Count of Monte Cristo," has chosen the real figure of Christopher Columbus as the hero of an ocean adventure. It is rumored that the title role will be given to Brian Ahrne.

Combining sea spectacle with that of tropic allure, Small intends making "South of Pago Pago," too. What is the betting that there is a hurricane in this one?

"Horror" films

THIS new vogue for the briny has reached as far as the screen crooners! Bing Crosby no less is to play the son of a shipping magnate in Paramount's "Road to Singapore."

A fascinating dish on this meaty entertainment menu is the "horror" film, resurrected after several years by almost every important studio, with a difference. The new spine-chillers will rely largely upon fantasy and trick camera effects to gain their shudders.

Most intriguing example of the new "horror" films is said to be Paramount's "Dr. Cyclops." I repeat, "Said to be," as no reporters, and not even the studio's own publicity men, are being allowed on the set of this film.

It is being directed by Ernest Shedsack, who, you may remember, made "King Kong."

So there is your menu for 1940—sex, spectacle, and chills—with sex way out in front.

What's in a name? Everything—in films!

• Kay Francis is the only actress who kept her first husband's name, even after their divorce. Katherine Gibbs was 17 when she married Dwight Francis, and all their friends called her "Kay Francis." It stuck. • Eddie Albert was born Eddie Heimberger and changed it because everybody persisted in calling him Eddie "Hamburger."

• Gracie Fields came into the world as Gracie Stansfield—but that name was too long for vaudeville programmes. • Warner Brothers changed Jane O'Brien's name to Jane Bryan because they didn't want her to sound like a relative of Pat. But the Press and public got so muddled between Jane Bryan and Jane Wyman that they have

Less than 10 per cent. of the stars on the screen to-day use their real names. The other 90 per cent. adopted new cognomens (nice word!) for any and every reason.

• Loretta Young was 14 when she read a romantic story about a heroine named "Loretta" and decided she would be Gretchen Young no longer. • Real name of Bruce Cabot is Etienne Jacques de Bujac no less. • As for that sensational newcomer, William Beedle, the studio changed his name to William Holden just because Holden sounds "solid and strong and not too faked!"

had to change the name of the latter little actress to Janet Wyman.

• Barbara Stanwyck gets a great thrill out of her real legal name since her marriage to Bob Taylor—it is "Ruby Brugh." MGM changed Bob's name because they thought it unattractive and too hard to pronounce.

Just a COUNTRYMAN at heart!

BOB MONTGOMERY DEVOTES THREE MONTHS TO FARM

NO matter where his film work takes him, Robert Montgomery will continue to spend three months of every year on the land.

For this sophisticated comedian of the screen, this playboy of film drawing-rooms, is just a countryman at heart.

The first thing that Bob did on arrival in England at the beginning of August—to make two films for MGM—was to look around for a house in the country. He fixed upon an ivy-covered house in a quiet village among Buckinghamshire woods.

Events now prevent Bob from spending a year in this home as he had planned—but his American farm, in upper New York State, is awaiting him as consolation. And here he will continue to enjoy a lazy life with his adored family.

Real family man

BOB as a family man may surprise people who know him only as the irresponsible fellow of the screen. But nothing pleases him better, on these annual holidays, than to spend day after day romping and riding with his small boy and girl.

During these three months Bob slips happily into an existence in which films play no part at all—an existence in which fields, horses and dogs predominate—to say nothing of children.

Mr. Montgomery at this time is a neighborly fellow. The more ordinary people he can meet, the happier he is. Mr. Montgomery dislikes living, eating and sleeping films. Besides meeting, watching, and listening to different kinds of people is his hobby—and the greatest stimulant he knows.

So, for twelve happy weeks, Mr. Montgomery and family lead a normal and lazy existence, with the fate of a tennis game their biggest excitement—and a ride the next day their most binding plan.



• Robert Montgomery inspects a sculptured head of himself, done by an American artist. Bob does not seem to approve of his own expressive profile.

Children set a problem

TOO MANY GREEDY FAMILIES FLOCK INTO HOLLYWOOD WITH OFFSPRING

EVERY big studio in town is at present enduring an embarrassing siege—by hordes of mothers and guardians who have "child wonders" in tow.

The dazzling limelight given to Baby Sandy, to Universal's Gloria Jean, and to Paramount's teensinger, Linda Ware, began it all.

Now, from all over the country, are rushing families or guardians who have another Baby Sandy, a second Gloria Jean, or a double of Linda Ware to offer to fame.

Studio executives are at their wits' end as to how to cope with this rush.

Saying "no" is far more uncomfortable than it sounds. A lot of these youthful aspirants and their mammas have been given letters of introduction by motion picture officials in their home town.

Attempt bribery

TO make matters worse, many of the ambitious parents are using these letters to penetrate, uninvited, past studio gates guarded by stern and suspicious porters. Once they are inside, they stage stormy scenes. Some of them even try to bribe studio employees into getting them into rigidly-guarded offices.

Diplomacy has never worked at such high pressure. The motion picture executive who can drive home to the clamoring mother the true facts of the case—and send her away unresentful—is worth his weight in gold.

For the true facts of the case are what they always were—the child who makes good on the screen is one in a million; there is absolutely no chance for the imitator.

In the meantime, this flooding horde of screenstruck families is giving the studios another problem—that of the "fake" talent school. For already unscrupulous people are establishing "infant academies" in order to cash in on the fond hopes of the ignorant visitors.



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Perfect eyebrows and long, silken eye-lashes make all the difference to the allure of the most beautiful eyes. No other feature is so important as the eyes—none is so expressive. Study YOUR eyes now. Your mirror will show them as they are to-day, yet in thirty days you can grow long, curling, silken lashes and perfectly pencilled eyebrows by applying Le Charme Eye-lash Grower.

Proved by thousands of women No matter how scant your eye-lashes, how indistinct your eyebrows, how Le Charme discovery will positively increase their length and thickness.

Results evident in One Week

Even in the first few days you will notice the promise of a beautiful silken fringe, and if, in 30 days, you are not satisfied, the cost of Le Charme Eye-lash Grower will be refunded in full.

If obtainable locally, 2/6, post free, from Le Charme, Box 22364, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Hair on chin, cheeks, legs, etc., positively REMOVED, and the MOLES DESTROYED FOR GOOD. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed! If obtainable locally, 8/- post free, from Le Charme, Box 22364, G.P.O., Sydney.

Do you want a Movie job?

MOST people think that working in Hollywood would be "just too romantic." Glamorous is the word.

Prepare to be disillusioned. Here's a list of necessary people in a film studio, to whom picture-making is anything but glamorous . . . and they make up a good part of Hollywood's employees.

Behind the scenes

THE man who spends all day every day pulling nails out of dismantled sets.

The man who stands at the receiving end of the studio rubbish chute and pushes the stuff into a furnace.

The man who scrutinises all the rubbish in case any "props" or valuables have got into it by mistake.

The man who burns unwanted film.

The "flat scraper"—he removes the wallpaper or paint from the walls of the rooms you see on the screen so that the wood can be used again.

The "mud packer"—who, when the scene has a soft ground surface such as a muddy road or a sandy track, flattens it out smoothly for each "shot." Still want a film job?



• Robert Montgomery among his souvenirs on his farm up in New York State, where he spends at least three months of every year. Notice the farmhouse model on the table. Bob is a proud property owner, who sees to it that his land returns sensible profits—as well as fresh vegetables.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★ ★ FOUR FEATHERS

(Week's Best Release)

John Clements, Ralph Richardson, June Duprez, (United Artists.)

A. E. W. MASON'S adventure of a coward who redeemed himself in the Sudan campaign has been magnificently brought to the screen by London Films.

It excels in the battle action along Egyptian river and desert—for the company took their color cameras out to the Sudan to make most of the film.

Against this fascinating and often exciting background is played out the story of John Clements, who, disguised as a native, brings three friends from his former regiment back to safety after hair-raising perils.

John had resigned from his regiment on the eve of the Sudan campaign—and had been sent four feathers. Three of them he redeems from his friends. But the fourth he had taken from his fiancée; and she, believing him dead, has become engaged to another man.

Here is material for fine human drama. And, although the director has been more interested in the spectacle than the characters, he allows Ralph Richardson, as John Clements' chief friend, to put over a superb job.

The lovely June Duprez, and veteran C. Aubrey Smith appear in the English scenes which open and close the film—scenes which have the same authenticity and the same feeling for atmosphere as the central adventure.

"Four Feathers" is a particularly appropriate film at this time; since, without sentimentalism or heroics, it expresses the staunchness of the British spirit—Regent; showing.

★ BRIDAL SUITE

Annabella, Robert Young. (MGM.)

A VERY flimsy little film, with only a few laughs, makes poor material for the talent of Robert Young and the undeniable charm of Annabella.

It is one of those familiar romances between the rich young American millionaire and the naive girl of the Alps. Young is a wastrel, and Annabella is a hard-working girl. But really, their marriage is so potent from the beginning that there was no need to tell the story!

In the background flutters Billie Burke as Robert's mother. Billie once again does the fluttery type of character which is growing tiresome through repetition. Veteran Walter Connolly, as a famous doctor supposed to cure Robert of his vagueness, works just as hard to win chuckles. He is more successful than Miss Burke.

Good Looks Disappear

Under Layers of Useless Fat

Good looks can never be really attractive and inviting if your face is unattractive. Accumulations of poisonous matter—contaminated by the blood stream, spoil the skin with spots and pimples, dull the eyes, form unhealthy fat tissue and make you feel despondent and depressed.

Never be careless or neglectful of constipation and congested liver. Health and attractiveness are too precious to be so endangered. Take Pinkettes, which are scientifically compounded of ingredients, recognized as the best for the treatment of constipation and torpid liver. These pills patiently encourage the bowels to exercise properly and disperse the digestive wastes regularly. See what a wonderful difference Pinkettes will make in your eyes, skin, breath, looks, and how unhealthy fat and despondency vanish. At chemists and stores 1/3 bottle.

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2.30 and 8 p.m.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



AS QUEEN ELIZABETH IN "KNIGHT AND THE LADY" BETTE DAVIS WEARS A COSTUME MADE OF SMALL MIRRORS.

GALE SONDERGAARD WAS ABLE TO GO FROM HER ROLE IN "THE CAT AND THE CANARY" TO "DOUBLE-DYED DECEIVER" WITHOUT CHANGING EITHER HER MAKE-UP OR COSTUME.



7 FORMER "MISS AMERICAS" ARE NOW WORKING IN FILMS... BUT NONE HAVE RISEN ABOVE THE EXTRA RANKS.

lots of comedy, and a finely honest performance from Fred MacMurray as the boxer from the slums.

Then he marries Irene Dunne whose father has bought a half-interest in his contract. The film skips 12 years in time at one gasp, and there you are, right at the beginning of one of those sob-stuff stories about parents who cannot stay together, and a child who is upset by the thought of divorce.

That nice chap MacMurray has now to turn into a sentimental father who wants to win the heavyweight championship of the world to please his small son. Why, I could not imagine, since the small son is a horrid, spoiled brat.

Meanwhile, Irene Dunne, who has begun divorce proceedings against Fred, sits at home and cries before the radio because Fred is losing the fight. I must say that the actual boxing match is well done. But it cannot compensate for the really silly story—and the intense overacting of Irene—Prince Edward; showing.

★ ON BORROWED TIME

Lionel Barrymore, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (MGM.)

THIS is a fantasy—beautifully produced, but still fantasy—which weaves a most sentimental fairy-tale around Death.

Death comes to a small American town—personified in a quiet-spoken stranger who calls himself Mr. Brink. He wants to take away old "Gramp," played by Lionel Barrymore.

But Lionel wants to protect his small grandson, played by Bobe Watson, from the money-grabbing guardianship of a harsh aunt. So Lionel imprisons "Mr. Brink" up an apple tree in the garden. And there he must stay until the little boy is safe.

No one dies while "Mr. Brink" is still up that apple tree. And Lionel Barrymore fights on for the small boy's happiness—against the accusa-

tions, bewilderment and final belief of the townspeople.

MGM gives Barrymore one of his crusty, lovable old roles—so familiar now; and Bobe Watson makes the small boy a tearful, adoring figure. But to my mind the best performances in the film were given by Beulah Bondi, as Grandma, and by Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Mr. Brink.

Lots of tears were shed about me at the screening. Lots of people may be comforted by the idea. But this type of whimsy strikes me as weak-minded to the last degree.—Liberty; showing.

Shows Still Running

*** Wuthering Heights. Laurence Olivier, Merle Oberon in thrilling and faithful version of Emily Brontë's dramatic novel. Century, 7th week.

*** Bachelor Mother. Ginger Rogers, David Niven in delightful and human modern comedy. Plaza, 2nd week.

** The Man in the Iron Mask. Louis Hayward, Joan Bennett in exciting cloak and sword drama. Mayfair, 4th week.

** Hotel For Women. Linda Darnell, Elsa Maxwell in gay romance of life in exclusive women's hostelry. Embassy, 3rd week.



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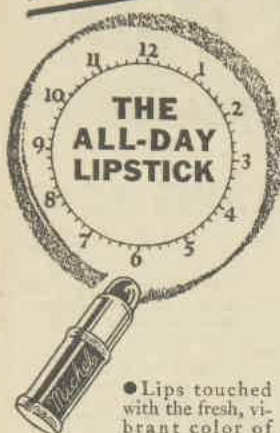
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OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Bunglers at the Game

Continued from Page 5

"YOU will find the morning papers there," I told her. "Come along, von Corberg," I added as he appeared from the bathroom. "We must not keep your sister waiting too long."

"My sister would not wish that I should hurry," he assured me. "I thought it might give you pleasure to see her, Captain. Might I," he went on, hanging up his coat and turning up his cuffs, "take one further slight liberty?"

His expression was that of a wistful, shaggy-haired dog.

"Of course. Go ahead."

"She is hungry, my sister," he confided. "She has magnificent health, but just now she is failing a little. There was some difficulty about our coffee. Excuse—"

"Do ask her to ring the bell and order anything she wishes from the waiter," I interrupted. "And get to work now, there's a good fellow."

He was across the room in three strides and, opening the door, he spoke a single sentence to the girl in a language which was strange to me. Then he returned eagerly to his task. No more smiles. No conversation. Very soon my whole body was in a glow.

"A beautiful response," he declared. "Your body reacts marvelously. You play the game of golf—yes? When I have done with your arms, they will be like elastic. You will drive the little white ball farther than anyone has ever driven it before. So."

He recommenced. Once he paused for a moment and held his head on one side as though to listen. We heard the clatter of china in the next room.

"My little Greta," he murmured, "she has her breakfast. That is good."

"Does she do anything?" I asked. "Any professional work?"

He looked shocked.

"My sister," he said. "No. She is of a noble family, you understand."

Captain Lyson. She could not possibly mix with the people of the studios. Sometimes, when things go not so well, I have wished that there was some way that she could honorably earn a little money for her frocks. I do not mind wearing old clothes myself, but a girl so beautiful as my sister should not be shabby. She herself, however, does not mind. Some of her things," he continued, his tone becoming one of reverent admiration, "she makes herself."

I had a reply ready for him, but it was just at that moment that he chose to make a vigorous and, so far as I could see, wholly unprovoked attack upon my stomach and for a few minutes I was speechless. When I recovered the gift of speech, it was to find the young lady leaning through the doorway. She waved her hand to me.

"I wish good-bye," she said with an enchanting smile. "Such coffee I have not tasted for a long time. I thank you for my breakfast, Captain Lyson. My life is saved! I make a promenade in the park till I meet my brother."

"You can have him when you like," I gasped. "I've had enough."

She laughed deliciously, waved her hand once more and disappeared.

"Your sister," I remarked, as soon as I had recovered my breath, "is extraordinarily good-looking."

"All our family," he confided gravely, "are the same. Good looks, however," he added with a sigh, "are not always a blessing."

"In your sister's case, so far as you are concerned," I observed, "I should think they are a great responsibility."

He made no immediate reply. When he had finished with me, however, he pocketed the guinea I had left by my bedside with a low bow. Then he made an observation which for the moment puzzled me.

"When I have saved enough money," he said, "I shall send my sister back to her own country and arrange for her marriage. Until then, I keep her so far as possible by my side. It is for that reason that I thank you for your hospitality of this morning."

"Bring her whenever you like," I invited as he put on his coat. "She can always wait for you in the sitting-room."

"It is a great kindness," he assured me. "I shall take more care than ever of your health. Until Monday, then."

I took my bath, shaved and made my toilet. When I reached the sitting-room, I smiled at the state of the young lady's breakfast tray. Both rolls had disappeared, also every scrap of the butter, and the coffee-pot was empty. I rang the bell for my own breakfast and turned to my letters. Half-way down the pile I came upon an oblong envelope on the back of which was the very familiar O.H.M.S. seal.

I was about to open the envelope, in fact, I had already inserted the point of my knife, when I stopped short. I carried the envelope to the window, adjusted my glass firmly, and stared at the seal. I felt it delicately with my finger. It was unusually soft and there was a suspicion of warmth. I examined the letter next in the pile beneath. There was a tiny spot of red wax, not bigger than the head of a pin, which seemed to have dropped on to the envelope.

From the first, I had been conscious of a lingering reminder of the perfume which I had noticed when the beautiful Greta stooped over my bed. I sniffed vigorously round the place where the letters stood. There was no doubt about it. Notwithstanding the more exotic perfume, there was still a faint suggestion of the smell of sealing-wax. I examined the ash-tray. A match had been lit, the remains of which were still visible. There was also, somewhat to my disappointment, a cigarette-stump which might have accounted for its presence.

"Put my tray down on a chair," I told the waiter. "Don't disturb the other table for a moment. You can come in and fetch the tray when I ring."

The man obeyed orders without any sign of surprise. My hand was straying towards the telephone-receiver, and he knew that I often had private messages. As soon as he had gone, however, I bolted the door and made a brief search in the vicinity of the table where the

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- 1.—Dachshunds are probably not very popular in Australia at the moment—although their name isn't their fault. Their name is actually German for
A badger dog—a wolf dog—a rat dog—a ferret dog.
- 2.—Now what about your history? The mother of "Good Queen Bess" was
Jane Seymour—Anne Boleyn—Anne of Cleves—Katherine Parr.
- 3.—The Finns are the latest to be threatened by Russia. Capital of Finland is
Copenhagen—Oslo—Riga—Helsingfors—Stockholm.
- 4.—The Admiral Graf Spee is a German
Dirigible—warship—submarine—passenger liner.
- 5.—Have you tasted dandelion wine? If so, you are no doubt aware that it is made from the
Flowers—leaves—roots—poudered seeds.
- 6.—A widgeon is
A wood pigeon—a wood-pecker—a wild duck—a king-fisher.
- 7.—If your chief at the office calls you his amanuensis, he means that you are
Very good at figures—a person who does all kinds of jobs—the girl to whom he dictates letters—a friend as well as an employee.
- 8.—Your retina is
Behind your eyeball—under your fingernail—behind your ear drum—under your shoulder blade.
- 9.—"Half a league, half a league, half a league onward . . ." You all know the famous poem, "Charge of the Light Brigade." But do you know how many miles make one league?
Six—three—ten—one.
- 10.—Who cut off Samson's hair?
Jezabel—Delilah—Sarah—Esther.

Answers on Page 50.

letters had been. There were distinct spots of sealing-wax upon the floor in several places. I had no longer any doubt that my private communication from M17B had been opened and sealed up again.

I paid a visit to my friend Louis that morning. Louis the patron saint of the Grill Room, and my confederate in many adventures. I said nothing of my mission until our morning cocktail was gleaming in our glasses and the waiter had disappeared. Even then, I examined the three doorways which led out of the room—the one into the lounge, the one into Louis' bedroom and the one into Julie's quarters. He watched me, amused but perplexed.

"We are perhaps back in the old days when your Englishman wrote that great play 'Diplomacy,'" he suggested. "Listeners at every keyhole, the perfume of a lady's handkerchief in a ruffled drawer, deciding the fate of a whole continent!"

"Louis," I replied, "you are very much nearer the mark than you imagine. I begin to realize that the game is still played—on the Continent at any rate. If not so much over here. I have to-day been asked by a masseur to allow his sister to wait for him in my sitting-room, and the little cat opened one of my private letters and sealed it up again with a false stamp!"

Please turn to Page 45

THE FRAGRANCE

THAT IS

fresh...

ALWAYS

To match your gayest mood . . . to tune with your dearest dreams . . . to bewitch you from mere 'charm' to deeply intriguing fascination, "Mischief" is modern as television, exclusive as orchids, as 'high hat' as Mayfair. And, joyous secret, it lasts and lasts and lasts, yet keeps its first exciting freshness to the very end.

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A ROMANTIC PERFUME
BY SAVILLE
OF LONDON

TRIAL SIZE... 2/6



SAVILLE'S

Mischief
5/9. 10/6. 23/6.

Saville Perfumery Ltd., England

AMAZING STORY from the SOUTH SEAS

—the end of

RHEUMATISM

Here's news, good news, for all who suffer from rheumatism. A South Sea Islands Trader tells how he ended his "terrific pain" by taking De Witt's Pills. Every rheumatic sufferer should benefit by his experience.

Mr. C. D. E., a Justice of the Peace, says:—"I suffered terrific pain in my back, arms and shoulders from Lumbago and Rheumatism, especially at night. Someone suggested De Witt's Pills. I took them and honestly got relief the next day and now am absolutely cured. I am 60 and have had no return of the complaint."

(Name and address on application.)

Rheumatism is due to weak kidney action. Sluggish kidneys fail to remove waste matter, poisons and impurities—especially excess uric acid—from the system. As these poisons accumulate, razor-edged uric acid crystals settle in the muscles and joints, making them stiff and painful. Your back aches and you are seldom free from pain.

De Witt's Pills overcome rheumatism because they are made specially to aid weak kidneys. In 24 hours from the first dose you have positive proof—you see they are doing you good. Pain is ended; vigour and vitality return.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

made especially to end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Obtainable from chemists and storekeepers everywhere, prices 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

"T" Bunglers at the Game

"THIS is a serious business of which you speak," Louis said gravely.

"Not so serious as it might have been," I told him. "The letter which the young lady opened was from M17B, and it contained the information that within three days there would arrive a record of important changes in the cipher code between ourselves and Seventy-seven Quai d'Orsay."

"The information was given to you in cipher, the old cipher, I presume?"

"Certainly. But you know how simple it is, Louis. Anyone who had once mastered it could at any rate blunder through the message."

"What are you going to do about it?" he inquired.

"Inform the Chief, of course," I said. "Afterwards I shall toy with the matter."

Louis glanced at me keenly.

"This sister of the Baron's?" he asked.

"Take note that I do not say the most attractive," I replied, "but she is without a doubt the most beautiful woman I ever saw in my life. The Baron confided to me as he punched my ribs this morning that to walk with her in the streets was an annoyance. People stopped upon the pavements and stared."

Louis looked thoughtfully for a minute at the point of his cigarette.

"You know, my dear Captain Lyson," he said, "how great is the confidence I repose in you, but I ask myself whether it is as well for you to take this matter so lightly."

"Louis," I explained, "to put it frankly, we do not get much out of our job. It is ill paid, at times hopelessly dull, now and then highly dangerous. An odd thrill comes as a surprise. We generally have to be content with sending in reports and letting other people finish the job. I have a fancy that I would like to see the denouement of this one."

"The Department does not like it," Louis reminded me uneasily.

Monday morning at a few minutes before seven-thirty found me with a dressing-gown over my pyjamas, turning over the recently arrived letters in my sitting-room. I turned my head at the soft knocking on the door.

"Come in," I invited.

The Baron and his sister entered. She gave a little start as she saw me sitting there, and it seemed to me that her eyes went swiftly towards the pile of letters in front of me. The Baron appeared disturbed.

"FOR the beneficial application of the massage, Captain Lyson," he warned me, "it is inadvisable to occupy the brain or body first. You permit me to suggest that you preserve the rest of your correspondence."

"Unfortunately," I told him, "I cannot do that. I have a communication of some importance to study here." I went on, tapping a long envelope. "I shall ask you to postpone my massage until to-morrow morning. As I did not let you know—I searched for your address, but it was not upon the card—you will allow me to pay."

I pushed a pound note and a shilling towards him, but he shook his head.

"That I could not accept," he said. "Permit me to come when you change for dinner."

"At half-past seven, then," I agreed. "You will excuse me now, please. As you see, I am occupied."

They both turned reluctantly away. The girl looked over her shoulder from the door. I waved my hand.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle," I said. "Borry to hurry you away."

The changed cipher was among my correspondence and I realised at once its importance. It was unlikely that I, personally, should be affected, but, as I had learnt on the previous day, communications were passing every hour between the Quai d'Orsay and Whitehall concerning important affairs in Europe. I locked the papers away in my safe, which I had had removed during the previous day into my bedroom, and made my toilet. During the morning I went round to Whitehall, and I ascertained that nothing was transpiring which would involve any communications with me. From another branch which I also visited I failed to obtain the slightest information concerning the Baron or his sister.

"New to the business, I should think," Louis remarked, when I talked to him after lunch. "All the

Bunglers at the Game

Continued from Page 44

same, if you are sure about the tampering with your official letter, I should report the incident to headquarters and tell your masseur that his ministrations do not suit your health. It is always a dangerous game to play," he went on, "to try to deal with these affairs alone."

"Right, as usual," I acknowledged.

Perhaps I was wrong not to have told him that I was expecting the Baron von Corberg at seven-thirty.

Within a few moments of half-past seven there came a soft tap at the door. In response to my invitation it was slowly opened and Greta von Corberg entered. I rose to my feet, finding it a difficult matter to conceal my admiration. Her white evening frock was shabby, but seductively fashioned, and her wealth of golden hair was naturally and gracefully arranged.

"Where is your brother?" I asked.

"He is not coming."

"Then why are you here?"

She closed the door behind her and approached the desk before which I had been seated.

"I am in trouble," she confided. "I have left my brother."

"Why?"



A BROWN hopsack shirt offset with a jacket of crushed strawberry. C. and N. Sammie introduced a novel note with two breast pockets and one large hip pocket. The wooden buttons are in matching strawberry hue.

"He has been very unkind," she told me, her beautiful eyes seeking eagerly for mine. "He says that I bungle, that I am fit for nothing. He is very angry."

"Because you left drops of sealing-wax all over the place?" I asked.

She stared, momentarily.

"What do you mean by drops of sealing-wax?"

"When you went through my letters the other morning you removed the seal of one envelope and replaced it," I told her. "You were not very careful."

She clasped her hands together.

"It is all new to me," she said. "I did what I was told. I was clumsy. Now Conrad has sent me away."

"What are you going to do?"

"I have come to you," she replied.

"Why?"

"You must take care of me. I will work for you—anyhow you like. I will go on with this stupid my business if you wish, or I would rather do your letters and type them."

The allurement of her soft voice with its slight foreign accent, the eager pleading of her eyes, were almost irresistible.

"Thank you," I acknowledged. "I

don't keep a seminary for young girls, you know."

She came nearer, and for the life of me I could not have moved. Her arms went suddenly round my neck.

"Please—"

She was strong—strong as a young lioness—but I too have muscles. Soon I was holding her wrists firmly. She looked at me reproachfully.

"You are hurting," she pleaded.

"Please let me go."

I shook my head. She waited eagerly for my words. I was listening, however, to an unusual sound in the next room. Perhaps she heard it too, for she threw herself suddenly into my arms.

"Do not shake your head at me," she begged. "It is not kind that you do that. I am very unhappy. You must be my friend, please, or I do not know what will become of me. Please—please—"

I disengaged myself as gently as possible, and took a step towards my bedroom door.

"No, no!" she called out. "You must not leave me."

"I think," I told her, "that it is almost time I went to see how your brother is getting on in the next room."

"No, no!" she cried passionately. "I will not be left here alone!"

I opened the door and directly I saw what was happening in the bedroom I closed and locked it behind me. The Baron was kneeling before my safe with a huge bunch of keys in his hand.

"No luck, Baron," I remarked pleasantly. "It's a devil of a lock."

He was scared, but he disposed of the keys somewhere in his pocket.

"I come to give you your massage," he said as he rose.

I rang the bell. There was the sound of a key in the lock almost instantly. Inspector Hearnshaw stood upon the threshold. I beckoned him into the room. The Baron stared at him in horror.

"YOU give me in charge?" he exclaimed in a hurt tone.

"Nothing so old-fashioned," I assured him. "Half an hour at the Passport Office, perhaps, a quick train to Southampton and a little voyage back to where you came from, you know, Baron. That's the idea. You will find Mademoiselle in the next room, Hearnshaw."

Hearnshaw was back again in a moment, looking a little perturbed.

"The young lady has fainted," he announced. "Better ring for a chambermaid."

The Baron and I hurried in. Greta was stretched across my couch, her arms hanging limply down, her dress disarranged. Her cheeks were ghastly pale.

"Do not be alarmed, Captain Lyson," the Baron enjoined. "That is the best thing that Greta does," he went on.

"Greta, my dear, I fear this gentleman would not leave you here, even if Captain Lyson permitted it. We are to be deported."

To my amazement, she stood up. She resembled a beautiful, sulky child.

"I do not wish to be deported," she protested. "I will do no harm here."

The Baron shook his head sadly.

"The gentleman from Scotland Yard would not permit it," he told her. "You have been a foolish girl. We return home."

I pointed to the door which Hearnshaw was holding open.

"You must go," I said firmly, "and you too, Baron. If you take my advice, you will stick to massage."

He thrust another card into my hand.

"If you are ever abroad," he murmured.

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DID EU-thymol this morning?

A play on words? Yes—but it is more than that. It's a question of vital importance to everyone who values health.

The use of an ordinary dentifrice is not enough Euthymolisation.

Deadly decay germs lurk in the nooks and crannies of the teeth, eating through the hard enamel, poisoning the blood stream, interfering with digestion and laying the foundation of ill-health and disease.

Euthymol kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds contact. The day started with Euthymol is the day started with a clean mouth and glistening, healthy teeth. Don't run the risk of dental decay — use Euthymol every morning and every evening.

Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.

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A PARKE DAVIS PRODUCT

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 46 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

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Originated and designed by corsetry experts in the world's largest organisation for the manufacture of Foundation Garments, Liberty Corsetry represents the greatest and most outstanding value both in regard to price and wear. Each model gives perfect support and figure control. New models now available. Insist on seeing them and on having a fitting.



Liberty

CORSETRY

She was Nervy, Despondent

ALWAYS TIRED AND RUN DOWN

"I always felt dead tired," states Mrs. R.L. of Warrnambool, Vic. "The least bit of work seemed a great trouble, and I would get despondent over nothing at all. I was very nervous and completely run-down."

"Immediately I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I felt the benefit, for I became stronger and took more interest in life. Now, after a few bottles, my nerves have recovered and I feel so entirely different. I have lost the despondent, weary feeling and gained plenty of energy. Housework is now no trouble."

"When your nerves become tired and worn out, and weariness, worry, depression, headaches cause wretched days and nights you need the world-famous Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to revitalize your system throughout with new rich red blood. People who take these pills say they are wonderfully beneficial for the whole system. Begin Dr. Williams' Pink Pills without delay, if you are nervous, run-down, and need new strength and vigour. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle."

MAKES SEWING EASIER

Use 3-in-one oil on all working parts and see how much easier and smoother your sewing machine runs.

CLEANS LUBRICATES PREVENTS RUST

3-IN-ONE OIL

If we DID have an air raid . . .

As the war goes on and reports of air raids become more frequent there is a growing demand, even in Australia, for expert advice on methods of protection from bombs and poison-gas.

ALTHOUGH Australia is far removed from the present theatre of war, an authoritative booklet, "A.R.P. for Australians," has just been issued. Its author, Alan Brooksbank, recently made an exhaustive study of air-raid precautions overseas.

Mr. Brooksbank deals with every phase of his subject—even to protecting farm animals and domestic pets!

Strangely enough, he points out, the natural instinct we all have to protect our lives is actually dangerous in an air raid.

To rush to what you believe is a safe place without knowing that it really is safe may prove disastrous. "Instinctive behaviour is no good in an air raid," Mr. Brooksbank says. "It is quite as important to warn the people what they should NOT do as it is to tell what they SHOULD do."

If an air raid warning is given, the booklet says, this is what you should do:



Here is advice which every housewife should read

GAS-MASKS may never be needed here — but you never know!

Get off the streets and keep off them until notified it is safe to come out again.

Car drivers park their cars as near as possible to the kerb. At night they put out the lights and enter a building.

THREE GIRLS and a gas-mask. Employees of an Australian biscuit factory, they seem to be enjoying their A.R.P. training.

Some types of buildings offer more protection than others, but any cover is better than none at all.

Doors and windows of buildings should be closed, but not locked. (This is to prevent the locks from becoming jammed by the effects of an explosion.)

Householders in suburbs and country towns:

Fill baths and other receptacles with water.

Turn gas off at the meter. Close all doors and windows but don't lock them.

Extinguish all fires in grates.

At night see that no light is visible from outside.

If a refuge room or trench shelter is already prepared, take the family into it. If no preparations have been made, get in a passage-way or similar place.

Fire bombs

ARRANGEMENTS have been made under the National Emergency Scheme for rescue parties, clearance of debris, repair gangs, first-aid posts, and so on. This essential organisation is described in the booklet.

An important chapter tells how householders should deal with fire bombs.

"If a fire bomb hits a house," the author says, "human instincts would urge the occupants (a) to throw water on it; (b) to direct a chemical extinguisher on to it; (c) to attempt to move it; (d) to run away."

"It is because munition makers are exploiting human instincts that the above four actions are the WORST THINGS TO DO."

Water poured on some fire bombs, for instance, Mr. Brooksbank explains, only makes them burn more fiercely; on others, water will cause an explosion or splash the householder with burning chemicals.

Chemical extinguishers may cause the bombs to give off poisonous gas. Most fire bombs are small and modern war planes carry hundreds of them, which they spray all over a city with the object of starting fires.

Pouring of sand on the bombs is one of several effective methods of dealing with them outlined by Mr. Brooksbank.

An important aspect of preparations against air raids is to clear away litter and anything that will cause fires to spread.

CONTRARY to what most people think, Mr. Brooksbank says, the worst place to go in an air raid is the ordinary basement of the average city building.

A demolition high explosive bomb has a special fuse which causes it to go right through a building and explode in or under the basement.

Occupants of basements and tunnels get the full effect of the blast but persons on the higher floors may escape.

One of the chief dangers is from smashed gas, electricity, and water pipes.

Mr. Brooksbank expresses the opinion that the safest place in a city raid is on the middle floors and in inner rooms of a building so that at least two walls are between the occupants and the outside.

Differing views have been expressed

War of surprises

THERE is a lesson for Australia in the air raids in Scotland last week.

Apparently through official bungling, no air-raid warning was given in Edinburgh, although machine gun bullets and pieces of shrapnel were falling in the streets.

The lesson to be learned is that we must be prepared. There must be no repetition of the Edinburgh fiasco.

This is a war of surprises. ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN.

as to the danger of gas attacks in Australia.

Mr. Brooksbank deals with all types of gases used in modern warfare and methods of dealing with them.

Great difficulty in making provision for decontamination and for treating sufferers arises from the different effects of various gases.

There are lung gases, paralysing gases, tear gases, blistering gases, nose and nerve gases, and dual-purpose gases, and Mr. Brooksbank tells how they can be identified and the victims treated. Care must be taken to protect food from the effects of gas.

Discussing the provision of shelters against gas attack, he explains that a draught-proof room is gas-resisting. Any householder can provide such a room at small expense.

An important consideration is to have in the house supplies of water, tinned foods, a vacuum flask containing hot drinks, first-aid kit, a wireless set to receive important messages, and so on.

"Precautions should be taken in an orderly, unhurried manner," Mr. Brooksbank states.

"While we all hope that the precautions will never be tested out with actual raids, we should regard them as a form of insurance."

"... To start taking precautions now does not mean that you are jittery. If you have taken such precautions as you can reasonably afford, you are less likely to get the jitters than is your neighbor who has done nothing but scoff at you for being sensible."

"You are prepared to meet the emergency and he is not."

"A.R.P. for Australians," by Alan Brooksbank. Our copy from Robertson and Mullens, Melbourne.

"A lovely complexion brings ROMANCE"



SAYS

Jean Arthur

A Columbia Star in
"Only Angels have Wings"



"I always use Lux Toilet Soap to
keep my skin soft and smooth"

Romance is for you! Reach right out and grasp it! Look what charming Jean Arthur—in a special beauty message to Australian girls—says, "I've never seen the man yet who didn't admire a lovely complexion. And it's really very easy to keep skin soft and smooth the Lux Toilet Soap way. I always use it." Take your first step to Romance—start using supercreamed Lux Toilet Soap. There's precious skin cream in every tablet—you cream as you wash!

Lux Toilet Soap is Supercreamed

A LEVER PRODUCT

1, 3/6, 1/2

BABY'S
GRIPE
PAINS

FOR INSTANT RELIEF GIVE . . .

CALIFIG
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE
California Syrup of Figs

★ EVERYWHERE PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT THIS NEW GIFT OFFER!

SANITARIUM QUICK GIFTS

NO WAITING NOW! COUPONS FROM ANY SANITARIUM FOODS WILL COMBINE TO SECURE ANY GIFT QUICKLY



NO WONDER WOMEN ARE TALKING!

Yes, women are certainly talking now. They are talking of the new SANITARIUM QUICK GIFT SCHEME; the most outstanding, generous and rapid free gift scheme in Australia. It is something worth talking about too, because folk know that now when they order Sanitarium Health Foods they are doing TWO things at a time and doing them both in the best possible manner.

They know they are getting the purest and best Health Foods that money can buy, and at the same time they are participating in the quickest and most generous gift scheme offering. It's no wonder more and more women are changing to Sanitarium Health Foods.

QUICK GIFTS

Just one average family size grocery order is sufficient to enable you to obtain one of several free gifts right away. How's that for speed? You don't have to wait months for your Sanitarium gifts — there are nine different Sanitarium Health Foods carrying coupons, and they all combine to give you Quick Gifts.

HEALTH FOODS

Doctors, scientists and dieticians everywhere testify to the purity and health-giving properties of all Sanitarium Health Foods.

When you serve Sanitarium foods to your family you are confident that they are eating food manufactured with a care for the preservation of vital health-giving elements that is unrivalled.

- BETTA PEANUT BUTTER
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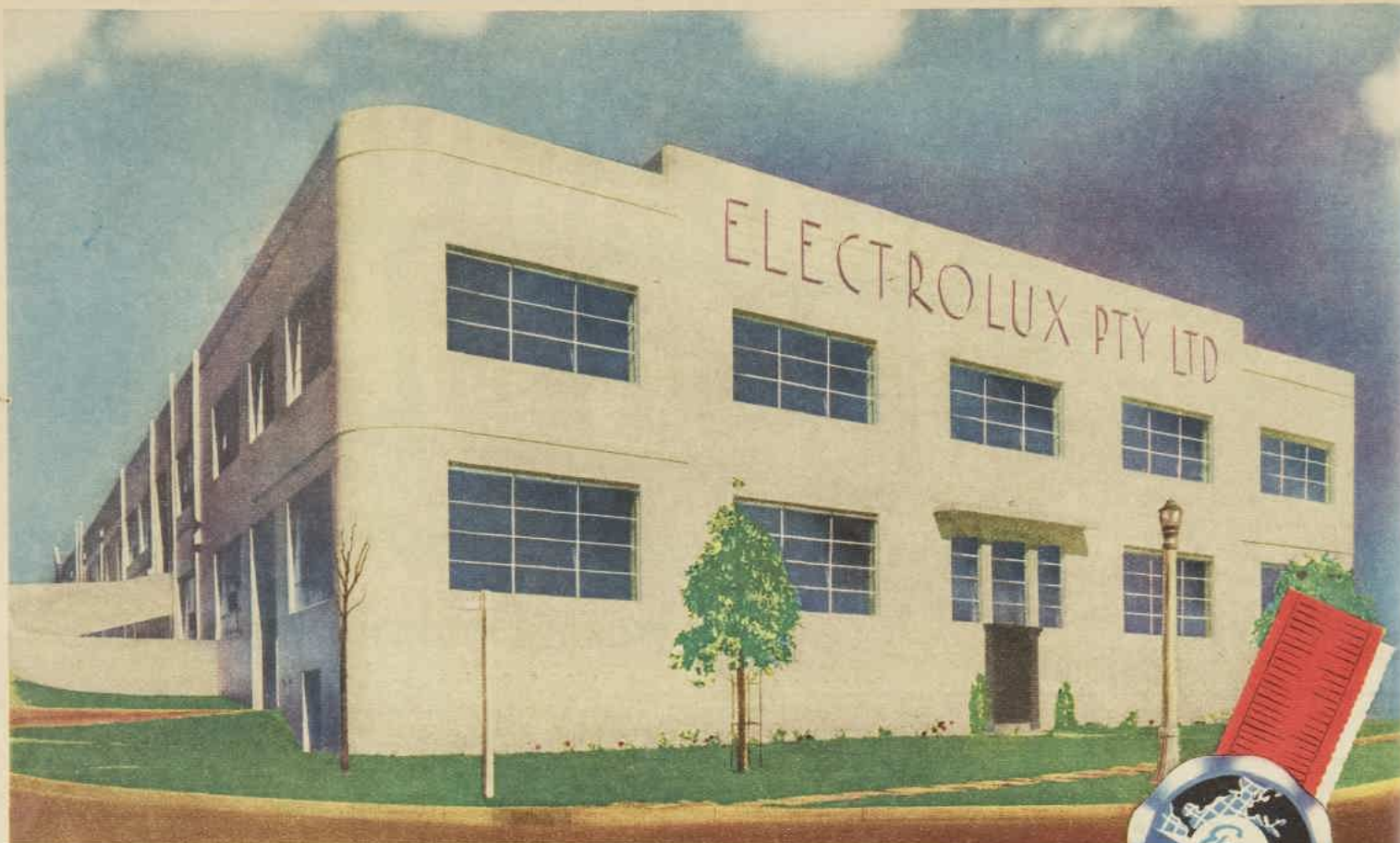
<p>From 42 POINTS</p>  <p>BATH TOWELS Luxury sizes and qualities, various colours and white Admiralty. Postage, etc., 6d.</p>	<p>From 73 POINTS</p>  <p>TABLE CLOTHS Heavy quality smart patterns, various sizes. Postage, etc., 6d.</p>
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<p>From 29 POINTS</p>  <p>PURE IRISH LINEN GLASS CLOTHS Various colored stripes. Hand-some hard-wearing and very absorbent. Postage, etc., 3d.</p>	<p>From 104 POINTS (SET)</p>  <p>WATER SET Moulded Glass Jug, 50 pints. Moulded Glass goblets, 54 points each. Postage, etc., Jug, 1/3d.; Goblets, 1/3 (½ doz.).</p>
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 If you cannot call remit the necessary amounts for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you.
 THIS SCHEME DOES NOT OPERATE IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Sanitarium

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This modern Australian factory is the largest in the Southern Hemisphere devoted exclusively to the manufacture of refrigerators. Here Electrolux Refrigerators, which to-day are being purchased in greater numbers than any other refrigerator in the Commonwealth, are built by Australians to suit Australian conditions.

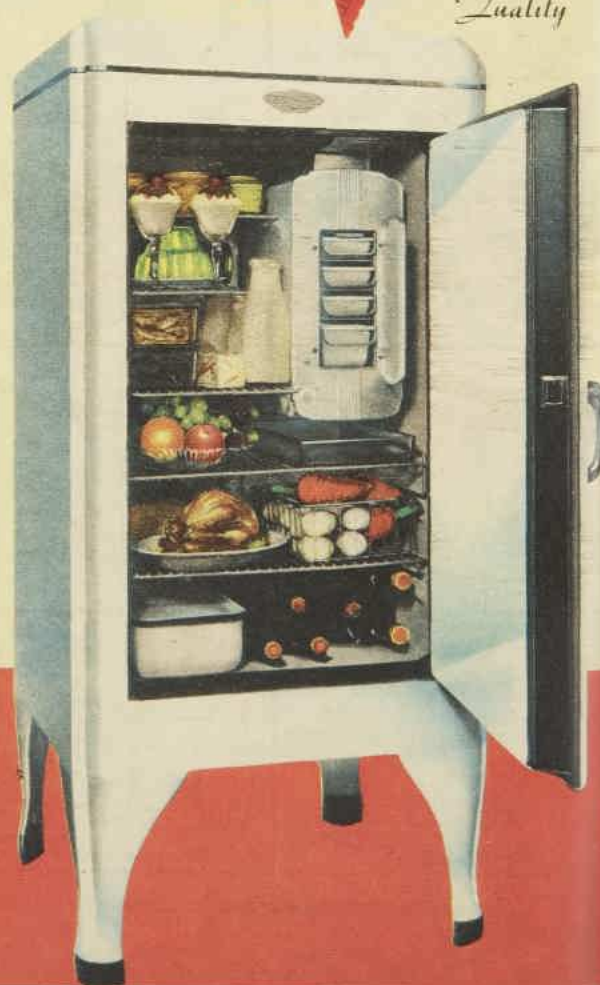


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SHE changes in 20 seconds — CAN YOU?



AIR-RAID precautions allow English women 25 seconds to dress, donning only overcoat, boots, and hat. We sought for the fastest dresser in Australia. Diana Grafton, 21-year-old ice-show star, was nominated. She can make a complete change in 20 seconds. Can you beat that?



"WON'T BE A MINUTE!" says Diana. **THREE SECONDS!** Well she wore a little jacket of blue... but it didn't take long to undo. Buttons can't get brassy with Diana!



ELEVEN SECONDS! Off with the old, on with the new. The difference between Diana and her skates is that the skates are in the wings, whilst Diana is on high speed.



TWENTY SECONDS DEAD! And that's looking lively! A pat of powder and Diana shoots back to the stage.

EIGHT SECONDS! Hats off to Diana! Shoes, coat, hat... what next? Oh, well, if you just blink that'll be time enough.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical: it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new *Biological Remedy*, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1332E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.



SENSATIONAL! NEW! DIFFERENT! Now you can share this glamour secret of the stars! Hollywood-Maxwell Brassieres—identical with those always worn on the screen by Paramount Picture stars—are brought to you by Berlei. What do you want your bustline to be? Pointed? Rounded? Lifted high? Or moulded more conservatively? There are Hollywood-Maxwell styles to give you just the shape you want. See them at any good shop.

RIGHT: Hollywood-Maxwell Brassiere in V-Ente Whirlpool style. Alencon type lace in the new shade—Nude. Lastex net panel at front gives ease across your ribs.



ABOVE: The V-Ente Whirlpool style has rows and rows of circular stitching to cup the bust in pointed contours. Shoulder straps easily adjusted to any tension.

LEFT: A Hollywood-Maxwell style that gives rounded uplift, rather than pointed. Wide straps prevent strain on tender shoulders.

Hollywood-Maxwell Brassieres
Exclusive to **BERLEI**

"YOUR chest covered with medals. Not chevalier, but commander of the Legion of Honor, wasn't it? Why hadn't you told me?"

He writhed and protested: "What difference does it make to me, or you? That Legion of Honor business was just the result of an expedition into French Guinea. A pilot had cracked up in the jungle. Any other pilot with a good ship would have gone in after him. The French lean over backwards when it comes to expressing appreciation."

"Please. Let's hurry along. Your modesty's becoming and all that, but I really am tired. I just want you to understand. Fully. Suppose you swore you'd prove he was wrong; this smiling, confident, superior person who'd undertaken to appraise your calibre. You weren't proving it to him so much as to yourself, you understand. He'd held you up for yourself to see, for the first time."

"Suppose, now, that you were so furious, so hurt, so determined to

prove yourself, that you wagered everything you had on it—your life, your last dollar. You put your pride behind you and thrust yourself into a dangerous and ruthless game—unmasked, unwanted, with everybody knowing what you didn't know yourself—that you were less than a lamb among the wolves."

"Wait, Dolly. Was that why you bought the ship?"

"Yes. I was sure you'd soon find yourself with your back to the wall. I'd dreamed about it. Then I'd say, when you had nowhere else to turn: 'Here's the ship, with Lady Godiva's compliments.' Wasn't that silly, to look back on now? Suppose, then, that everything you did turned out to be wrong. You bungled everything—proved, at every step, that all he had said, or hinted, smilingly, was right. You were useless, futile."

Wings North

Continued from Page 6

of no calibre or character. One of the chinless, the popeyed, on a par with the sugar boys.

"Would you love him, this superior and untouchable person, because he had first appraised you, in the heat of anger, and then, calmly, smilingly—proved that he was right? Or would you thank him kindly, bow your head and quietly steal away, hating him with the kind of hate that you can only feel towards one who has stolen your self-respect? No, don't answer." She was near breaking point. For the first time, two large tears spilled out and rolled down her cheeks. She did not wipe them away or blink; she looked at him steadfastly. "You're too quick-witted for me. You think too fast. You'd only try to soothe me."

"Do you know, at Skyline Lake, while we were dancing, I almost thought you liked me."

And suddenly she was shaking from head to foot, her body racked as in convulsions.

"There—there's only this. It's the part I can't stand." She writhed out of her sleeping bag and sat erect. She rolled down the heavy, woollen stocking, unbuttoned the knee of her riding breeches and rolled it back. Great bruises marred the white firm flesh. "I did look for that flat rock, Court. I did! See where I fell on the boulders? There—and there." She bared the other knee, blinded and fumbling. "See, Court? Please—won't you—believe me?"

"Don't, Dolly. Don't, child. I've been a hound dog. He hanged to the claim! I'm going to tell you, right now—"

He broke off, teeth clenched. She was not to be argued with, or persuaded; in her present mood, what he had to say would merely prove her own point. He had not trusted her entirely, up to this moment.

And already, having hesitated, the moment was lost.

"That's all." She drew up her stockings, head bowed. "No, I mean it, Court. I'm tired, really." She crept under the covers, snuggled down, little by little, until only the top of her curly, blonde head was showing. "I shouldn't have asked you again. There isn't any more. The slate's clean."

It seemed that she was instantly asleep, as though the force of her own emotions, plus her utter exhaustion, had forced her over a brink. Court lay, his head pillowed on his arm, as spent as she. He was too tired even to remove the harness from his leg, but drew the blankets over all.

He was roused by the drone of motors, emanating from the sky. She roused up with him, as though she had not actually slept. The storm had passed, like fires burned out. She was dry-eyed, listless.

"What is it? Are they here?"

"NOT yet." But they're coming." He grinned. "That's laziness for you. Instead of hoofing it over here—no more than mile and a half—they're flying."

She crept out of her covers and crawled towards the opening. He reared on an elbow, prepared to crawl with her, but she waved him back.

"I'll look. Save your leg as much as possible. . . Here they come, over the east end of the lake. One behind the other. They're directly opposite now, almost above the canyon where our ship crashed. . . That's funny."

"What's funny?"

"They dipped their wings," she said, her face upturned. "The leading one, then the second. Now—"

"My lord!" He forgot his broken leg; the attempt to leap to his feet, to hurtle his body forward, merely sent him on his face, writhing. "Quick, Dolly. Grab this blanket. Get outside!" His commands were like the crack of a whip. She seized the blanket blindly, and thrust herself out. "Get into the open—quick! Now wave it backwards and forwards! Faster! Faster!"

He was at the opening, supported on his hands. He could see the ships, and knew it was already too late. They had wheeled and were drifting down towards the horizon. From that altitude and distance, only powerful glasses could detect that insect motion. And, in the circumstances, no glasses would be turned back.

One dipped down beyond the edge of the wall, then the other, their line of flight unchanging, unswerving. They were gone.

"That's all, Dolly. Come on in before you freeze."

She crept in, shivering and breathless. He motioned to her to crawl into her bag again. "They'll be back to-morrow; maybe to-night." Buckley's got caches down on the Liard, you know. They'll fly in a load or two. We'll signal 'em next time."

It was his thought to force her to sleep first, before pronouncing sentence.

"I didn't tell you, Court. Last night, just after the wolves had gone, there were flashlights in the canyon. Four or five of them. They didn't come out on the lake. They didn't stay long; then they went away. Should I have waked you?"

Court looked at her, still faced. "Just after the wolves had gone, eh?"

The answer is—

- 1 A badger dog.
- 2 Anne Boleyn.
- 3 Helsingfors.
- 4 Warship ("Pocket" battleship).
- 5 Flowers.
- 6 Wild duck.
- 7 The girl to whom he dictates letters.
- 8 Behind your eyeball.
- 9 Three miles.
- 10 Delilah.

Questions on Page 44.

The thing was clear now. Ravenhill had examined the wreckage by flashlight, his impatient nature refusing to wait until dawn. Their own tracks had been wiped out by the intervening hours of wind, but recent tracks of the wolf pack had undoubtedly been there, somewhere in the lee of the wreckage.

This had been enough for Ravenhill; it would have been enough for any experienced, casual glance. No remnant of flesh and blood could remain in the ashes after Siberians had passed that way. That Ravenhill's conclusions were final was evidenced by the dipping of the wings above the gap; the fliers' tribute to the dead.

They were gone, in short; and they would not return until spring. Why should they? There was now, from Buckley's point of view, plenty of time. The last obstacle had been removed, the present business finished.

"I'm sorry, Court. Did I bungle again?"

"No," he lied. "It doesn't make any difference. They'll be back again. Go to sleep, child."

This time, with a restful sigh, snuggling down, she was immediately asleep. Court knew, thankfully, that the facts of their situation had passed her lightly by. That a battle for survival was ahead—a losing battle—had not even occurred to her. The ships would be back soon. Before night, perhaps. To-morrow at the latest. He had said so. That they would not return until spring—or ever, so far as they were concerned—was a fact that lay outside her comprehension.

"And you brought it on yourself, m'lud," he told himself, torn with self-reproach. "It's a jack pot of your own making. You should have sent her off to find Buckley instead of breaking her heart on that long haul up to the glacier. Question is, what's to be done now?"

It was the answer to this latter question that brought sleep at last. As always, mental peace came not from contemplation of the ruins of the past, but from an appraisal of how best to meet the future. The thing to do, with respect to Dolly, was to postpone her awareness as long as possible. Make her think it was only a temporary dilemma, that the ships must soon be back, that it was an adventure, grim at the moment, that they would one day look back upon laughing. Meanwhile, conserve the food and pray for luck.

He slept until noon, a matter of two hours or more. His leg awakened him, the pain of it piercing through the heavy, luxurious lethargy that enveloped him. He took off the harness and straightened the leg out to its full length, which eased it somewhat. Dolly had not moved from her original position, her face to the wall. He disposed himself as comfortably as possible and closed his eyes, sure that he could not sleep again, thinking only to rest until Dolly should awaken.

When he roused the second time, it was after five. He inched to the opening, moving cautiously so that he would not disturb Dolly, and twisted back to study the northern sky. It was clear and flawless, as yet.

Yet storms, at this season, could blow from the north in a matter of minutes; a blizzard could be raging, full-grown, within an hour after the first misty banners had begun to waver from the iron peaks. They had shelter of sorts. Heat was their next essential; a wood reserve, plenty of it.

Please turn to Page 51

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HE crept back and laboriously began to put on his harness. After much grunting, squirming, and inward profanity, it was done. He put on his helmet, buttoned up his coat and crawled out, teeth clenched against the grinding pain of it.

He had just brought up a load of wood, laboriously, step by step, when Dolly appeared at the opening, yawning. Rest had done wonders for her; rest and the marvellous elasticity of youth. Her sweater was open, as was the flannel shirt beneath.

"Button up," he told her, with pretended severity. "Never waste heat, not any. Always get your ski togs on, the minute you crawl out." Clutching her sweater close, she bucked into the cave, smiling. "You know, this all seems rather unconventional. Did I snore?"

"Not a bit," he assured her, delighted at her cheerfulness. "Sleep well?"

"Fine, except I was sure some joker had put rocks in my bed. What is this—night or morning?"

"Night." He lowered himself down, a painful process, and rested a moment on his elbows before crawling in.

This was the most painful posture of all. He said, breathing heavily: "Have you—rung for service yet? Use the phone by your bed. Tell 'em, dinner for two."

"I have to have my bath first. And get my war paint on." She looked at him accusingly, wriggling into the arms of her ski outfit. "What do you mean, prowling around like this? Didn't I tell you I'd do the heavy work?"

"Just wanted to look things over. Check on the wood supply, for instance." He began to take off his harness. "Yes, I'm through," he admitted. "I guess I'll let you do the heavy work after that."

"Now you're showing a gleam of human intelligence." She sat still for a moment, cross-legged, watching him. He had the harness off; he straightened the leg gently.

He looked at her, then, and caught an expression in her eyes that he could not fathom. She flushed a little; momentarily she was grave, aloof.

"I didn't show much intelligence before we slept," she said. "Sorry. I won't behave like that again."

"S all right. I love you for it, Dolly." He could feel himself flushing, too. "I mean that. You were wrong in what you said, of course. I mean to say, I was wrong when I told you—"

"Never mind," she interrupted

Wings North

Continued from Page 50

quickly. "The episode's over. Please, Court. It was I who opened the subject. Isn't it my privilege to close it?"

She smiled, and the constraint between them vanished as quickly as it had come. Yet she was still remote. He knew, and it hurt him, that her manner now would have been the same towards the Beakies and Freddie's of her own circle, towards any of the "sugar boys." She had withdrawn in spirit to that careless, superficial circle and had shut him out.

"And now," she said, "what would you like? A porterhouse? A little hot consomme first?"

"My wants are few. Just bacon and flapjacks." He felt lonely and depressed, in spite of himself. It appeared that she must work out her own salvation, without his help. And he too . . . "Cigarette?"

She extended her hand to the case, then drew it back. "There's only two. Let's save them until the ships come in."

He agreed, lunched by the unconscious paths of this. They would wait a long time. "At least, we'll save them for our next big moment. Meanwhile, break out that package of makings. I'll roll one while the cook swings into action."

He ate little, pleading no interest in food because of his leg, though he was ravenously hungry. He couldn't warn her, yet, to go slow. Moreover, watching her eat with such appetite, he didn't have the heart to check her. She would feel the pinch soon enough.

They smoked made cigarettes after the meal was done. Dolly heated water in the skillet and washed the few utensils. There was much joking about that, and the business of tidying up.

"Shouldn't we complain to the management, Court? The maid service isn't too good." It was all very jolly and companionable. It appeared that she assumed, beyond doubt, that the claim was lost; that the whole affair was finished. He must have accepted that fact, too, her manner implied.

Twilight was deepening. He told her that she should cross the lake before it was dark and look in the ashes of the ship for the head of a camp axe that had been in the equipment. He would whittle out a new handle for it; they would need it to split kindling and things. It would be a long night, and cold. They might as well be comfortable. A fire was cheerful.

"And while you're over there, Dolly, look at those wing tanks. If they're not melted down too much, we can use them. I'll hammer them out, and make sides and a reflector out of them for the fire. You know, throw the heat in here, where we can use it. Oh, yes, and look for the oil bucket. It must be there somewhere. This skillet doesn't give us much of a reserve water supply."

She accused him of just trying to keep her busy, her mind occupied; but she went, nevertheless, and cheerfully, too.

But a short distance out on the ice, she hesitated and looked back. "You're sure the wolves won't get me?"

"Not a chance," he assured her. "There aren't any, at the moment. Besides, they're not starving yet; they won't be for another month. Even a Siberian has got to be desperately hungry before he'll attack a human being. So run along. I'll be watching with the rifle."

That last was sheer nonsense, he told himself with a sour grin, as she went confidently on; a 25-20, across a half-mile of ice, and in the deepening twilight, was no more protection than a peashooter.

But there was, in truth, no danger from the wolves. Not yet.

She fetched back the axe head, the wing tanks and the bucket in one haul, proud of the prodigious feat. She had also found the head of a small shovel in the ruins, a part of his field equipment, and had brought it along. "I knew you'd have me shovelling snow on some pretext or other. It'll be better than that mess-kit top. Even an unskilled laborer has got to have his tools. Meanwhile, I'm going on a sit-down strike. Try to move me!"

After she had rested, he set her to work breaking out wood from the frozen margin round the corner, rickety it up beside the south entrance. The south balcony, they called it; the view balcony. He whittled out the axe handle, meanwhile, and the shovel handle. The aluminium wing tanks were seared and wrinkled like burned paper, but not entirely melted down.

HE hammered out enough material for the wings and reflector for the stove, and there was enough left over for a length of crude chimney.

This latter fact made possible an architectural scheme that would add tremendously to their comfort. He called her away from her wood gleaming to put it into effect.

The big tarpaulin had sufficient area to comprise a lean-to that sloped out and down from the outer edge of the ledge. Within this added area he set up the stove—it was really an open-hearth facing towards the interior, and with the chimney projecting through a slit to the outer air. With the tarpaulin pegged down on the east and north sides, and a fragment, cut out for that purpose, comprising a drop curtain at the south entrance, they were more snug, more roomy.

"There we are," he said, with satisfaction, when these alterations were complete. "If a blizzard rolls down on us, we'll just let her blow. The deeper the snow piles up, the better off we are, just so long as it doesn't take the small tarpaulin and divide our castle in half. We'll each have a room, open on the side towards the fire. Neat, what? It's best not to sleep in your clothes, you know. You might drag in some snow, no matter how careful you are. We've got to guard, above all things, against getting the bags damp. We've got plenty of blankets. So pile 'em on and sleep raw."

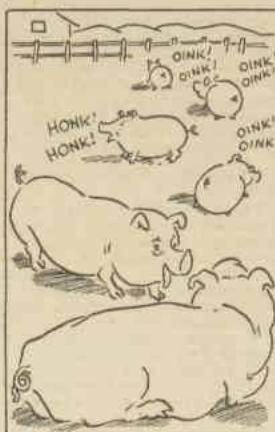
"You sound as though we're settling in for the winter," she laughed. "Why didn't I bring my pyjamas? I had some lovely ones at the cabin. Made of flannel, believe it or not. Stylish though."

"Don't think too much about the cabin," he warned. "Do you know how far we are from Skyline Lake? Six hundred miles. The snow's deep in between—very deep. Which room do you want? The north one's liable to be a little draughty, at first, till the snow drifts in. Otherwise, it's a loss-up."

"The north one," she voted. "Draughts won't bite me. But if something were to look in on me from south door in the night, and grinned just once, you'd learn what an Apache war whoop sounds like. You've no idea how I can scream!"

For the first time when darkness came in full force their cave was brilliantly lighted and warm. The stove smoked at first, until Court learned

Animal Antics



"THEIR MOTHER was frightened by an automobile."

the right angle at which their crude chimney should be tilted, so that the wind caused a roaring updraught. Then all was fine. The reflector threw the heat in: the wall and ceiling became saturated and threw it back; it was comfortably, liveably warm.

There was no dampness inside, since he had insisted that each particle of snow be brushed out. The sand was chill, but not damp; wall and ceiling were bone-dry.

They talked long into the night, propped on elbows in their cubicles, facing towards the fire. No constraint, on the surface, was between them now; the ancient magic of an open, crackling fire, their sense of nearness, of companionship, of dependence upon each other in a measureless void, made for frank and easy speech, for confidence stripped of superficialities and inhibitions.

They discussed their childhood, revealing hidden chapters. Her mother, who had married late in life, had died when she was born; his when he was ten years old. He had literally been on his own, except for long intervals when his father had emerged from the north, sometimes with dust, more often without.

Please turn to Page 52

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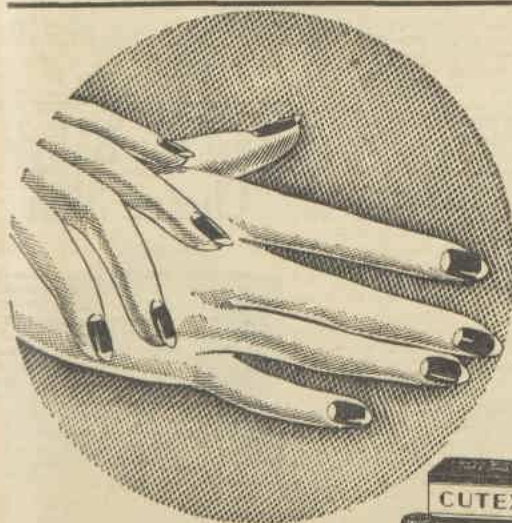
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TWICE, two separate summers his father had allowed him to go along on excursions into the wild; those summers had been pinpoints of experience, the ecstasy of living. He had absorbed his father's creeds and codes; one, above all, had sustained him during the bleak years that had followed Swiftwater Stewart's death. A gambler's creed: "At least once in every man's life, the cards fall right. But when the break comes—and this part of it isn't luck—be ready for it."

"He got his break," Court yawned, "and he was ready. But the cards were stacked. Buckley outthrew him. I thought I was ready, too. I'd spent ten years—"

"And somebody fouled your hand? When you counted your cards, you had one too many?"
"A queen—wild. My fault though. In a steep game, you're presumed to know the rules. And on the other hand I may use her yet. It takes a queen to fill a royal flush, you know." This was dangerous ground. "Go on, Dolly. About yourself now; I didn't mean to start throwing the perpendicular pronoun round like this. After Aunt Linnie brought you up, and washed her hands of you, what then?"

He could hear her sigh. "My life's been colorless compared to yours. Men have all the best of it! That's one reason why I tagged along. Girls' schools, after the Aunt Linnie chapter. Parties. Trips abroad. Skiing at Banff. Palm Springs and Palm Beach. Cheques from dad, and a letter saying: 'Take your time dear. As soon as this reorganisation's over, we'll settle down and get to know each other.' Poor dad. There was always a reorganisation. He was going to build a house for me, at Cleveland. He'd dreamed dreams for me, just like your father did for you, no doubt. Now they're both gone."

In their lazy, lethargic mood they could even discuss the events of the night before. It seemed not to reopen old wounds. For the first time he learned the exact means, the time interval, whereby she had been able to stow away on the ship. It had been while he and Ravenhill had dragged Griggs into the alcove between the two bathhouses. They had thought she had gone back to the cabin; she had made a pretence of it. But in those moments that the ship was hidden from them she had hurried back and climbed aboard.

There was one phase of her emotional outburst, after she had returned from the glacier—she referred to this, yawning, as her "purge"—that cut him deep. She had been afraid of wolves. She had seen them on the ice, in the moonlight, less than two hours before. The picture of that first wolf, hackles erect, his head low and turned back towards the cave, had still been before her. That was

Wings North

Continued from Page 51

why she had hesitated when he had asked her to go up to the glacier alone. He had said, impatiently: "Of course, alone. Would you prefer not?"

And so, do or die, she had gone. It was funny now, to look back at it. She had never really expected to come back from the glacier.

And when she had come back, having done her best, he had doubted her. In the telling of it, she mimicked an infection that had been foreign to his feelings at the moment—sardonic, disbelieving: "No rock? So you couldn't find it, eh?"

Court was aghast. "I didn't mean it that way at all. I was just giving you time to get hold of yourself, to tell your story. And I'd forgotten all about the wolves. It didn't even occur to me—"

"It's all right." He could hear her yawn. "Never mind. It was probably good for me. Anyway, it put me in the right mood to do a wronged—lady-defends-her-honor act. When the cue calls for it, do I emoté? Or don't I?" she taunted him with her flippancy.

"Please be serious for a minute. Don't you see that because you were afraid to go and still, in spite of that fear—"

"Tut, tut," she warned. "Tut! I didn't mean to discuss that part of it. And I won't. Neither will you, I mean it, Court. You wouldn't take advantage of a lady just because she can't run away. Or would you? Maybe I should have slept next to the door." Her mood was as impervious as armor. More than the tarpaulin wall was between them. He leaned forward, with a muttered imprecation at the painful effort of it, and tossed another stick on the fire from the pile at his elbow. The sparks showered upwards.

There was a great upheaval in the adjacent blankets.

"Was that just an excuse to peek? Warn me next time."

He settled back, arms locked under his head, and stared up at the flickering, frescoed basalt. His leg was aching again. It seemed that it always ached when his anger was aroused.

"I'm sleepy," she remarked, her voice muffled. "I'll bet I sleep for a week after I get back to the cabin. And won't I have stories to tell! I won't be able to talk of anything else for months. Like that horse that galloped backwards, you know. Ever hear that wheeze? You're supposed to ask: 'Why did the horse gallop backwards?'"

"Why did the horse gallop backwards?"

"Because he didn't care where he was going—he just wanted to see where he'd been. Laugh!"

"Har!" he said, obediently. "Har!" A long time afterwards—he didn't know how long, except that the cave

was utterly dark and cold and the last embers had long since died—the deep-toned, muffled booming re-echoed again from the heart of one of the glaciers. It had been awesome enough by daytime, with its suggestions of immeasurable forces straining and shifting in its groove; it was doubly so now. He was glad that Dolly had not heard it; she must certainly have been asleep.

Then the tarpaulin quivered at his elbow. Her hand was groping under it, seeking his, seeking reassurance. He grasped it and her fingers clung tightly.

"Court." Her whisper was shy, hesitant. "If something happened to one of us all of a sudden, it would be pretty hard on the one that was left, wouldn't it?"

"It certainly would. Yes. But nothing'll happen. When we leave, it'll be together—I hope."

"Meanwhile, we mustn't pretend any more, must we? With each other, I mean. I can't help being here with you, nor you with me. So we'll just take each other as we are, and things as they are, and make the best of them, won't we? We can even laugh about it—perhaps?"

"Of course," he agreed gently. It was impossible to hold animosity towards her at such a moment. He felt a little ashamed. Instead of sustaining her, she was sustaining him, rebuking him, pointing the way.

On the instant he knew that he should tell her the brutal facts. To carry on the present farce was an insult to her intelligence, her courage. It could only lead, when realisation came, to her further humiliation.

But before he could frame the words she whispered: "One question then? Will you answer it without pretending?"

"Sure I will. And don't whisper. Speak right up." He chuckled. "Nobody's listening."

But she did not speak up; her voice was low: "This is it. You will eat a good meal in the morning, won't you? Plenty of flapjacks and bacon? All you want?"

He lay motionless, his hand relaxed in hers. "What do you mean, Dolly?"

"I mean, the ships won't be back. You know it. I know it."

"How did you know it?"

"I thought it out."

"When?"

"As soon as you did—almost. When you shouted at me like that, when you told me to get out quickly and wave the blanket, I knew something was terribly wrong. Then the ships kept going—straight south, not towards the Liard. Besides why should they come back? Then, when I came inside, I saw your face. You were feeling terrible—on my account, as usual. You didn't get angry when I asked you if I'd bungled again. You didn't curse me or anything. You said: 'It doesn't matter, child. Go to sleep. They'll be back to-morrow...' Oh, Court, why must you always think I'm such a fool?"

"You've got me there," he confessed. "I'm learning fast."

"So am I," she said. "About both of us. I thought I'd just let you go on pretending for a few days. But I couldn't. It was too mean. I can't see you suffer or go hungry. Not while I'm strong and well fed. If we have to save food, let's save it together. Court, don't you see that I'm not afraid to die? Not with you. I'd like to prove it. I'd like to help you, make it a little easier for you. If I can. If you'll let me. There's only one thing. You'll have to promise me this: If I fail, don't be sorry for me. Most of all, when you feel sorriest for me, don't talk about love, how you've always loved me, and—she choked a little—and all that rot."

He lay quiet for a space, silent. "All right, Dolly. But what about between times, when I don't feel sorry for you? For instance, now. We're well fed at the moment. It's only to-morrow that we die."

"No." She withdrew her hand. "Sorry I was so frigid at a moment ago. I didn't mean to be stupid and personal."

"There you go," he accused. "If we're going to joke about dying—which is always easy, when it's a long way off—can't we joke about love, too?"

"Certainly we can. Of course. And laugh." Her voice was muffled. "But let's do it to-morrow. Just before we die. Meanwhile—good night."

"Good night," he said, gently. "Good night, Dolly."

Doctor of "Quins" wants to slim

By Air Mail from our New York office

FAMED family doctor of Ontario's Dionne quintuplets, Allan Roy Dafee, is becoming concerned about the increasing chubbiness of his figure.

He has always kept the five little girls to a strict physical exercise routine. Now he is doing the same himself.

Each day, with his charges, he trips round on tip-toe, touches his toes, and waggles his arms and legs to music from "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

"Since joining the class I have been feeling right perky," says the doctor.

During the night the wind changed its tempo. Court heard it, sleeping fitfully. The whine of it rose to a higher pitch for a space, then died away. Later, it blew, a rushing, roaring down from the glaciers that was like a sweeping tide.

The east tarpaulin held firm, but the chimney went down. Driving snow instantly sprayed through the opening, rousing them up.

Under Stewart's direction, his flashlight trained on the hole, Dolly plugged the break in their defences with the empty rucksack, stuffing it in securely. Another unforgettable picture was there, as he flicked the light on and off, conserving the precious life of the tiny batteries—Dolly kneeling beneath the break, one hand clutching her blanket about her, her bare right arm raised upward towards the ceiling and the thundering sky.

It was unconscious pathos, unconscious beauty. The blanket slipped from her shoulders as she was forced to use both hands at the task; he snapped off the light instantly, and both laughed.

"Now I know what a goldfish feels like," she said. "Is your old chimney going to fall down every time the wind blows harder than usual?"

"We'll anchor it in the morning," he assured her. "We'll use those straps with the snaps on 'em, and tie it so dynamite couldn't blast it loose. Got her wrangled, as the cowboys say?"

"She's wrangled. And I'm all goose flesh. Br-r! Where are my good old flannels?"

Later, as they listened to the drums and trumpets of the storm—and the whole orchestration was there, rolling in the night, from the reeds and flutes to the pipe organ's mighty diapason—she said, laughing: "If this be treason, make the most of it. It is cosy here."

Please turn to Page 54

MISUNDERSTOOD

Vincent was pale, thin, highly-strung. His father thought he was lazy, until . . .

COME AND HAVE A BANE OF CHAIRS

DON'T WANT TO GO ON VINCENT, DON'T BE LAZY

IT ISN'T JUST LAZINESS, DICK. HE'S SO THIN, HARDLY EATS A THING. I'M TAKING HIM TO DOCTOR COOPER IN THE MORNING

DOCTOR COOPER

AT THE DOCTOR'S

ALL THESE TROUBLES OF VINCENT'S CAN BE TRACED BACK TO NIGHT-STARYATION. MRS. LEWIS, YOU SEE, CHILDREN GROW DURING SLEEP AND—

YOUNG VINCENT WILL GROW UP A LOAFER IF HE'S NOT CAREFUL. KAY

HEART BEATS AND BREATHING AT NIGHT ALSO USE UP ENERGY. IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED DURING SLEEP THEN CHILDREN BECOME THIN, PALE AND LACK ENERGY. JUST LIKE VINCENT. HE NEEDS HORLICKS

SIX WEEKS LATER—

—AND SO EVERY NIGHT

HE'S A DYNAMO OF ENERGY NOW!

PUTTING ON WEIGHT TOO!

DOES your child look thin, pale? Then it's time you started him on Horlicks. Horlicks soon brings back the appetite and changes paleness and listlessness into radiant vitality. Children love the flavour of Horlicks, specially when it's made with the Horlicks mixer. Priced from 1/6, big economy size, 2/9. Special pack, containing mixer, measuring spoon and half pound tin of Horlicks, 2/.

HORLICKS
at bedtime guards children against NIGHT-STARYATION.

Best for Baby's Chafed Skin



Some poor little mites have such sensitive skins that, no matter how often you change their nappies, it doesn't help a bit.

Here is a little advice which thousands of mothers have followed and the result has delighted and amazed them—simply use Cuticura Talcum. Not just the usual dusting you have been used to giving baby, but a really lavish powdering—the more the better. Be sure it is Cuticura Talcum, which has wonderful absorbent properties. Use it freely and baby's skin will quickly regain its smooth, healthy condition again.

You, too, will enjoy using it after the bath. Its perfume gives the final touch to personal daintiness.

Cuticura TALCUM FOR BABY

Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, has left **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, to return to Teiba Castle to retrieve the diamond necklace which has been stolen from

PRINCESS NARDA: As he enters the tunnel leading to the castle soldiers turn a machine-gun on him, but, by using his magic, he passes through unscathed, shortly before the arrival on the scene of

GENERAL MANUEL: The wicked owner of the castle, who has tried to kill Mandrake and marry Narda. On reaching the main portion of the castle, Mandrake discovers

LOLA: The beautiful accomplice of Manuel, wearing the stolen necklace. She refuses to give it up and tries, by means of flattery, to persuade Mandrake that she has fallen in love with him. NOW READ ON!



"RIGHT. It'll be cozier in the morning, though, when we get more wood. We may have to dig for it."

"But we'll get it. Do you know, Court, I've thought out what's the matter with you. And me. With most of the world. We take everything too seriously. Life. Death—"

"Love?"

"Yes . . . No—who said that? Silence, please; I'm in the grip of a philosophical mood. Don't let any trivialities intrude. Who was it said that to die must be an awfully great adventure? Kubla Khan? No, Peter Pan."

"Didn't Shakespeare have some observations on that subject? He thought of plenty of apt things; things that apply to us here. For instance, about two weeks from now: 'Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look—' What's the rest of it?"

"Such men are dangerous." She chuckled. "Don't be morose. Or

shall I cook up some good old flap-jacks for you now?"

"I can wait till morning. Meanwhile, feed me some more beautiful thoughts. I dote on 'em, particularly the ones with the candy coating. What's your philosophical conclusion, if any?"

"It isn't any heavyweight. Just this: Things always look big a long way off. Worry about this, fear about that, resentment about something else. But they're smaller when you come up to them. Some things look terrible in the distance. There's always beauty there, when you're close."

"Marvelous," he teased. "How did a pearl like that escape all the heavy thinkers through the ages? The only thing is, you haven't said anything. Be specific."

"Must I? A bunch of us went over to Death Valley once. There was heat and dust. Flies bit us. The

glare on the desert hurt our eyes. But you should have seen it at sundown, with the shadow of the Panamints creeping across the floor. Purple shadow. It was gorgeous."

"Yes—looking at it from the east patio, with an iced drink at your elbow." He grinned. "And right where the shadow of the mountains hit the middle of the valley there are bones bleaching on the sand. Oxen, men. Even a woman or two died there, trying to get across. How was it they didn't yodel about the beautiful sunset and things? They were closer than you. You were miles away and a thousand feet above it."

"It was because they didn't live to see the sunset. Their faces were in the sand. Hot sand. Better than 130 degrees in the shade. And no shade."

She sighed.

Continued from Page 52

Wings North

"If I didn't know that you were just trying to badger me I'd lose my temper and say biting things. Then we'd both be soured and savage. Let's be more specific then. Take your claim, for instance. You spent ten years getting ready to find it. You burned a 6000-dollar ship to get here. You broke your leg. You'll probably die here. Thorny spent thousands trying to prevent you from getting here, and he'd have spent ten times more. Ravenhill risked his life and sold his self-respect to get his hands on it. Now—"

"What about you?"

"I? I don't count. I just came along for the ride. Yes, I do count, for purposes of argument, I'm in the picture. I sold my self-respect, too—"

He interrupted: "Be your age, my dear. This is '36, not '38."

"I don't mean that, though some of the sugar boys, as you call them, won't forget it. . . . I mean my pride. I've crawled and crept and grovelled since I started to tag along. Everybody has pushed me round and knocked my ears down and 'tut-tutted' me right to my face. And incidentally, Court, now that I've decided to stop grovelling and tagging along, now that the ride's lost interest, I can't get off and walk. Isn't there something or other to be made of that, in line with your theories?"

"The point is that all your efforts, and Thorny's, and Ravenhill's—yes, and mine—have been wasted. Why? Because you've got the claim at last. It's all staked. It's yours. And what is it, now that you've come to the end of the trail, now that this wonderful prize is here, right in your grasp, just like you'd dreamed? Just yellow rock, Court. Two weeks from now, will all the gold that's supposed to be in the claim—tons and tons of it—buy just one big, hot, juicy hamburger?"

When he did not immediately reply, and the roll and thunder of the storm reverberated in the cave, and the straining tarpaulin creaked under the buffeting impact of it, she became alarmed.

"Well? We can joke about the claim, too, can't we? Or can we?"

"Of course. And you're right, Dolly. But to pay you back, will you answer one hypothetical question? I mean, sincerely?"

"Maybe," she said, doubtfully. "Are you sure it's hypothetical? From the tone of your voice I'll bet it's personal. I'm beginning to recognise the signs."

"It would be both," he reminded. "But it won't commit you to anything. It begins with an 'if.'"

"Well, you can try it. I guarantee nothing."

"All right, then. If, at the Embassy Ball, instead of starting a feud that seems likely to persist to the grave, I'd asked you to marry me, what would your answer have been?"

"That's easy. No."

"Why?"

"Because I had my eye on the Rand millions. It seemed, then, as though I couldn't get along without them. You see, I'd just discovered what money meant, what it meant not to be able to buy anything I needed or wanted. I thought people just bought things—took the money out of their purses, or wrote a cheque, or charged it. It hadn't occurred to me to inquire into where the money came from, or who kept the account filled in the bank, or who paid the bills." She chuckled.

"That was a gosh-awful discovery. Worse, I think, than it's going to be when we begin to tighten our belts. I know what it's all about now. I've learned to be Spartan and grim and careless. I've crashed in a ship. I've dragged a crippled man across the ice—and I felt eight times. I've seen a Siberian in the moonlight, looking at me with his head on his shoulder, grinning. I've gone up to a glacier alone. In short, sir, I've learned a lot about life from you, and through observation of you. And thank you kindly . . . Excuse me; you weren't finished?"

"No," he said. "You're making it a bit difficult. But you're smarter than I gave you credit for, my bonny lass. Speaking as an engineer, a more intricate mechanism."

"Thank you. It was intended as a compliment, I take it. Or do you like 'em simple?"

"I think I do. Still, we've got to take each other as we are—wasn't that the agreement? To hurry on; if I had triumphed over Thorny, Ravenhill, et al., and had millions at my disposal, would you have married me?"

"Simple and unaffected as I was, you mean? Or as I am now? In a hypothetical question, one has to agree on one's premises, you know."

"We are the dead. Short days ago we lived, felt dawn. Saw sunset glow—"

"Loved and were loved," he finished; and suddenly, as the boom and throb of the storm shook the silent blackness of their cave, a moment that was no ordinary moment had stolen upon them softly, unannounced. It held them chained, wide-eyed in the darkness, motionless, as though fearful that word or movement might destroy a spell that was at once as gentle as the touch of loving hands, exultant as merging flames, lonely as the wind that blew between the bitter peaks.

It was Dolly who made an ending, who motioned to invisible wings to ring the curtain down.

She said, in her most matter-of-fact, careless way: "All right, gambler. Remember, you asked for it. The answer would still be—no."

He lay quite still. "No, Dolly?"

To be continued

If I Were Day

If I were day
I would not want to turn away

And leave you to the night.
If I were Summer, I would never pass,

But linger on to plant about the grass
Flowers at your feet.

A thousand wondrous things and sweet
I'd find to do,

Were I not I and you not you.
So shyly here I stand, afraid to speak,

I see the day march on and join a week,
And every sky turn dark above you,

The springtime come, and go,
And I stand still, and love you,
And you do not know.

—Yvonne Webb.

"I mean now—hard-boiled as you are." He grinned in the darkness. "Yes? No?"

"No."

"Because you would feel—refer, please, to the answer to the first question—I was marrying you because you had millions at your disposal."

"Fine," he said. "Now we're making progress. And you understand, my dear, that sprightly conversations such as these are possible only while we're well fed and warm and secure. So talk straight while you have the chance. Three weeks from now you won't be interested in philosophy, matrimony or the theory of relativity. You'll be wondering what it's all about, who said so, and why. You'll hate the sight of me. 'What?' you'll say, 'Is this shaggy, crippled waster still underfoot? Why does he go on living?'"

"You may know a lot about motors and ships and men," she murmured. "What you know about women could be written on a postage stamp. How many times have you been marooned in a cave with a sweet, candid, unsophisticated girl like me? . . . No, don't blush. I mean, in these circumstances. Did you die each time?"

He laughed outright at this. "Bravo, my dear! I'd better stick to my knitting. If we survive, and I have, as a natural consequence of the way things broke, neither millions nor prospects, would you then marry me?"

"You mean, of course, if you're still in the mood after I've been underfoot for weeks? It's going to be terrible, you know. 'My word,' you'll groan, before it's over. 'Who wished this hag into my life?' She giggled. 'You won't want to turn the flashlight on me then, Court.'"

His ears burned. "Hereafter, you keep the flashlight, m'love. Right under your little pillow . . . Well?"

"Well what? Oh, the hypothetical question. How many more alternatives can you think up?"

"This is the last. And most important."

"I refuse to answer," she returned, "on the grounds that it might incriminate me. I heard that in a courtroom once. I knew I'd have use for it some day."

"Don't hedge," he begged. "We die only once. We live only once. To-morrow—"

"Yes, yes, I know. To-morrow we'll be looking back." She quoted, softly:

"We are the dead. Short days ago we lived, felt dawn. Saw sunset glow—"

"Loved and were loved," he finished; and suddenly, as the boom and throb of the storm shook the silent blackness of their cave, a moment that was no ordinary moment had stolen upon them softly, unannounced. It held them chained, wide-eyed in the darkness, motionless, as though fearful that word or movement might destroy a spell that was at once as gentle as the touch of loving hands, exultant as merging flames, lonely as the wind that blew between the bitter peaks.

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She said, in her most matter-of-fact, careless way: "All right, gambler. Remember, you asked for it. The answer would still be—no."

He lay quite still. "No, Dolly?"

To be continued

£600 to be won!

Persil

Whiteness competition

Have you sent your entry yet?

WRITE MAUD'S REPLY TO CLAUDE AND WIN ONE OF THESE HANDSOME CASH PRIZES!

First Prize .. £250 100 Prizes of £1 each
Second Prize .. £75 200 prizes of 10/- each
Third Prize .. £25 And 1,000 Prizes of Also 5 Prizes of £5 each Packets of Persil.

Start to think out your entry now!
The closing date is 27th November, 1939.

READ THESE SIMPLE CONDITIONS

1. Write in the Entry Form below what you think Maud might answer to her friend, Claude. Your answer must contain the word "Persil" and not exceed 25 words. A typical answer is: "Don't you know Persil whiteness when you see it?"
2. Your name and full address, also the name and address of the grocer from whom you purchased your Persil, must be written in CAPITAL LETTERS on the Entry Form. Pin to it a red circle cut from the front of a Persil packet—one circle to each entry—and post to: Persil Competition, Box 4074 W, G.P.O., Sydney.
3. You may send in as many entries as you like, provided each entry is accompanied by a separate red Persil circle cut from the front of a Persil packet. Entries may be written on separate sheets of paper, provided that your name and address and that of your grocer are written on each entry.

NO ENTRIES WILL BE ACCEPTED UNLESS THEY COMPLY WITH THESE CONDITIONS

The first prize will be awarded to the person who submits what is, in the opinion of the judges, the most apt and most original answer. The second and third prizes will be awarded to the next best answers, and the 100 additional money prizes to those deserving special recommendation. 1000 consolation prizes of full-size packets of Persil will be awarded to those entries deserving mention. The judges' verdict must be accepted as final and legally binding. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will responsibility be accepted for entries lost, damaged or delayed in the post. Anyone may compete except employees of J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., and their connections. All entries will become the property of J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd. This competition closes on 27th November, 1939. All prize-winners will be notified by an advertisement in the "Sydney Morning Herald" appearing on the 8th December, 1939.

Read these points about PERSIL'S superiority carefully—they will help to make your entry a winner!

1. It's because Persil washes so much cleaner that it gets whiter so much whiter and coloured things so much brighter.
2. It's Persil's active oxygen-charged suds that so thoroughly remove all the dirt.
3. Persil's oxygen-charged suds act only on the dirt—that's why they can't harm the most delicate fabric.
4. Clothes last longer when washed with Persil, because Persil's oxygen-charged suds are not only extra thorough, but extra gentle, too.
5. Because Persil is so quick and thorough, clothes need only be in water for a very short time.
6. Persil saves work—no rubbing or scrubbing necessary.
7. Persil is economical. It washes best alone—no soap or extras needed.

You can write your best answer only when you know Persil for yourself. Buy a packet to-day and use it for the whole family wash.

Fill in this entry form NOW!

I think Maud's answer would be

Name

Address

My Grocer's Name

Address

I agree to abide by the rules and conditions of the competition, and to accept the judges' decision as final.

When you have filled in this form, send it, together with a red circle cut from the front of a packet of Persil to—Persil Competition, Box 4074 W, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

THE HOMEMAKER

October 28, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

Homely aids to a LOVELY COMPLEXION

By
JANET T E

● A fine, clear complexion very often spells the difference between a plain face and a pretty one. It is one of the most necessary assets to beauty, and there are few girls who may not achieve it if they try really hard.

YOU brush your hair, why not begin brushing your face? It's a beauty method which is rapidly finding favor, and the latest agent for this brushing is the humble loofah.

You can buy a loofah for a few pence. It does not scratch the face and it can be sterilised in boiling water without any detriment to its firmness.

Cut the loofah into pieces so that you have two small ones the size of those shown in the illustrations. Throw it into water and it will swell out.

First cleanse your face thoroughly either with cold cream or with good soap and warm water. If you like, you may use both the cream and the soap.

If you have a dry skin, cover it with a greasy cream before beginning the brushing.

Then take the loofah, dipped in water, and start brushing from centre forehead to temples.

Brush the face, starting from the side of the nose and proceeding towards the temples.

Brush the cheeks, moving upwards from lower jawbone towards forehead. Press entire surface with loofah in order to avoid the formation of wrinkles.

Brush the shoulders, starting from the base of the neck and proceeding towards the top of the arms.

Wash the face, removing what is left of the cream, rinse in cold water, and dry with a towel, using gentle movements following the direction of the muscles.

If your skin is greasy and subject to blackheads and pimples, use the same method of brushing, but do not grease the face first. Dip the loofah in very hot water to which a little borax is added, and afterwards brush with cold water.

Removing blackheads

AND here is a timely word to those who already suffer from blackheads, those persistent obstacles to skin beauty.

First wash your face and hands in soapy water. Dip a washcloth in hot water. Wring it well out and pat it firmly on your face. Do not, of course, scald your skin. This will open the pores.

Then press out the blackheads with a sterilised blackhead remover (which can be bought at most chemists).

After the blackheads are out sponge the face lightly again with methylated. The methylated is used because it is antiseptic. Clumsy, unhygienic blackhead removing could possibly result in blood poisoning, so be most careful to take antiseptic precautions.

Now that the blackheads are out the next thing to do is to make a wholehearted effort to eliminate the oily skin condition which produced them.

Use the loofah treatment suggested above, and be sure to clean your face thoroughly and frequently.

Face-brushing stimulates the circulation gently, and helps to clear

IF YOUR SKIN is dry rub a fatty cream over the face first. Then dip two pieces of loofah in hot water and with them brush the face well in the direction shown. This brushing will aid circulation and improve the skin.

AFTERWARDS RINSE the face and dry it gently with a towel, following the direction used in brushing.

skin imperfections. The best time to do it is just before retiring for the night.

A body massage, using the loofah, will also be found beneficial. It is especially good for use on a back subject to pimples, as is so often the case.

For this back brushing you will need a full-sized loofah to enable it to be done easily.

Suitable diet

NATURALLY, to achieve a perfect skin, this treatment must be combined with suitable diet and exercise.

Drink plenty of water. See that your food includes raw fruit and green vegetables, as many uncooked as possible.

If you are anaemic see that you eat liver once or twice a week. Raw

carrots, too, are a valuable source of iron.

Begin the day by drinking a glass of hot water and lemon juice. Try to walk at least a mile every day and do your daily dozen in the morning.

Too many late nights also are fatal to a good complexion. The skin becomes as dull and lustreless as the owner feels from too little sleep.

And, talking of sleep, never, never go to bed without removing your make-up.

To leave it on all night is one of the surest ways to develop blackheads and a generally imperfect skin.

Whether you prefer cold cream, or soap and water, or both is immaterial. You will have found out which best suits your skin.



BRUSH THE FACE with the wet loofah towards the temples, starting from the side of the nose.

A colonel from Burmah and Poonah
Was asked which stockings he'd sooner.
He roared "I say, sir
"Those things by Kayser,
"When I see 'em I croon like a croonah!"



I'm a
ONE Brand
woman now

It's purely a matter of good taste!
Given a choice—naturally every
woman prefers exquisite KAYSER
"MIR-O-KLEER" hosiery! . . .
It's so truly beautiful! . . . so
Ultra-Smart! Glorious Sheers and
Service Weights from 4/11.

I insist on
KAYSER
HOSIERY

LINGERIE GLOVES

H.9.2

GROW ZINNIAS for a brilliant SUMMER DISPLAY!

UNLIKE spring flowers, which are all rather short-lived, those you are planting out this month will be expected to go on through the summer defying heat and humidity.

For this purpose few summer annuals will stand up to Old Sol like the hardy, dahlia-flowered zinnia.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

WHILE I want to urge you to grow anything and everything that will grow in your neighborhood, I want you to consider the zinnia—despite its reputation for being stiff-necked and haughty.

And let me remind you that it is not at all fussy as to soil, providing it can get a good root run and the water supply is ample.

I have grown zinnias of all sorts in almost pure sand, in rich sandy soil, in light loam, in shaly clay, and

in heavy black alluvial soil that baked like concrete in summer time.

And never yet, except when spotted wilt cleaned up a bed of them some years ago, have I had a failure.

Like most busy men, I bought most of my seedlings at a nursery at about eightpence a dozen, and had the mortification of seeing many of them wilt and die under the hot spring sunshine.

Then I tried covering them with flowerpots until they found their sea-legs, as it were. This was fairly successful, but an even better and much cheaper plan was to cover the



● HERE is a beautiful specimen of the large dahlia-flowered type of zinnia. The rich golden shade of this bloom is but one of the many brilliant hues in the zinnia family—the colors ranging from white, through pinks and reds, to deep scarlets and golden and orange tones. In addition, zinnias can be relied upon to provide a spectacular show in the garden during the summer months.

youngsters with leafy boughs cut from the bush nearby.

It saved a lot of work, too, as the boughs could be left in position for a week without being moved, and watering was easy.

Slugs and snails came out and ate off a few, but equal parts of lime and tobacco-dust put an end to those creepy crawlies.

The cutworm, a dirty grey-green grub which sleeps all day and comes out of the soil at night to feed, was another pest that had to be controlled.

These pesky insects cut through the stems near the ground and then fed on the plants that they had felled.

I mixed up 1oz. of paris green, 1lb. of bran, 1oz. of salt, and threw in just over half a gallon of water, making a crumbly mash, and then scattered this stuff round the plants.

The cutworms had also attacked tomato plants and others, but nightly sprinkles of this poisonous mixture killed off the grubs, and the zinnias then went ahead.

But I am about fifty yards ahead of my story, for I did not tell you how I prepared the soil before I set out the seedlings.

Firstly it was dug very deeply with the spade and allowed to settle for four or five days. When digging, I incorporated a heavy dressing of bone meal, and mixed it in well when raking level.

The seedlings were placed in position after the ground had been well watered and allowed to drain for a few hours.

Choosing seedlings

THEN the hose was turned on very lightly and allowed to play on the plants until the soil was thoroughly saturated.

The seedlings, let me tell you, were not long, spindling things about nine or ten inches high, such as many nurserymen sell, but short, stout-stemmed plants about five to six inches high with only two leaves.

That is the best sort to buy, for if they are tall and lanky they shrivel from the top down unless great care is exercised.

When the plants were about 18 inches high I top-dressed the soil all

round them with well-decayed manure.

This was well watered and later hoed in with the Dutch hoe.

When the plants developed their first buds they were all pinched out very carefully, and in a few weeks' time they developed strong laterals from the leaf axils.

The stems grew stouter and stronger, and by the time each plant had about half a dozen laterals or branches the stems were strong enough to carry any weight the plant could develop.

When to prune

THEN I tied each plant to a 4ft. stake, and when the plants had enough laterals I pruned the rest off, forcing all the strength and sap into those left.

I found certain types of caterpillars very fond of zinnia foliage, but weekly spraying with arsenate of lead paste killed them all off.

The worst disease attacking zinnias is spotted wilt, the same curse that affects tomatoes and many other plants.

It appeared first in the form of dirty brown spots on the tips of the leaves, and then spread rapidly, causing the plant to wilt.

Knowing that there is no cure for this disease I removed the affected plants before the trouble spread to others.

As soon as the buds started to form I gave the plants a top-dressing of artificial fertiliser, using what is known in the trade as "rose fertiliser."

I was not feeding roses, but that did not matter, for I knew that the superphosphate, the sulphate of ammonia and potash included in it would be just right for zinnias.

The result was that the plants reached 4ft. high in about three months, and the flowers were up to five inches across.



TASTY ON
Toast

"SUPER" WITH
Salads

A JOY WITH
Jooints

GRAND WITH
Grills

No matter how you serve Heinz Baked Beans, they're the family favourite—and rightly, for they are perfect in flavour and perfect in food value. They develop energy because they contain proteins and carbohydrates and they are rich in vitamin content. Serve them as a meal in themselves or with other dishes and get Joy of Living for a Few Pence!



HEINZ
OVEN
BAKED BEANS

MADE IN 57 AUSTRALIA

57

429

lovely
lips



NIGHT
AND DAY

NOW . . . Pond's new Lipstick to make lips look thrilling always, in the bright daylight or under the glare of electric lights. Pond's new Lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich color by night or day. REALLY indelible. Smooth and dewy on your lips. Six smart new shades.

Pond's
NEW
Lipstick

• 1/- and 2/6 at all stores and chemists



Your best insurance against menu emergencies—**HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS**

Illustration from Berill's Gift Store

YOURS FOR A PENNY A PERSON

These delicious, coloured
flavoured Junkets

Here's a quick antidote for that sinking feeling that often overtakes you when unexpected guests arrive. With milk and Hansen's Junket Tablets the problem of the sweet course solved.

Just add a Hansen's Tablet to lukewarm milk—flavour with vanilla, raspberry, chocolate or coffee right from your pantry shelf—let set in dessert glasses—then chill. No eggs to beat, no oven to watch, no boiling. Just before serving decorate with cream, fresh or preserved fruits, nuts, jelly, or anything else you fancy.

With less than five minutes' effort you can give your guests and your family desserts that are cool and creamy, brilliant with color, chock-full of surprise treats.

And the cost? If you use Hansen's—the economical tablets—these delicious desserts cost only a penny a person!

Ask your grocer to-day for Hansen's Junket Tablets and be sure you get Hansen's—they're the world's best—they never fail—and they're stronger, more economical.

HEAT
BEA
Sum

Beautiful weather, weather is left to house in. The time decided. On straight the ho. If should it is star fare. G affi. S wor me lon. mel wor oth. Ave. A othe. S



HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

THE WORLD'S BEST — NEVER FAIL — THEY'RE STRONGER — MORE ECONOMICAL

SORRY SUE
HER ICE-CREAM WAS A FAILURE UNTIL...



SUE IS SUCH A GOOD COOK—I'M SURPRISED AT THIS ICE CREAM



NEXT DAY—
OH, AUNT KATE, I WAS SO ASHAMED AT MY PARTY. I MADE ICE CREAM IN MY NEW REFRIGERATOR AND IT WAS A DISGRACE!



WELL I HAD A GOOD RECIPE...AND I STIRRED IT HARD



YOU MEAN THERE ARE NO LARGE ICE CRYSTALS?



I WANT "HANSEN'S MIX" FOR MAKING ICE CREAM



Try this better way to make smooth, creamy Ice Cream —at home for half price

Hansen's Ice Cream Mix is the one way to make smooth Ice Cream every time, at half the cost of ordinary Ice Cream. Just mix with milk and cream, then freeze in your automatic refrigerator or hand churn. No cooking, no stirring while freezing.

Hansen's Mix comes in three delightful flavours which can be served plain, or made into delicious new treats—fascinating sundaes, with toppings of berries, fruit and nuts—fresh fruit Ice Cream with berries, bananas, peaches, apricots, etc., added before freezing.

Serve your family delicious home-made Ice Cream at half cost. Ask your grocer for Hansen's Mix.



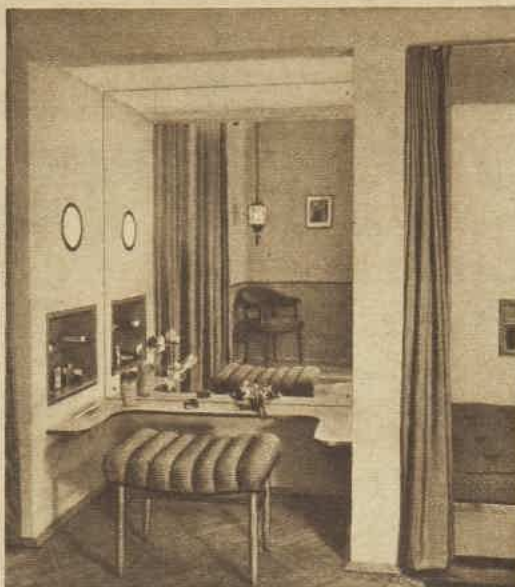
3 Flavours
Vanilla
Strawberry
Chocolate

Distinctive DRESSING-TABLES

• The type and position of the dressing-table is a very important consideration in bedroom furnishing. It should be not only an attractive-looking piece of furniture, but so designed that it is comfortable and convenient for its main purpose—that is, dressing.



"PETTICOAT" dressing-table, with a stool of white birch. The petticoat is of peach satin matching the upholstery.



DRESSING-TABLE in specially built alcove, with a huge mirror occupying the entire alcove wall. Note the wall recess at left for make-up requisites.



OF LIGHT polished wood this dressing-table is dainty in design, with its attractive circular mirror.



NOVEL DESIGN in white birch with extended table, cushioned to form the stool. The full-length mirror is an excellent notion.

How to make the real

KENTUCKY CHEESE STRAWS

1



GET TOGETHER: 1/3rd cup Kraft Cheddar, shredded; 1 tablespoon butter, 1/4 tablespoon milk, 4 tablespoons flour, 1/4 cup fresh breadcrumbs, salt, pepper.

2



JUST THIS: Cream cheese and butter together. Add milk. Mix flour, breadcrumbs and seasoning, and add to cheese mixture. Knead lightly till smooth.

3



THEN THIS: Roll to pastry thickness and cut into strips 1/4 inches by 1/4 inch. Fry on greased tin and bake in hot oven.

4



AND LOOK: A whole big batch of real Kentucky Cheese Straws, all ready to serve with soups or salads, for afternoon tea or supper.

BOY DO THESE KRAFT CHEESE STRAWS TASTE GOOD!



LOOK FOR THE NAME KRAFT



Make sure your cheese cooking will be a success—use Kraft. Creamy smooth Kraft Cheddar shreds easily and melts perfectly. Never varies in flavour or texture. Stays fresh in its foil wrapping. And every time you have Kraft Cheddar, remember it adds a wealth of vital food elements to the meal—tissue building proteins, energy units, vitamin A; calcium and phosphorus, the milk minerals which build strong bones and sound teeth. It takes a full gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft.

MORE DELICIOUS KRAFT RECIPES I

For your copy of the Kraft Recipe Book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It", just send name and address and 3d. in stamps to Kraft Walker Cheese Co., Dept. (A47), 381 Cleveland St., Chippendale, N.S.W.

Kraft Cheddar sold at all food stores in 2, 4 and 8 oz. packets. Pasteurised for purity. Foil wrapped for freshness.

Serve KRAFT with every meal

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

ALWAYS have your dressing-table so that the clearest light possible, both by day and by night, is thrown on your mirrored face and hair.

In so many bedrooms the occupant has to walk to the window with a hand-mirror to make sure she is fit to face the outside glare—a very uncomfortable arrangement.

On this page are shown some very attractive modern styles in dressing-tables. The one at the extreme right is novel, with part of the shelf curved round to form a seat. Its long mirror is an added advantage, as the owner may see herself at full length. There is a tiny shelf for a perfume spray, a roomy cupboard and two drawers.

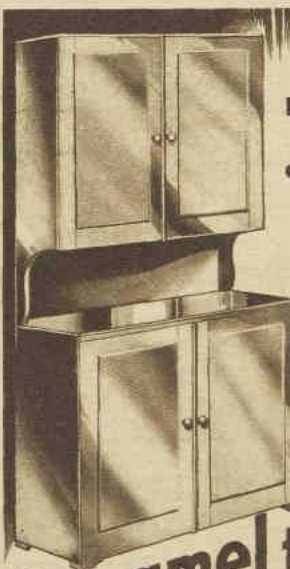
The petticoat dressing-table, a quaint old-fashioned idea, is decorative and thoroughly feminine. Its side mirrors enable one to study one's face from every angle.

If you are designing your own home you might well adopt the alcove style, which has the huge mirror inset in the alcove, and a wall recess for extra make-up.

Attractive, too, is the table with the circular mirror, curved cupboards and matching stool.

If you are having your dressing-table made to order, have one of the top, shallow drawers fitted for make-up requisites. It could be divided into small compartments suitable for holding your lipsticks, face tissues, hairpins, combs and so on. You can work out the arrangement yourself according to your requirements.

The less you need to keep on top of a dressing-table the easier you will find it to maintain its tidy appearance.



Dynamel is better than enamel—dries twice as fast

Dynamel just one piece of furniture for a start. It's easy to use! Fascinating! It will make you eager to bring cheerful color to all your kitchen furniture. Dynamel gives a hard mirror-smooth finish that can be scrubbed with soap and water. Choose from thirty-four lovelier colors on Taubmans Dynamel Color Chart available at paint shops everywhere.

Dynamel that dresser!

NO BRUSHMARKS
Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel.

FREE Anne Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.
Please send me your NEW BOOK ON KITCHENS—packed with color schemes for everything from kitchen walls and doors to canisters and chairs. I enclose 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____ Address _____ A.H.



Work this attractive Daffodil luncheon set

NEEDLEWORK
... NOTIONS

IT can be obtained from our Needlework Department ready traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen.

Work the design in buttonhole-stitch with stem-stitch for the lines and either French knots or eyelets for the flower centres.

Use the natural flower colors, stranded cotton F.442 for the flowers and F.444 for the centres.

Cottons for working may be obtained from our Needlework Department at 11d. per skein.

Prices are:—

Nine-piece set comprising one 17 x 17-inch centre, four 11 x 11-inch mats, four 5 x 5-inch cup mats, at 6/3 complete set.

Thirteen-piece set comprising one 17 x 17-inch centre, six 11 x 11-inch mats, six 5 x 5-inch cup-and-saucer mats, 8/3 complete set.

The set may also be obtained traced on white, blue, green, or yellow organdie.

Prices for these sets are: Nine-piece, 5/3; 13-piece, 7/3.

Individual prices are:—
Centre, 17 x 17-inch, 2/6 in linen, 2/3 in organdie.

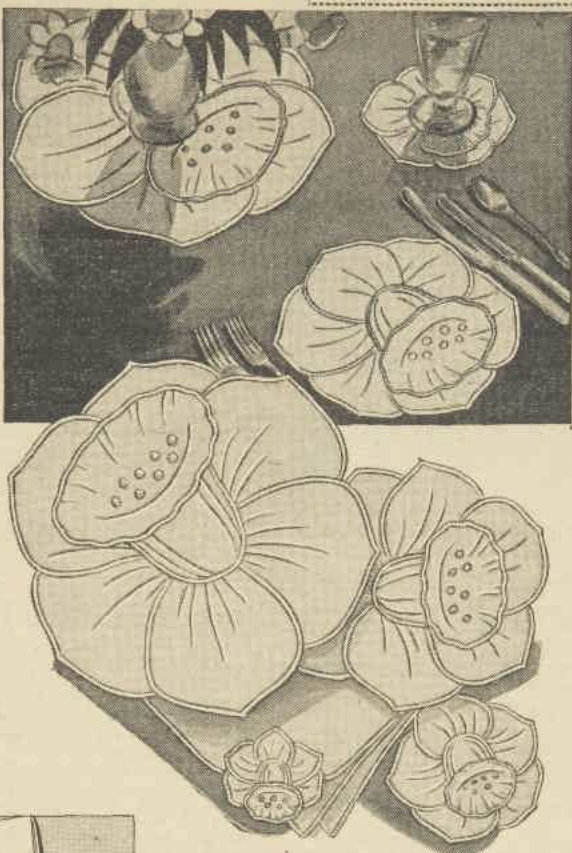
Plate mats, 11 x 11-inch, 1/- in linen, 9d. in organdie.

Cup-and-saucer mats, 5 x 5-inch, 9d. in linen, 6d. in organdie.

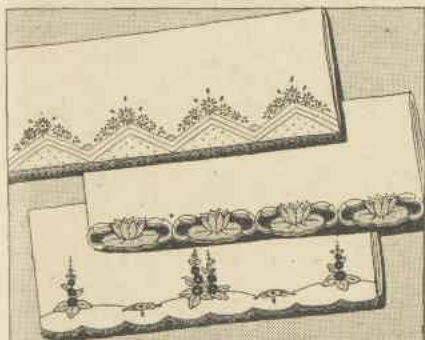
Serviettes to match, 11 x 11 inches, are 1/- each in linen, 9d. each in organdie.

Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 308A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 490F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 401G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4200X, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



DAFFODILS form the motif of this gay, easy-to-work luncheon set.



THREE charming guest-towels, "Daisy," "Water-lily," and "Hollyhock," excellent gift notions.

Gay guest-towels

THESE are available from our Needlework Department traced on white huckaback, cream linen, green, yellow, blue or pink silk huckaback.

Daisy Design: Work in lazy-daisy stitch, pastel shades, with stem-stitch for vertical lines and French knots for the spots.

Water-lily Design: Work in satin-stitch, and eyelets or French knots, in pastel shades. Press the work thoroughly before cutting the material.

Hollyhock Design: Use satin-stitch and stem-stitch. The edge is spoke-stitched ready for crochet finish.

The price is 2/6 each, postage free; stranded cottons for working, 11d. per skein.

It isn't washing-up that spoils the sink..

... IT'S HARSH CLEANING!

If you will clean the sink with harsh, gritty scourers, what can you expect? It's sure to be scratched and dull in no time. Remember, scratches harbour dirt—and often germs—and make cleaning harder as time goes on. Porcelain is delicate—it requires smooth-cleaning with Vim's soap-coated grains. A Vim-cleaned sink keeps its gleaming, new look and can be cleaned with one swift, light rub.



VIM REMOVES THE DIRT... BUT SAVES THE SURFACE!



Collar and cuffs

RENOVATE a frock with this collar-and-cuff set, obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green linen, or on white, yellow, green or blue organdie.

The price is 1/6 complete set, postage free, in either material.

Stranded cottons for working, 11d. per skein.

Work flower edges in buttonhole, and centres in eyelets. Spots may be worked either in French knots or small eyelets.

BUT NURSE I'VE TRIED ALL SORTS OF REMEDIES! HOW CAN A FOOD RELIEVE CONSTIPATION?

ONCE YOU REALISE WHAT CAUSES CONSTIPATION YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY!



How a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal ends constipation naturally ...without harsh drugs or medicines

The real trouble is, our modern diet contains little "bulk." Meat, fish, eggs, potatoes, white bread, milk—our daily staples—contain almost no bulk at all! They are so completely absorbed into the system that the residue they leave is too slight to move the bowels naturally. This is the cause of common constipation.

Harsh purgatives won't help. They don't get at the cause of the trouble. And, the unrestricted use of harsh purgatives is harmful.

What you need is "bulk."

You must eat regularly foods with enough "bulky" residue for the bowels to "take hold of." Then you'll get natural and permanent relief from constipation. That's why doctors recommend Kellogg's All-Bran—the delicious nut-sweet breakfast food that has natural "bulk." Kellogg's All-Bran acts on your bowels in the same way as fruit or vegetables, but much more surely and thoroughly!

It forms a soft, bulky mass that these muscles find easy to "take hold of." Kellogg's All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently, but effectively aids elimination. When you eat All-Bran regularly you need no harsh medicines! Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morning—with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite cereal! Do this every day, drink plenty of fluids, and you'll no longer be troubled with irregularity. Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day.



SOLD AT ALL GROCERS

Eat it every day and "never miss a day."

Asthma Mucus Dissolved in 1 Day

Since the discovery of Mendaco by a famous physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from choking, wheezing, gasping, and asthma. Mendaco does away with expensive injections and offensive smokes. All you do is to take 3 tasteless tablets with meals and Mendaco starts circulating through the blood to 10 minutes. Soon the choking mucus and phlegm dissolves. You breathe easily and freely. Your nerves relax, you get good, fresh, pure air into your lungs, and vigour returns.

Sleep Like a Baby

Thousands of former sufferers from Asthma say that the very first dose of Mendaco brought them glorious ease and comfort, and that they slept soundly the very first night. Then their vigour returned and they felt healthier and stronger, and 5 to 10 years younger. The reason for this is that Mendaco acts in natural ways to overcome the effects of Asthma. (1) It dissolves, liquefies and removes the strangling mucus or phlegm; (2) It relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in your bronchial tubes so that the air can get in and out of your lungs; (3) It promotes body vigour, and stimulates the building of rich, revitalised blood.

No Asthma for Five Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate results, free breathing and comfort, and enables you to sleep, but also builds up your system to ward off future attacks. Mr. J. H.

writes: "I was almost dead with Asthma. Had lost 40 lbs. in weight, suffered coughing, choking and strangling every night—couldn't sleep—expected to die. Mendaco stopped spasms first night and I have had no Asthma since in over 2 years." Mrs. A. W. writes: "I had Asthma for 25 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. J. E. C. writes: "I bless the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a god-send it is to a poor woman like me who for 35 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

Benefits Immediate

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. In no time at all Mendaco may easily make you feel years younger and stronger. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money-back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco
Ends Asthma • Bronchitis • Hay Fever

"SO YOU TOO FEEL FIT!"

"Of course . . . and after all those years of suffering and agony it took only three weeks' treatment with Warner's Safe Cure . . . Well, that's the kind of result which this remedy has enjoyed for over 60 years. Warner's Safe Cure must be good—it would not otherwise have stood the test of time. Rheumatism, backache, lumbago and indigestion each can be relieved by Warner's Safe Cure. By stimulating the kidneys and liver to activity, Warner's Safe Cure helps these organs to properly perform their natural functions and free the blood from waste poisons which really cause so many of the regular diseases, Kempton, Selby, Vic., writes:

"In 1899 I wrote you that eight years previously I was seriously ill with kidney colic and with the aid of two bottles of Safe Cure and a phial of Safe Pills I was restored to perfect health. I now wish to tell you that I have had no return of that distressing malady since. Very occasionally I use the Safe Cure as a tonic for the liver, which keeps me fit, and I always recommend it to anyone complaining of kidney trouble. My age is 70 years, which speaks volumes."

This and thousands of other letters from grateful patients prove that this remedy does do a job for humanity; it does make sick people well, and you, too, have this same opportunity of being classed A1 in health.

Warner's Safe Cure is sold by all leading chemists and storekeepers. Large bottles 5/- and 2/9 in Concentrated Form. These small bottles are really economical, the required dose being so much less.

Write for a free booklet to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne. Take Warner's Safe Pills for Constipation—1/- per bottle.

HOW TO BEHAVE

Posed by
Dionne
"Quins"



"DON'T have wild untidy hair like this," says Yvonne. "No little girl looks pretty when she neglects to comb her hair."

"SPRING FEVERS" . . . Here's the truth about those misunderstood ailments

WHAT MY PATIENTS
ASK ME.—By A Doctor

DOCTOR, I feel rather feverish, I have a headache, and have had a mild attack of gastritis. Do you think I might have contracted some spring complaint?

Come into the surgery, Miss Allen, and we'll soon discover what the trouble is.

Yes, your temperature is 101 degrees, and your tongue is furred, too. How long have you had the gastritis?

Only to-day, doctor.

Umm-m. It seems, Miss Allen, that you have picked up a germ which is irritating your digestion. Your temperature and gastritis are the body's means of defending itself against the germ and getting rid of it. The best thing for you to do is go home and rest and keep warm. Keep to light food, mainly fruit juices and salads; stay away from the office to-morrow and you'll probably feel yourself again the next day.

But, doctor, is it really necessary for me to miss work to-morrow? I thought this was just one of those minor complaints that are so common during the spring.

Illness at this time of the year must be treated with respect as much as at any other time, Miss Allen. As a matter of fact, that idea about spring being responsible for a number of minor maladies and complaints is just another one of our popular fallacies.

How do you mean, doctor?

Well, it is true that a number of complaints and a general, rather lazy, not-quite-up-to-par feeling seem to accompany spring. This lends color to the idea that spring itself is responsible. But modern constructive medicine has shown us that the high rate of illness about

SHOULDER EXERCISES stretch and swing

By PRUNELLA STACK (Lady Douglas Hamilton)
World Leader of the Women's League of Health and Beauty.

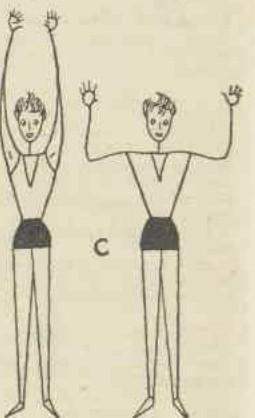
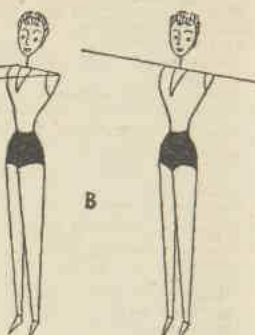
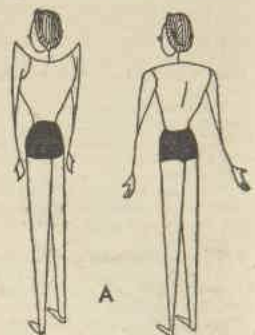
MUSIC for these exercises is a slow foxtrot. Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4 refer to beats.

Keep ribs lifted, flatten shoulders, swing arms from this foundation.

A. Standing, with feet three inches apart and straight, hands loosely clenched, palms facing back. Roll shoulders towards ears (1), turn them palms facing out (2), and press back twice so that shoulder-blades meet (3, 4). Keep movements smooth and continuous. Do this four times.

B. Lift arms forward, keeping elbows straight (1, 2). Bring them back to shoulder level and press shoulder-blades together twice (3, 4). Do this four times.

C. Stretch arms over head, elbows straight (1, 2), then bring them down to shoulder level, bending elbows, and press shoulder-blades together twice (3, 4). Do this four times.



Dear Janet
It was indeed
a lovely surprise to hear of
your coming marriage.
Our gift to you
is Horrocks' Sheets and
Pillow Cases. A gift
we know that will be
a continual reminder of
our very best wishes for
many years to come.
P.T.O.



Horrockses
SHEETS PILLOWCASES & TOWELS
Quality - Comfort - Economy

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Importance of minerals
in pre-natal diet

THE mineral elements in the food eaten by the expectant mother are just as important to consider as the vitamin food factors.

Every mother-to-be should therefore have an elementary knowledge of the foods which will yield the most important mineral elements needed for the body of her unborn babe.

A leaflet on this fascinating subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Service Bureau, and any reader interested in this subject can obtain this leaflet by sending her request with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

Endorse envelope, "Mothercraft."

**LOVELY
LINENS**
turn **YELLOW**

... unless you
give them the
last rinse in
BLUE water

The last rinse in Reckitt's Blue on wash-days is the only way to stop white things from turning yellow. Remember! Linens cannot be really white without the last rinse in blue.



Reckitt's BLUE

Out of the Blue comes the Whitest Wash!



NAOMI WATERS

NAOMI WATERS *writes about—*

London women help morale by retaining interest in dress and beauty

and a turban to cover hair curlers is the uniform of the night.

And yet with all these new and strange things happening in our daily lives, life is going on very much the same. We all work hard . . . so that we appreciate our leisure hours so much more. I think we are all a little more tolerant of each other. We think a little more, we grumble a little less.

We are learning that when such a machine as the British Empire is put into motion to right a wrong, each individual, however seemingly unimportant, is a tiny cog in the wheel, helping the big cogs to do their tremendous work.

The smart women of London have had to face a problem which to them is of grave importance . . . they have had to become self-reliant.

Women who for years have never touched a nail-file, who had their hair set three times a week, had been constantly in the hands of masseuses, are doing their own beauty chores and finding it bewildering!

When you start to do your own hair, never attempt an elaborate coiffure. Always take the smallest pieces possible to pin for curls. Great lumps of hair will not curl properly.

A few drops of olive oil in the washing water will help to get a professional shine, and by rubbing the hair in a hot towel it will dry twice as quickly.

If your hair is getting too thick you can thin it by tapering it with a razor-blade . . . not scissors (from beneath). Cut it just before you wash it . . . never afterwards, for then the hair is too soft for you to judge how much to remove.

Before you have a new permanent wave let every tiny curl of the old one grow out. It may be an awful nuisance for a little time, but it

will repay you in the end. Your new perm will take so much better on hair which is straight and has no trace of an old wave in it.

I've learnt some tricks about home manicuring since I've had to do my own nails. One is that the polish will stay on much longer and will not smudge if after putting on one coat you dip your nails in ice water and make quite sure they are bone dry before you apply the next . . .

For keeping my nails a good shape I've invested in the longest nail-file made. This means that it will bend at will, and so avoid an uneven point.

It is amazing what an egg will do for your face.

With the yolk of an egg, a few drops of peroxide, and half a teaspoonful of olive oil, you have a face pack which does wonders in twenty minutes.

After you have beaten the pack together, apply it thickly to your face and neck with a brush or piece of cotton wool . . . not too close under the eyes where you should pat in a good nourishing cream.

Wait for it to set—don't talk or smile or you will crack the mask—and then rub your face briskly with a cube of ice. Wash the mask off with warm water and you are ready for your make-up.

Do this once a month and you will find that the skin is always fresh and clean, and the muscles of your neck taut.

Before I go into my bath I cover my face with a nourishing cream. I pin my hair up and spray it with setting lotion. Across the bath I have a wooden tray, on which are face tissues, cotton-wool, eyebrow pluckers and other odds and ends such as a cuticle stick and an eyelash comb. So while I'm soaking in the bath I can do all those fiddling little things which seem to take up so much time and yet are so much part and parcel of good grooming.

My bedtime preparations have to be very limited, for as yet I have not developed that sixth sense to enable me to move above in the dim light. The result is I knock myself black and blue. The other night I unwisely decided to pluck my eyebrows by the light of a candle . . . I would rather not describe the result.



A. & F. PEAR'S LIMITED 10-109-35

TUCK'S Christmas Cards and Calendars

Will be found appropriate
for the present times

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Frills absent

THE fashion world has taken to the new conditions remarkably quickly. In one clean sweep clothes have become completely devoid of any unnecessary frills and furbelows . . .

There is not much time to change our clothes, so necessary frocks are those which will look as suitable at nine o'clock in the morning as at twelve o'clock at night. That is a tall order, I know, and it will be interesting to see how the dress designers cope with it.

At the moment they are busy fashioning . . . "Siren" clothes. When the whistle blows it's down the bell-hole for all . . . and a warm house coat, high woolly boots,

Little Miss Precious Minutes



• Let little Miss Precious Minutes help you save time in housework. She says—

TO wash charnols gloves, squeeze them gently through a soapy lather containing a teaspoon of olive oil. When clean, rinse by squeezing again in water.

AN old piano-stool if covered with oilcloth makes a handy kitchen seat, as it can easily be adjusted in height.

HANG your creased velvet evening coat in the bathroom and turn on the hot water until the room is full of steam. Then leave it to dry thoroughly in the air.

WHEN washing knives and forks which have been used for fish, rub them before with fresh lemon or orange peel to remove the odor thoroughly.

LEMON juice and salt will remove stains from knife handles.

ALWAYS put thickly folded newspaper in the bottom of the garbage can. It will make it easier to empty and keep it clean.

SOAK egg-stained silver in cold water before washing, and it will be much easier to clean.



No "guessing" with Tobralco, it's Tootal guaranteed

The more you wear Tobralco the more you like it. Wash and wear serve only to bring out its wonderful quality. The colours never dim, the beautiful fabric comes up clear and fresh as new. Make your own and the children's wash frocks of Tobralco—it's equally becoming to you both, and the wide range of patterns provides a wealth of choice. Every yard is guaranteed—for Tobralco is a Tootal fabric.

2/6 a yard
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The Case of MISS BETTY W—



2438 No. 17173
NAME: MISS BETTY W. AGE: 28
RESIDENCE: VICTORIA.
SYMPTOMS: BAD CONSTIPATION, HEADACHES, LOSS OF APPETITE.
DIAGNOSIS: CONSTIPATION—RECOMMENDATION: TRY FIGSEN TABLETS, 1/3 TO 1/2 TABLET 3 TIMES A DAY, AFTER MEALS.
TREATMENT: 1/2 TABLET 3 TIMES A DAY, AFTER MEALS.
RESULTS: WITH 1/2 TABLET 3 TIMES A DAY, AFTER MEALS.

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NYAL
FIGSEN
FOR CONSTIPATION

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

FIRST-RATE RECIPES...and all sent by our readers!

All sorts of enticing recipes are included in the prizewinning batch for this week's competition. A recipe for Napoleon cake carries off the first prize.

THE others range from fish to dessert. Why not try your hand at this contest, too? It couldn't be simpler. All you have to do is write out your recipe clearly on one side of the paper, and attach your name and address.

Write the ingredients first, and then the method.

Nearly every woman has a pet recipe which is an immense success with family and friends. Well, why not send it to us?

Every week £1 is awarded for the best one, and 2/6 for every other recipe published.

NAPOLEON CAKE

Make pastry first. Half-pound plain flour and pinch of salt, 1lb. hard butter, juice of 1 lemon in a gill of cold water.

Sift flour and salt. Chop butter into pieces the size of an almond kernel and mix into flour. Mix with lemon juice and water to a stiff paste. Knead well and roll into a long strip three times as long as it is wide. Fold in three, turn round so that the sides become the top and bottom. The pastry should be rolled, folded, and turned three times. It is then ready for use. Divide into two pieces and roll out to the size of baking dish (12in. by 15in.). Prick pastry well with a fork, and let stand until the sponge has been made.

Sponge: 4 eggs, 1 breakfast cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 level tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons boiling water.

Beat four eggs until frothy, add sugar gradually, and beat until mixture is consistency of cream. Then add sifted flour, and lastly the butter, which has been melted in the boiling water, and bake in dish (12in. by 15in.) for 20 minutes.

Then bake pastry in two 12in. by 15in. tins.

Filling: 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon



NAPOLEON

CAKE is a great favorite with the children. A recipe for it wins first prize in this week's contest.

cornflour, 2oz. icing sugar, 2oz. butter.

Bring milk to boiling point and add cornflour which has been mixed with a little water, and boil two minutes. When cold, add icing sugar and butter and a little vanilla.

Spread cooked pastry with raspberry jam and then a layer of filling, next sponge. Cover with jam and filling, and place the other piece of pastry on top. Ice top, coloring a pale pink with cochineal, and sprinkle with coconut or chopped almonds.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. W. Night, Coromandel Valley, S.A.

CHEESE DREAMS

One egg, 1 cup cheese (grated), slices of bread in rounds or squares, 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce, flavorings of salt, cayenne and mustard, 1 tablespoon butter, rashers of bacon.

Mix quickly the egg, cheese, sauce, butter and flavorings together and spread on the bread. On top put small rashers of bacon cut in halves with the rind removed. Put under grill, and cook until golden brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. R. Davies, 28 Thames St., Northcote N16, Vic.

BANANA GINGERBREAD SHORTCAKE

Quarter cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 11 cups flour, 1 teaspoon

ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon mace, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup treacle, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 cup milk, 3 sliced bananas, 6 marshmallows, cream.

Cream the butter and sugar. Stir in treacle, well-beaten egg, milk (in which soda has been dissolved), and the dry ingredients sifted together. Pour mixture into a buttered layer pan, bake in a moderate oven 25 minutes. When done, cool, cut a square for each individual, split them, and on the under half place sliced bananas and pieces of marshmallow. Cover and garnish with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Dickinson, 32 Royal Pde., South Pascoe Vale, Vic.

FRENCH CARAMEL PUDDING

Quarter pound stale plain cake crumbs, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3oz. sugar, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 tablespoon water.

Put sugar into a saucepan with a tablespoon of water. Boil slowly until brown. Add milk to caramel. Cook over gentle heat until well blended, then pour over crumbs. Separate yolks from whites of eggs. Beat yolks with sugar. Add vanilla and stir into crumb mixture. Beat whites stiffly and fold into mixture. Pour into buttered mould. Steam gently for 1 hour. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream, made as follows:

Whip 1 cup sweet cream, add 3 tablespoons icing sugar and 2 egg-whites stiffly beaten. Mix thoroughly and add 1 cup seeded raisins (pre-

viously soaked in water or sherry for 2 hours). Whip until thick and frothy.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss H. McPaul, Lorraine, Taraiga, N.S.W.

MOCK CHICKEN

Two pounds knuckle of veal, 1 rabbit, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon ground mace, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Cover the knuckle of veal with cold water. Bring to the boil and simmer 1½ hours. Strain and return liquid to saucepan. Have the rabbit jointed, place it in the stock and simmer until tender. Season with salt, pepper, mace, and chopped parsley. Simmer a further 5 minutes, then gradually add 2 well-beaten eggs, stirring all the time. The eggs will appear to curdle, but the stock will gradually thicken. Serve very hot sprinkled with more chopped parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Irene Thompson, 345 King William St., Adelaide.

BAKED FISH

One fish, butter, soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon water, 1 teaspoon finely-chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon finely-minced onion, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Wash the fish, cut off the head, tail, fins, and make sure that all scales are removed. Butter a pie dish freely. Sprinkle in the onion and a layer of breadcrumbs. Add a sprinkling of parsley. Season with salt and pepper. Place the prepared fish on this. Add another layer of crumbs and parsley. Season with more salt and pepper. Mix the lemon juice with the water. Pour this over the fish. Dot freely with butter, put well-buttered greaseproof paper over the contents of the pie dish. Bake in moderately-hot oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Goldsworthy, 18 Jackson St., Mowbray, Launceston, Tas.

SPAGHETTI AND WHITEBAIT

One tin whitebait, 3oz. butter, salt, pepper, mace, 1 pint milk, 6oz. spaghetti, a little parsley, breadcrumbs.

Cook spaghetti and make sauce by placing pint of milk in saucepan, together with butter, salt, pepper, mace, and parsley. Bring this mixture to the boil, and thicken it with cornflour. Add whitebait and spaghetti to sauce, and place the whole mixture in a pie dish. Sprinkle breadcrumbs over it, and bake in a moderate oven for about 10 to 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss I. Higgins, P.O., Warraudyte, Vic.

LOQUAT CHUTNEY

Six pounds ripe loquats, 3 pints vinegar, 4lb. white sugar, 1lb. seeded raisins, 1 cup sultanas, 3 tablespoons of table salt, 2 dessertspoons of ground ginger, 1 tablespoon each of spice and cayenne.

ABC of cookery

Vanilla: Popular flavoring for puddings, cakes, etc., extracted from a plant of the orchid kind.

Varsoviense: A French name applied especially to a mayonnaise mixture containing meat and vegetables used to stuff cold tomatoes.

Veloute: Velvet (French), a name applied to one of the foundation sauces, rich white sauce.

Vermicelli: An Italian paste of flour, etc., made into long, thin strings of the smallest kind.



COOKING appeals to practically every woman. Here you see pretty Lucille Ball, RKO, player, trying one of her favorite recipes in her own kitchen.

a few peppercorns and cloves, 2oz. garlic.

Put garlic through mincer with raisins. Put the loquats in a pan with vinegar, bring to the boil, add sugar, fruit and seasonings. Boil 1½ hours, bottle and seal while hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Miriam Lee, P.O., Burwood, N.S.W.

STRAWBERRY MARSHMALLOW BISCUITS

Quarter pound butter, 1lb. sugar, 1 egg, 1lb. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg and beat well. Stir in flour sifted with baking powder. Roll mixture into balls about the size of walnuts. Flatten them a little, and bake in a moderate oven until brown.

Marshmallow: One large cup sugar, 1 small cup water, 1 tablespoon powdered gelatine, strawberry juice or essence to flavor.

Boil sugar, gelatine, and water together for 20 minutes. Take off stove. Whisk until thick and white. Add flavoring. Pour a little of this mixture on each biscuit. When cold, ice with chocolate icing and top each with a walnut.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Sewell, 21 High St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

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Are you only middle-aged . . . yet feeling really old?

Lacking vigour . . . without vitality . . . no "go" at all—just plain sick of everything—worn and worn out?

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These words are typical of thousands of letters received by Wincarnis.

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Bon Ami
a little does a
lot of work



"hasn't scratched yet!"

There are plenty MORE FISH IN THE SEA

A VERY good thing, too, because fish is one of the healthiest foods available. There's a place for it at either breakfast, luncheon, or dinner. Fresh fish is best, but where it is not obtainable use some of the many good tinned varieties.



WHEN BOILING large dry fish pour a teaspoonful of olive oil over the fillet when it is ready in the pan.



SARDINE SALAD is a palatable and quickly-made dish for summer luncheons.

AS well as recipes for fresh and tinned fish, you'll find some on this page for the sauces to serve as accompaniments. Good sauces are very important, especially with steamed and boiled fish.

STEWED FISH IN SPICED SAUCE

Two whiting or small mullet, 1 pint fish stock or water, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 6 cloves, 6 peppercorns, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 dessertspoon butter, salt and cayenne to taste, 4oz. rice or macaroni.

Prepare fish. Rub well with lemon juice and place in a fireproof dish or pie-dish which has been thickly buttered. Mix the vinegar and stock together. Add remaining ingredients, mix well, and pour over the fish. Cover with buttered paper, and place in a moderate oven and simmer gently 15-20 minutes. Serve in the dish in which it was cooked. Boiled rice or macaroni is served as an accompaniment.

BAKED FLATHEAD WITH BACON

Two flathead about 1lb. each, 4oz. fat bacon, 1 carrot, 1lb. peas, 1lb. tomatoes, 2oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 1 pint milk.

Clean and prepare the fish and rub with lemon juice. Cut slits in the skin and insert pieces of fat bacon. Melt the butter in a fireproof dish. Put in the fish and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, basting frequently. Take out the fish and place on a hot dish. Leave one tablespoon of butter in the dish. Work in the flour and add the milk. Stir until it boils and thickens. Season this sauce with salt, cayenne and nutmeg. Pour a little on the fish, enough to coat it. Have the cooked peas and carrots ready. Arrange in little heaps on the dish, have the tomatoes cut in two, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, and bake in the oven and use as a garnish. Serve with plain boiled rice or creamed potatoes.

SCALLOPED WHITEBAIT

One small tin whitebait, 1 pint thick white sauce, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 4 tablespoons fine white breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon butter.

Butter 4 scallop dishes, or a medium-sized pie-dish. Sprinkle thickly with breadcrumbs. Add the whitebait and lemon juice to the sauce. Pour into the scallop dishes. Sprinkle thickly with breadcrumbs. Put a knob of butter on top of each and place in moderate oven until breadcrumbs are a golden brown. Garnish with a sprig of parsley.

This mixture may be served on slices of buttered toast, as a breakfast dish.

SARDINE SALAD

One tin large sardines, 3 tomatoes, 1 lettuce, 1 hard-boiled egg, 3 pickled walnuts.

Arrange the sardines on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves. Slice the pickled walnuts and set in rows between the sardines. Slice tomatoes and arrange round the dish. Cut egg into two and put a half at each end of the dish. Serve salad dressing separately.

STUFFED FRIED FILLETS OF WHITING

Six skinned fillets of whiting, 1 tablespoon anchovy sauce, 6 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and cayenne to taste, egg-glazing, deep frying fat.

Wipe and season fillets with salt, cayenne and lemon juice. Place on a fish board skinned side up and spread with seasoning made by mixing together the breadcrumbs, parsley and anchovy sauce. Roll up from head to tail and fasten each with a skewer. Dip each in flour then in egg-glazing, and toss in breadcrumbs.

Fry in deep smoking hot fat till crisp and a golden brown. Serve in a hot dish and stand each roll upright on a slice of lemon. Garnish with parsley.

INDIAN SAUCE

One tablespoon butter, 1 small onion, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 pint fish stock (made from heads and bones after filleting fish), 1 table-

spoon curry powder, 1 tomato, 1 teaspoon coconut, 6 sultanas, lemon juice.

Fry minced onion in butter, stir in the flour and curry powder, cook 3 minutes. Add stock, tomato, lemon juice, sultanas, and coconut. Simmer all together for half an hour. Strain and serve with fried fish. Boiled rice is also served when fish is accompanied by this sauce.



NOVEL WAY of serving fish is stewing it in spiced sauce. Serve it with macaroni. See recipe.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

Quarter-cup butter, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup boiling water, 3 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon salt, cayenne to taste.

Beat butter to a cream in a basin. Stir in the yolks by degrees. Beat well. Then stir in lemon juice, salt, and cayenne. When required, stir boiling water rapidly in, by degrees. Cook over boiling water, stirring until thick. Use as a masking sauce or serve with fried or steamed fish.

PRAWN SAUCE

Half-pint white sauce, 1 teaspoon anchovy sauce, 3 tablespoons shelled chopped prawns, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 chopped gherkins.

Stir the prawns and lemon juice into the white sauce and mix thoroughly. Flavor with anchovy sauce and gherkins. Serve with steamed fish.

CAPER AND GHERKIN SAUCE

Three large gherkins, 1 teaspoon chopped capers, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup fish stock, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon vinegar, cayenne to taste.

Melt butter in saucepan. Add flour and mix well, add stock, stir till boiling, add capers and gherkins, finely chopped, and lastly add the vinegar. Allow to simmer for 1 minute. Serve with boiled or steamed fish.

LEMON SAUCE

Three egg-yolks, 1 egg, juice 2 large lemons, 1 cup fish stock, seasonings.

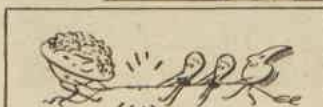
Beat the egg-yolks with the whole egg, then stir in the stock by degrees, with the lemon juice. Pour into the top of a double saucepan and stir over boiling water till thick. Season to taste and serve with boiled or steamed fish.

REPORTER says "You're right" to GLORIA RAY

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THOSE KELLOGG'S
CORN FLAKES BEAT
THE OTHERS
HOLLOW FOR
FLAVOUR!

THEY'RE
FAR CRISPER
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TOO!

Gloria Ray, famous American Cookery expert.



Recent analysis made at the Sydney University showed that Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar contain as much nourishing food elements as two eggs and one pork chop. That's why everyone says: "Kellogg's Corn Flakes keep you going till lunch time."

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Bushells

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WIND on the WATER

★



SUPPLEMENT — MUST
NOT BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.

Australian Women's Weekly
NOVEL, October 28, 1939

★ By . . . MYRA MORRIS

Wind on the Water

By MYRA MORRIS



IN the late afternoon the train, a mixed passenger and goods, rattled into Brown's Town and pulled up with a short of derision. The day was warm with the hazy warmth of an Australian spring, and everything had the faint dreaming quality of a mirage. The dreary station buildings backed by a row of drooping pepper trees; the silver silvers of railway lines vanishing into the smoky distance; the rusty galvanised iron goods-shed flanked by a covered stack of yellow bags. There was dust in the air, the breath of capeweed, and the smell of sheep from the trucking yards.

The train gave a convulsive shudder, shook off its rear end and was suddenly still. From a carriage immediately behind the engine emerged Sam Addicott, the licensee of The Swan at the Four Mile, and his young wife, Fran.

They stood fumbling with their luggage, a little self-conscious and confused, the only passengers to alight on the rough, gravelled platform over which a vast silence seemed all at once to have fallen.

Sam Addicott was the first to recover. Winking cheerfully at the unshaven stationmaster, he lumbered across the platform, a stocky, florid-faced man with short, tapering legs, and broad, hunched shoulders. He wore a shiny blue suit brief in the coat, and new tan boots that squeaked as he walked.

Peering under the pepper-trees, he grunted with disgust, and came back, a little of his buoyancy gone.

"Buggy isn't here," he growled, kicking a dented tin hat-box into the shade. "I know what's happened right enough. That addle-pated Paddy Callaghan's counted on the train being late, which it isn't to-day for a change. And I warned the lazy blackguard. The shiftless, pig-headed son of a—"

Something in the listening look of the girl who watched him, and the memory that she was the bride of only a few hours, jerked him into silence. He grinned sheepishly and looked round under his lashes to see if they were being observed. After all, the return of Sam Addicott with a brand-new wife was an event of some local importance. He met the unabashed scrutiny of a lad porter chewing a wisp of straw, and wheeled impatiently.

"Might as well start to foot it and leave the luggage," he said in his fat, jovial voice. "No use hanging round here to be stared at, and well like as not meet Paddy a few yards down."

Fran nodded dumbly, a little foreboding at her heart. She wore brown, high-heeled

button shoes that were too tight for comfortable walking.

She was taller than Sam and generously built. A big, lazy-seeming girl with blonde hair showing under her hat that was kept in place by an old-fashioned jewel hat-pin. There was about her something of careless opulence, a spilling-over of warm good humor. Her cheek-bones, high yet flattish, gave her face a broad, foreign look, deepened by the upward slant of her eyebrows. Her eyes were a calm, steady blue.

She glanced at Sam smilingly, for his irritation seemed to have vanished. She glanced at him and saw all there was to see about him. The rakish set of his hat on his fair, curling hair. The slight bulge at the back of his short, muscular neck that made him appear older than he was—thirty—and the whole genial make-up of him that was superimposed on a certain evasive brutishness. His eyes, bright blue and strongly lashed, had, behind their thick-lensed glasses, the appearance of eyes seen under water.

They set off down the station-yard and out into the three-chain road at the back of the peppers, Fran resisting an impulse to draw Sam's arm through her own. It would have been better, she thought with her cool common sense uppermost, if they had waited in comfort on the station platform. But already she knew that Sam was capable of swift, unreasonable impulses and that it was better to humor him.

The red road, streaked here and there with gums, was rutty and filmed with dust.

The dust bubbled over Fran's shoes and spread in soft, diaphanous layers across the paddocks where last year's grass showed white above the green. Behind the fences thin, weedy crops waved under the breeze, a tinge of amber running through their silver. Here was flatness—flatness running into flatness, broken only where the distant hills were blown like a breath against the sky.

Fran walked cautiously, avoiding the ruts. Capeweed patterned the road with its buds the color of an earth-stained penny. Thistles were in bloom, and tall flowers with stems so thin that their heads appeared to be floating lightly in mid-air.

The road was almost deserted. Occasionally a waggon passed them, going silently into the dust like a ship over water. Sam hailed the drivers country-fashion with his finger lifted to the brim of his hat. Some of the men wore khaki, for tattered uniforms were still to be seen eking out their last stage of usefulness on the farms.

"And I could 'a' been logged up the same," said Sam suddenly with a bellow of laughter as he hailed a passing dray, "only for my shortsightedness. Blind as a bat on long distance, Fran! You wouldn't believe."

Fran nodded. She was listening to the magpies in the gums.

"Like Chopin," she said in her husky, low-pitched voice. "The magpies . . . I mean those little airy grace-notes—"

"How?" Sam turned a red bewildered face.

Fran laughed indulgently.

"It doesn't matter," she said and tucked his hand under her arm.

They walked on silently. Though Fran, unlike Sam, had a quick readiness of tongue, she felt disinclined for speech. A brooding content lay on her spirit. Country-born, she felt that she had at last come home. She was on the fringe of the Mallee here (surely that was country enough for anyone!) and in a little while even the memory of those drab, shut-away years in her aunt's East Melbourne boarding-house would be less than a dream.

She stumbled in a dust-drift and fell against Sam, giggling childishly. He caught the fleshy part of her arm between his thumb and forefinger, and stood with his face pressed against her. There was comfort in the touch of her, he thought complacently, a soft-eyed widow-woman with a brat of four clinging to her skirts.

When he thought of the child his complacency overflowed. There seemed to him a very special magnanimity in his instant acceptance of the "brat" along with its mother.

"You don't mind walking really, old girl?" he asked jovially. "Anyhow, we better sit on a log for a bit."

His roving blue eyes scanned the road where a cloud of thinning dust disclosed an advancing buggy and horse.

The buggy, swaying a little on its loose springs, approached and pulled up. An old man's face, dark and lurid, looked over the side, its darkness transfigured as Sam's invective poured forth.

"Train was up to time first time I know it," growled Paddy Callaghan, whose years as general rouseabout at The Swan were more than Sam could count. "I didn't allow for it running fast."

"That's because me and the missus were on board," said Sam with a wink. "And now, old codger, you'll just land us back to the pub and then get straight off again for the luggage."

The buggy turned with a grinding of wheels, and Sam helped Fran to negotiate the tall step.

She sat forward between the two men, the smell of sticky leather and varnish in her nostrils. And as the buggy rattled over the white bridge that spanned the high-banked river, and swayed over the ruts, she felt herself committed to an adventure. An adventure which perhaps had begun badly, for her feet had hurt that last half mile, and Sam hadn't noticed. She assured herself stoutly that he never would

things like that, but there was small comfort to be gleaned out of the knowledge. "Sorry, old girl," he muttered contritely as he glanced at her hot, perspiring face. "We ought to have waited at the station." "It doesn't matter," she said in her grave, calm way, just as she had answered "It doesn't matter" when he had told her of the old mother who still lived at The Swan.

"Over seventy-five, Fran," he had told her with a touch of pathos. "I couldn't turn her out, could I? Over and over I've said to her: 'Your home is with me, Ma, while I've a roof over my head . . .'" She listened quietly now while he pointed with his short, active arm to the isolated farms far back, to the little wooden school building and the cemetery with its higgledy-piggledy tombstones catching the slanting sun—to the hotel that they now approached.

Sam's hotel débouched on to the side of the three-chain road. It was a low weather-board building with small windows and a narrow verandah. Above the main front door were printed the words "Sam Addicott, Licensed Victualler," and the fading outline of a black swan with neck outstretched enclosed the last remnants of some itinerant signwriter's art.

It was a shabby place, which had grown old not with the grace of mellowing time, but with the disorderliness of warping wood. The posts on the verandah had an insecure look. The floor of uneven boards sloped. The paint, an ugly reddish-brown, was sun-blistered and bleared with rain.

At the back of the hotel was a huddle of outbuildings which suggested a small farm. Cow-balls stood cheek by jowl with the cavernous buggy-shed.

The square yard, littered with shining, weathered scraps of straw, ran down past hen-houses and vegetable plots to a deserted haystack. Beyond was a small, sunken paddock still uncleared and thick with trees and scrub. And beyond that the lake.

The lake lay out in a long ellipse of water-colored water. Great gums stood here and there along its edges, and dead trees, bleached a startling blue-white, reared up out of the shallows.

Strange and secret the lake seemed to Fran as she followed Sam through the mowing grass. Strange and secret with its far side wavering under a dancing haze, and its nearer fringes spiked with feathery reeds. But already Sam, who had rushed through the house, and who was growing tired of his job as show-man, was turning indifferently away.

"What's it called, Sam? The lake, I mean."

She drew him back with a quiet insistence. "I dunno!" He looked at her, impatient to be back at the hotel where his mother would be waiting in a black, offended silence for their return. "Just 'the lake' they call it. Well, Sanger's Lake, I suppose."

He looked round vaguely, pointing across the narrow end of the water to a cluster of chimneys on the ridge. "That's Sanger's homestead over there behind the trees. Empty now except for an old pensioner who keeps his eye on it. That red road we passed is the way out leads up to the house. The Sangers used to be a bit of style in their day." He yawned and swung his arm towards the opposite end of the lake. "And that's Parker's farm over the water behind that bit of crop. Joe Parker! Went to the sea and a bit cracked in the top-story ever since to my way of thinking. He'll never take a do of his place—not to make it pay, anyhow." He kicked the boat that lay among

the reeds with his shiny boot. "We row across in this mostly. It's quicker than walking round. . . . But come on, Fran! Ma'll have to go into the bar if anyone comes, and she's a heavy hand with the glasses, I can tell you. And I want to show you the cows—"

But still Addicott's bride stood there, staring, with her high heels sinking in the cracked mud, and a red weal showing across her forehead where her smart "going-away" hat had rested. The lake fascinated her. The sturdy little boat moved with a soft plop-plop among the rushes. The slanting rays of the sun picked out the cold blues of the mussel-shells along the banks. There were golden bubbles of billy-buttons blown up where the grass was wet and green.

And it was still. So still that you could almost hear the ground breathing beneath your feet. Long, lazy breaths of a sleeping animal. . . . All of a sudden wind sprang up—a little wind blowing from nowhere. The grey water moved—was stirred into a myriad small, pearly points, ruffled into a dancing pattern that changed the very texture of its surface. Then the wind passed and was gone as mysteriously as it had come. The lake was exactly as it had been. Motionless, withdrawn, secret. . . .

Fran drew a deep breath. Your life could be like that, she thought with a hurrying excitement. Your life could be like that—placid and unbroken, then in one moment touched to a new, dancing shape by something that came swiftly up out of nowhere. . . . And afterwards it would be as though the change had never happened. . . .

She roused herself with a shake and pulled her shoe out of the mud, aware that Sam was whistling impatiently through his teeth, aware of a discovery that the three points, Sanger's homestead on the ridge, Parker's farm and the hotel at the back of her, were the widely spaced points of a triangle filled in with placid water. . . .

"Hotel," she thought amusedly as she followed Sam back. It was much more like a farm. . . . A huddle of outhouses. An old blue dray with pink-rayed wheels. Fowls clucking around with their black feathers showing a metallic lustre in the harsh light.

"The farm end of The Swan," Sam was saying with his bellow of laughter. "It's the only thing that makes the place pay. Keeping our own fowls, taking our butter into Jarrold's, putting a bit of crop in on the shares."

It was the farm-end she was to find out that he talked most about. Here was the outlet for his energies, the reward for his soft padding behind the bar counter serving out drinks.

It had been like that in his father's time when the crusty old Addicott had dispensed tough hospitality from the front door of The Swan. But the elder Addicott had not encouraged these outdoor proclivities, and it was not until his death that Sam had been able to indulge to the full his farmer's instincts.

Let the shoemaker stick to his last, the countryside had counselled him, guffawing to a man at his blundering, amateurish efforts. But Sam had gone complacently on his way, sending with a native shrewdness that the hobby of to-day could quite easily become the standby of to-morrow. The hotel business was not what it had been. In Sanger's time, and afterwards, the "pub" had commanded a good position on the main coach route to the growing township of Narine. Now it had no meaning, stuck there on the roadside, too near Brown's Town for the casual motorist—too far away

for the customer who likes to see a little life between his drinks.

The passing years had made little impression on The Swan, conforming as it still did to the standards of a bygone decade. Devoid of conveniences, lacking all those concessions to modern life that demands at least a modicum of comfort, its rooms were still the small, airless rooms of Sanger's day, its easy routine was still unchanged.

The bar was a shabby enclosure with a pervading gloom that not even the twinkling bottles could dispel. The adjacent parlor breathed out the aroma of a stuffy past. The patterned linoleum was worn through, its holes in places covered by mangy rugs. There were enormous chipped enamelled spittoons flanking the red-oiled fireplace, and on the sagging walls colored prints from Christmas supplements and tattered war pictures of dismantled forests and beching guns.

A table with a green plush cover stood in the centre of the room. In one corner a drainpipe, covered with putty and studded with tiny fragments of colored china, partially concealed a rent in the wallpaper. The top of the yellow piano, which looked as if it had not been opened for years, bristled with disintegrating pampas grass and fly-speckled paper flowers.

Fran surveyed the bar-parlor with a slight quickening of her heartbeats. Sam had assured her blithely that The Swan was not "much chop" as modern hotels went, but she had not expected anything quite like this.

The room smelled of men, and stale beer, and moth-halls. That peculiar smell seemed to go through the whole house—down the two narrow passages where the varnish had dried with dust on it, through the tiny bedrooms that opened off them like the cabins of a ship, into the very kitchen where old Ma Addicott sat perpetually engaged in household tasks.

Like a great fat bloated black spider was old Ma Addicott. Immensely fat, there was no shape left in her. Her face, scored with little scarlet rivers, had become a mass of pendulous cheeks and descending chins. Her small mouth with its lolling tongue was lost in a crevice of flesh. Old Ma Addicott, whose life was lived between bedroom and kitchen; Old Ma Addicott, whose black lashless eyes were the eyes of the sockatoo that rattled its chain outside the smudgy window!

She looked up now, mumbling under her breath as Sam and his wife returned—Sam with a slightly conciliatory air, and Fran laughing under her breath.

"About time, too," grumbled the old woman who hated laughter when she did not know the specific cause of it. "Have you showed your wife the new calf before she's had a proper look at her mother-in-law?"

"Now, Ma," said Sam pacifically. He didn't want to start off badly with the old lady. After all, she had managed the place for him (with the help, it was true, of Bert Taylor, ex-bartman of Brown's Town) while he gallivanted off to marry Fran at the registry office in Melbourne.

"Where's the baby," asked Mrs. Addicott, shuffling across to the stove, "the baby that I've heard tell so much about? Did you leave her at the station with the luggage to be brought back with poor Paddy Callaghan?"

"I left her in town with my aunt," said Fran quietly. "There's somebody at the boarding-house coming up the line next week. She's bringing her."

Fran's throat tightened as she thought of the child. Mary, funny little Mary who had blinked her greenish eyes and said "good-bye" to her with an unchildish composure.

"Don't mind her," said Sam in a whisper, and Fran didn't mind, though she felt a twinge of discomfort at the prospect of eating their tea in a corner of the empty dining-room, while the old woman ate in the kitchen.

"Don't mind her," Sam said again, shovelling food into his mouth. "She won't come out of the kitchen. She likes it—see? She's a darn good cook. Used to be a cook before she married Dad. She won't be any trouble to you, Fran. Aren't you hungry, sweetheart?"

Fran shook her head, dragging her fingers through her soft blonde hair that she wore in a knot on her neck. She was tired and a little apprehensive. It wasn't like coming to your home, coming to an hotel. An hotel was anybody's home. Like a boarding-house. It had been like that at her aunt's. Anybody's house.

No, she wasn't hungry. She didn't want anything. She only wanted to get to bed away from the look of the long dining-room with its empty half-set tables, its kerosene lamp that made odd popping noises, and its faded green curtains that were the color of slime on a pond.

That was the worst of being so terribly aware of the ugliness in ugly things, so that it shunted at you and gave you an actual pain.

A smear of gravy down the front of Mrs. Addicott's black dress . . . the white shape of a spittoon in the bar-parlor. All these were tangled up in the back of her mind in a sort of grey terror that even the smile in Sam's eyes could not disperse.

It required something of an effort for her to look pleased when Sam informed her that some of "the boys" were coming in for a beer. An effort to keep smiling while the hours dragged on and they smoked and drank and sang songs in the bar-parlor—Timmins, the coarse-voiced auctioneer from Brown's Town—Sanky, the barber who always knew the right tips to hand a man, Joe Parker from over the water with his dark face twitching nervously, the three Bailey boys, the football heroes of the district, and half a dozen red-cheeked lads from down the road.

At last they were all gone. The bar-parlor was awash and there was a crunch of broken glass under your feet when you walked. Fran followed Sam into the narrow passage and across to the bedroom. It was the largest bedroom in the house, and its window gave a look-out across the lake. There was worn linoleum on the floor. The bed was black with little nickel knobs. The furniture was old and dark and solid, and smelled of polish. The wallpaper sagged in places and there were scurrying sounds behind it.

"Afice," said Sam, his eyes shining cheerfully behind his glasses.

Fran went to the window. She could see the lake lying out wan and mysterious in the moonlight. Strange sighing noises came from it like the noises that came out of a fog on the sea. A jump rose in her throat. This was really her honeymoon night. Last night at the frightening hotel in Melbourne hadn't counted at all. Before that . . . her honeymoon night with Mary's father. That didn't count either. It belonged to a dream. There had been such a little time with him—Mary's father. A pale

ghost of a bewildered boy with a brushed khaki uniform and a soft, scholarly voice.

She looked across at Sam. She remembered how he had come to her over the little patch of lawn at the back of the boarding-house. She had been taking in the clothes. Table-cloths and sheets and pillow-cases all white as snow. He had spoken to her and she had felt her knees turning to water. . . . There had been something about Sam. Something rich, and vital and sincere, some quality that had decided her while she listened with one ear to her aunt accusing her of throwing herself away on a "ramshackle pub-keeper". . . .

SAM, for his part, would always remember his first sight of Fran, standing with the sun on her hair, taking in clothes.

"She's the one for me," he had thought, and it was as though he had shouted the words aloud. Shouted the words aloud while the bees had boomed in the almond tree by the leaning prop, and he had deliberately thanked his stars for the lucky chance that had taken him (he was in town for the races) to a shabby East Melbourne boarding-house instead of the cheap hotel, his usual lodging-place.

Against the mean background of The Swan he had seen her in a flash. Waiting on the tables . . . bending soft-voiced over his guests . . . turning the butter-churn in the pantry with the blue veins in her strong white arms showing. . . . Like that he had seen her, and he had never doubted his power of bringing his dreams up to the point of reality. Women liked him and he had a way with women.

Dimly he realised that she was what might have been vaguely termed "above him." Her beginnings had been finer. She had had good schooling. Extras as well as the general curriculum, she had told him, laughing. She had read a mountain of books. All of which, though it raised her slightly above him (he had never read anything more than market or racing news in his life), did not alter the essential fact that physically they were a match.

As for Fran—she was aware of a hundred differences between them, differences too subtle for his comprehension. But she did not care. If she were, as her aunt said, throwing herself away, then she gloried in throwing herself away. Sam's coming had awakened her as it were out of a deep sleep. Almost it was as if in that first look he had laid violent hands on her.

"Wasting her advantages," her aunt had called it, and perhaps there had been advantages out of the ordinary.

Her childhood had been a happy one. She could remember all of that pleasant life lived in the little Victorian mining town where the poppet-heads had stuck up against the sky like gibbets, and the paths had been made of dazzling quartz. . . . All the dreamy country sights and sounds. . . . The scarlet brambles along the roadside banks . . . ice in the gutters like fragile, greenish glass . . . the thin, windy crowing of morning cocks out of long distances. . . .

She could remember, too, the immense colored bottles on the counter of her father's chemist's shop . . . the long brilliant windows of the little church where her mother played the organ . . . the pretty room where later she had dropped over the gold-encrusted piano giving those endless music lessons that death had silenced. . . .

Yes, there had been advantages Fran was ready to admit, but what use were they since at seventeen she had found herself on her aunt's well-polished step, a tall, laxy,

golden girl, too diffident to set about earning a good living for herself?

She had stayed in the house helping Aunt Clare. Aunt Clare with her darting eyes and tongue, mixed up in a dozen futile war activities. Aunt Clare spinning wool as a spider winds thread out of its body, and mothering bewildered soldier lads on leave.

It was at Aunt Clare's that she had met young Jimmy Purcell. Little Jimmy Purcell with his clerk's pen put away, and a soldier's melting money in his hands. Little Jimmy Purcell, lonely, and just a little afraid because of his secret presentiment that he never would return. He was twenty—she was a whole year younger. They had been children in love with love.

"Which makes it all the more romantic," Aunt Clare had gushed, turning the heel of a coarse, grey stocking, "but all the more necessary for you to marry before he goes. There's the pension, and you must think of that."

Fran hadn't thought of it, and when it finally was hers by right of widowhood, it did little towards dulling her wondrous grief. It kept her, however, in the year that followed, on the good side of Aunt Clare.

Fran had worked hard at Aunt Clare's, but she would work harder at The Swan. Though Paddy Callaghan did the outside jobs and the old woman the cooking, there was a terrifying amount of labor to be got through.

There was the bar to tidy, and the parlor with its reek of stale beer, and the smug glasses that stood about leaving wet rings everywhere. There were the bedrooms to do, the butter-making—unfamiliar task—to see to, and the periodic washing up of dirty dishes in the kitchen, where old Ma Addicott, shuffling round in lop-sided slippers, gave her fumbling assistance.

But she was happy. The shabbiness that had eaten into the very walls of the house sobered but did not entirely depress her. She would soon alter all that! As she hurried about that first week, falling naturally into her position of mistress of The Swan, sweeping, dusting, snatching kisses from Sam in dark corners, teasingly edging away from his encircling arms, her mind was busy with a hundred plans. She would re-paper the bar-parlor, cover the monstrousities of horsehair furniture with bright chintz covers. She would make new curtains for the dining-room windows, paint the wash-work, throw out the heavy, old-fashioned crockets such as big as a tombstone, and set the vases filled with flowers. All this she would do, and more. . . .

Sam listened to her enthusiasms with a tolerant smile. Ma Addicott with a hint of malice in her black eyes. On more than one occasion Sam felt heavily when while her grave eager voice ran on. "What would she do—and that. In a year the Swan wouldn't recognise itself. Nothing would be the same. . . ."

"Let her yap away," Sam would think benignly. "It'll always be the same, though she doesn't know it."

Neither did she know that Sam, who would pay out cheerfully for a good cow, a new machinery part, was, when it came to the question of the hotel's upkeep, unbelievably close-fisted. There were things like broken crockery, grocer's bills, butcher's bills. These made him see red. . . .

It was in the butcher's shop that Fran felt her first doubt. They had driven from the Four Mile to meet Mary at the station. Even with the whistle of the

train sounding warningly in the distance. Sam had insisted that they should pull up in front of Tanner's.

"Go in and do a bit of bargaining with old Slaughterhouse himself," he had advised, waiting indolently outside. "You get the best cuts that way, and it's cheaper over the counter."

Old Tanner, a lowering grizzled man, was expertly dissecting a sheep's head on the chopper.

"A roaster beef this time of the week," he shouted to the empty shop. "Does the people think I kill a bullock every day? Ox-tail was I hearing? Woman alive, d'you think every beast has a hundred tails? ... When it's mutton I got it's beef they want. When it's beef—they blubbers for mutton."

"I've given my order," said Fran firmly. Her broad face looked a little pinched, her eyes staring. She had been up early that morning scrubbing the worn linoleums and fixing a bed for Mary on the back verandah. Her very bones were cold. The day had turned chilly for spring, and sitting high up in the buggy she had felt the bitter wind off the plain flowing over her like water.

She watched old Tanner apathetically as he rolled up a purplish mass and thrust it towards her.

"Here's corn beef, the best I got. Phut! Prime and fresh off the hoof—"

"But it's too big—and fatty," protested Fran. "It's—"

"Phut!" Old Tanner wiped his fingers on his apron and turned away as though the subject of meat no longer held any interest for him. "I'll eat good," he said indifferently. "I'll eat good."

"I'm a fool," thought Fran hugging her parcel out. "Mrs. Addicott would have done better."

She was conscious of a feeling of failure as they drove toward the station, a feeling that not even the thought of Mary could sweeten. The street was full, for it was a sale day, and the farmers with their families had driven in. Women laden with parcels were edging out of shop doors. Men were sitting on the rails outside the saleyards where the voice of the auctioneer could be heard, hoarse, with a sound of anger in it.

The train was in just before them. A week ago she had come by just that same sighing, grumbling train. Fran looked round wildly, left Sam and darted forward.

Mary was hanging out of a second-class window, an anxious-looking woman holding her back. With a little broken cry of love, Fran took Mary from the woman, who seemed relieved to be rid of her.

The child had thin little legs mottled blue with the cold. She wore a cream flannel coat that had shrunk in the wash so that her stick-like wrists protruded oddly from too-short sleeves. Her hat, too big in the head, came down over her forehead completely eclipsing her dark, monkeyish prettiness.

Fran bade the woman farewell, thanking her, and hurried Mary away. Sam, with the reins already tightening in his hands, was in a fever to be off. There was still shopping to be done, a bill or two to be paid, and a visit to be made to the hospitable Royal Exchange Hotel next the barber's.

Fran, melting into the quiet content, sat between the two of them, appreciating Sam's jovial attentions to Mary and the child's self-possessed acceptance of his over-

tures. He liked children, but you could see that he was awkward with them.

She sat straight up surveying the street dreamily. It was her first real visit into Brown's Town, and she was prepared to be interested. Sam, with an air of showing off his exclusive possessions, pointed out the landmarks. The rust-ameared water-tower; the fine houses on Terrace Hill which wasn't a hill at all really, but which had always been given the name of one; the two new brick banks; the little tumble-down shops; the Mechanics' Hall and Library, and last of all—Jarrold's.

They pulled up in front of Jarrold's in the stinging wind. Jarrold's was the pride of Brown's Town—a large general store with four plate-glass windows and an imposing entrance. They sold everything at Jarrold's from fertilisers to lingerie. Something of a local legend had risen up round Jarrold's, for the big, comfortable store had been the jumping off ground for Brown's Town's most successful man—John Hurley. To-day John Hurley was the brain behind one of Melbourne's most modern emporiums, but the Brown's Town residents would point you out (with a little awe) the untidy little office where John Hurley had sat biting his nails and adding up columns of figures.

Fran followed Sam into the shop now, Mary clinging tightly to her hand. Sam's noisy laughter filled the place, making the very crockery on the tall shelves rattle and vibrate.

"How popular he is," thought Fran with a little tug of pride at her heart. They were all making a great fuss of Sam. Mr. Jarrold, tall and bearded with steel-rimmed spectacles resting on his high-bridged nose; Mr. Melton of the grocery like a dentist in his crisp white jacket; Miss Crampton, the milliner, rubbing her knuckles hands that still bore traces of recent chilblains.

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure, Mrs. Addicott," said Miss Crampton in her wheedling voice. "You'll make Mr. Addicott sit up just now won't you? He's a caution is Mr. Addicott."

At last they were out in the street again. A little undecided rain was beginning to fall. The green pendulous beads of the plane-trees along the gutter wore a queer artificial look. The wind that came from the saleyards had a smell of sheep. Sam clicked the horse up and looked at his large gold watch.

"Just want to call in at the Royal," he said apologetically. "Won't be half a tick."

The half a tick widened into ten minutes. The ten minutes into twenty. Fran sat there watching the street emptying itself. There was a feeling of flatness, of tiredness about her. She felt Mary's cold little hand squeezed into hers.

"Put your head on mother's lap and go to sleep," she said.

"Don't want to go to sleep," said Mary sturdily, but she put her head down and burrowed her nose into Fran's skirt.

Fran sat stiffly waiting. She could hear men laughing inside the hotel. There was a soft click of billiard-balls from somewhere. The rain made a decisive effort and fell in hard spots on the crown of her brown straw hat. Buggies and carts drew out from the gutters and drove away.

Anger thickened in Fran. Sam had no right to go away like that and leave her to be the laughing-stock of the street. He had no right to keep her waiting all this time. She wanted to be back home, taking Mary's clothes out of their little

yellow basket—beating thick creamy milk for Mary on the kitchen fire.

The rain sharpened. She pulled up the collar of her thin coat and thrust down her chin. Someone was coming, but it wasn't Sam. It was Joe Parker with Mrs. Parker and a small crying child in the offing.

"Sam still inside?" asked Mrs. Parker in her whining voice. "He didn't ought to have left you sitting out here in the rain. My word! I'd tell the world if I had to wait round for my old man—"

"Oh, it's all right," said Fran equably. Rosie Parker had been to see her at The Swan. She didn't like Rosie Parker with her sharp little chin and shrewish manner. "Here he is now," she said.

With the sight of Sam her resentment had vanished. There was something in the bold, careless look of Sam that took it right away. The words of reproach died on her lips.

"There now!" The shrill note in Rosie Parker's voice reached them. "If you haven't forgotten that oatmeal again! I never see such a man, Joe Parker."

"She's a tartar," said Sam climbing up into the buggy beside Fran. His blue eyes blinked behind their thick glasses. His whole being radiated good nature and a warm, physical vitality.

Fran laughed contentedly.

"Not wet, old lady, are you?" asked Sam.

She shook her head, and his hand, large and red and covered with golden hairs, pressed her knee.

She learned not to say too much, and not to expect too much. "That's it," she would tell herself encouragingly. "I mustn't expect too much." That was the worst of her. She had always wanted more out of things than she could reasonably have.

The old woman in the kitchen was a continual thorn in her side. It wasn't that she interfered unduly, or made herself definitely antagonistic, but she had a habit of innuendo that was maddening, and always seemed to be on the point of saying something that she never quite said.

When she was not in the kitchen she lived in her dark little bedroom at the end of the back verandah from which she emerged each morning as soon as Paddy Callaghan had grumblingly lit the fire in the stove. The room was stuffy, with its window battened tightly down, and filled with junk that she had brought home at odd times from country sales.

There was a little three-legged table by the bed, that usually had a smeary glass and a half-empty bottle, for old Ma Addicott was, as she put it, "fond of a little drop now and then." Often the cockatoo's perch was brought in, and the bird would sleep close up against the rail of the bed, its wicked beak twisted round into its neck-feathers.

"I feel I have no right there when she's in the kitchen," Fran exploded one day. "Even the cockatoo sits and watches as though it's sizing up everything that I do."

"Oh, we got to put up with her," Sam said easily, with the pious good-boy look that he always wore when he spoke of his mother. "I wouldn't see the old lady without a home of her own. What's mine's hers—see? But we'll see what my sister Pearl says when she comes up for Christmas. She might get Ma to go back with her."

But there was nothing of conviction in his voice, and she knew it.

The weather grew warmer, finally hot. Yellow deepened in the patch of crop over

the water in front of Joe Parker's farm. Sam had gone shares with Joe in the crop, and he watched its ripening tinge with satisfied eyes. Dust heaped in the roadway outside the "pub," its surface patterned by the feet of passing sheep. What grass there was had an old, bleached look. The water in the lake sank and left a whitish mark round the edges. When Fran rowed Mary out in the breathless evenings there was a cool, decaying smell like the smell of the sea.

It was insufferably hot in the house. The sun glared down on the iron roof of the hotel, and slanted redly against the windows. Blowflies buzzed incessantly round the back door, and hurled themselves against the patched-up wire screens. The water in the underground tank fell, and Sam grumbled every time Fran soaked her parched geranium cuttings. The heathen Coolgardie safe out under the pepper trees needed to be filled twice a day, and Sam was kept running in the bar.

There were more people about now. Harvest hands on the look-out for work, brewery travellers popping in and out importantly, passing carters who would stop for their long beers.

Fran waited on them uncomplainingly, running backwards and forwards between dining-room and kitchen, her hair plastered in little wet gold tendrils on her forehead, a high, stormy color painting her flattish cheekbones. Fran, fetching and carrying, her reward a pleasant look from Sam, a word of approbation, a squeeze of his heavy fingers! Fran, mistress of The Swan, a little belated that after all these weeks The Swan should show no perceptible difference for her coming.

It was the bar-parlor that was the worst. She stood looking at it helplessly one morning, her shoulders sagging.

"This room," she sighed, "it's—it's awful!"

"What's wrong with it?"

Sam looked at her with his short-angled, bewildered eyes. What was wrong with it? A pleasant enough place.

"I don't see—" he began slowly.

"There's everything about it," said Fran, passionately. "The horsehair chairs! The holes in the linoleum! That drainpipe and the pampas grass and the fireplace like a hole in a red hillside. I tell you it gives me a pain—here! Those terrible white spittoons!"

She was panting, with one hand laid quivering on her breast. Sam stared at her for a moment with puzzled eyes, then padded across to the bar, whistling softly.

Fran watched him go, then she swooped down and laid hands on the largest, most offending spittoon. She had taken it out before, and it had mysteriously come back. This time it would disappear for good.

With a humorous twist to her mouth, she marched down the passage and out the back door. Mary was playing "ladies" under the pepper-tree with a bit of lace twisted into her black snake-locks, and a wisp of wool tied round her waist. On an upturned box she had arranged a collection of broken mussel-shells and bits of colored china. Springing up now, she upset the box, and trotted across to Fran, her greenish eyes glinting with glee.

"Is it a game, Mummy, is it a game?" she squealed.

"Yes, it's a game," assented Fran, who had seen the old lady looking out of her bedroom window.

They crossed the yard. It was hot in the sun, as it blazed down, silvering the scattered feathers that lay caught in the dried grass. Minahs were pecking about near the haystack. Yah, yah, yah, they cried mockingly. Yah, yah, yah!

Fran threw the spittoon away among the spiky thistles with energy. Mary clapped her hands and laughed.

"Let's go down to the lake," said Fran, with a sudden hatred of the house behind her.

The lake had a sullen, molten look, and its far side was blurred with a faint haze. The great gums on the edge threw pools of purplish shade. Fran bent down and took off her shoes and stockings. The shoes were down at heel and the toes turned up.

"That's because I've scrubbed in them," she thought.

She paddled her hot, swollen feet in the cool water, and let the mud squelch between her toes. For a long time she stayed watching the dragon-flies darting among the rushes, and the shags twisting their thin, snake-like necks in the shallows. A feeling of peace stole over her. There was comfort in that contact with the lake so mysteriously drawn into herself, so unobtrusive and still.

"Come, darling," she said, and they trudged back after drying their feet with wisps of slippery grass.

Fran went inside, humming under her breath. There was a team drawn up outside, and the bar was full. She looked into the parlor. The white spittoon occupied its old place by the fender, and old Ma Addicott out in the kitchen was mumbling to the cookstove.

Fran said nothing; what was the use of saying anything?

CHRISTMAS was upon them with a rush. All around them harvesting was in full swing. From early morning you could hear the droning song of the reaping blades. Soon the wheat carts would be rattling by on their way to Brown's Town. Clumpety-clump-clump they would go like fat old women walking with wooden shoes. Clumpety-clump-clump. . . .

Pearl and her husband arrived at The Swan on Christmas Day. Pearl had a fat, creamy face pitted with dark brown moles, and a small, discontented mouth. Her husband, Bert Taylor, was a short, middle-aged man with a flashiness that suggested the racecourse. They came in a smart red car which Bert ran reluctantly into the buggy-shed.

Pearl, lounging about the place, smelling of cheap perfume, was easy to talk to. Fran wondered how she could bring up the subject of old Mrs. Addicott, but Pearl drew first blood herself.

"I've been having a yarn to Ma," she said, yawning. They were sitting on the front verandah bench, and Pearl's flimsy black dress trailed in the dust. "I've put it to her that she should come back with us for a bit. We could do with someone to look after the house of a night when we go out to the flicks, Bert and me. It's not safe leaving your place at all. The burglaries that go on! You wouldn't believe!"

Sam flicked away the ash of his cigarette, staring through the dusk at Pearl with a sudden hopefulness. . . . That would be all if the old girl went without any fuss like. But she'd have to go of her own accord. He didn't want to get in bad with Ma—not even for Fran. . . .

"Well, what did she say?" he asked, and Fran, slapping mosquitoes against her hot face, bent forward breathlessly to listen.

"She wouldn't hear of it anyway," said Pearl. "Went off real crook. Fair bit my head off. Said she'd stay under her

own roof till she was carried out feet first."

"Strewth," said Sam feeling the tension of Fran on the bench beside him. "Well, nobody can say I haven't been a good son," he began piously, when Mrs. Addicott waddled through the door.

Ma Addicott was angry. Even in the dusk you could see that her venomous face was a dull, purplish color, and her fat hands folded on her stick, shaking.

"Good son," she mumbled breaking into a cackle. "Oh, aye, and it's a good schemer of a son you are, Sam Addicott! A good schemer!" Her voice rose and cracked. "Trying to get rid of your poor ma—"

"Now, Ma," said Sam rolling his eyes anxiously. "You got it the wrong way. I never once had it in my head—"

"Then you wouldn't wish me to go with Pearl?" asked the old woman. "You wouldn't wish for me to leave The Swan, and settle in with Pearl? You wouldn't advise it like?"

"I want you to stay here, Ma."

Sam's voice was steady. His fingers found Fran's jerking hand and held it still. Fran's whole stiff figure, as she sat there against the wooden wall with its blistered boards, was a protest.

"Well, if that's how it is," said the old woman sucking in her lips, "then it's all right all round. I got nothing to say, Sam."

She went waddling back with an air of triumph. Fran sat staring out across the greying paddocks, feeling that Sam had let her down.

She was gathering up glasses in the bar-parlor one afternoon late in the summer when a girl came in. The girl was bedraggled-looking, with down-at-heel dusty shoes and a pert little face under a transparent black hat.

"Yes?" asked Fran in her warm, friendly fashion.

The girl looked slightly taken aback.

"I don't want—" she stammered. "I mean I was wondering if there was any work to be had here. I'm looking for a job. Waitress or in the kitchen or anything."

"I'm afraid there's nothing," Fran looked at the girl thoughtfully, and the girl's shallow brown eyes slipped away from hers and went peering here and there as though she were looking for someone. "Have you had any experience?"

"I've had a crack at a few things," the girl answered with a sort of overt pertness. "I—I worked here once for a bit." She rubbed the toe of one dusty shoe against the back of her stocking. "I—Is Mr. Addicott anywhere about?"

"I'll find him," said Fran stacking up her glasses carefully. "Have you walked all the way from Brown's Town?"

"Too right I have." The girl made a little grimace. "Say it's Miss Birrell—Daphne Birrell."

Fran found Sam in the kitchen superintending the making of some bran mash for his fowls. He looked healthy and vital standing there with his shirt sleeves rolled up, his face pink and boyish.

He listened to her with a little snap of temper in his eyes.

"What the—" he began.

"We could perhaps take her on," suggested Fran, thinking of the girl's dusty feet and the long sun-baked road that led from the township. "If there was somebody to wait on the tables I'd have more time to see about the butter and—"

"I'll fix the tart," Sam said, brushing past her suggestions indifferently.

He lit a cigarette and went out. The eyes of the old woman in the corner followed him with a malicious curiosity.

"Te-he-he," she cackled, lifting the cockatoo on to her fat finger. "Te-he-he."

It was a still day and every door was open. From the passage outside the bar-parlor came Sam's angry voice. "Now you git out of here! You just get off straight back—see?"

Fran felt herself flushing to the roots of her hair. That wasn't like Sam. Sam was kind. People always came to Sam. He had a cheerful word for everybody. No, that wasn't like Sam.

Sam strode back, still with the look of temper in his eyes. The cockatoo was running its chain along the length of the window-sill and cackling hoarsely. "That's a good 'un, that's a good 'un, that's a good 'un."

"Well, did you get rid of her?" asked Mrs. Addicott with her head sideways on her shoulder. "That's a bright lad. Ain't he a bright lad, Fran, to get rid of the girls so quick?"

"Shut up, Ma," said Sam testily. He felt angry and aggrieved. That little tart coming all the way out to touch him for a job! He'd parted with her fair enough six months before. Trading on his good-nature—that was what it was. Trading on his good-nature. "How about a nice little glass of port, Ma?" he suggested kindly.

Fran, washing the glasses under the sink, suddenly felt the heat of the day. There was about the old woman a sly look of suspended malice.

"Come on," said Sam boisterously. "How about taking the kid and going out for a spot of fishing? Joe Parker's been hauling in the red fins a treat."

Fran nodded, trying to obliterate from the mind the picture of a girl with a dispirited back tramping in the dust towards Brown's Town.

RITCHIE was born in October. His birth marked the end of Fran's first year at The Swan, a full year that had gone with incredible swiftness, but which left her with a feeling of frustrated effort.

It had seemed in that first year that the summer would never go, that the hot, crackling house would never regain any more than a temporary coolness, and the dust on the road be laid.

But unbelievably it was over. The mornings had an edge to them. The wind that came rollicking over the plains had a sharp knife-edge. The fallows were ploughed. The drills were worked on the purple-brown slopes. Robins hopped on the fences. Rising early, Fran would thrust her cold arm into the sleeves of a woolly jacket and go out to scrape the stove in the kitchen. This was Paddy Callaghan's job, but more often than not he was down to his "rheumatics" and cribbing time off.

She loved these wintry mornings in the dark kitchen when Sam would come in early, straight from the cow-balls and his tussocks with old Paddy. There would be a smell of the earth about him. His eyes would shine behind their thick glasses as though the frost had rimmed them too. The fire would be glowing redly behind the bars of the grate, the kettle singing and the porridge bubbling blandly in the old chipped enamel saucepan. There would be the sound of bacon sizzling in the pan, a sound that always reminded her of the Yarra boiling over the stones at Warburton, and a long

summer day she had spent there with Jimmy. She would sit opposite Sam, her face glowing with color, her blonde hair caught hastily into a slipping knob on her neck, and think as she watched him:

"This is our own house. Mine—and Sam's!"

Their son was born on the night of the football presentation gathering. And when, at two o'clock in the morning, a thin, crying like a distant cock-crow threaded the silence of the house, Sam heard it and blubbered.

IN the tidy, panelled office at the rear of Jarrold's Mark Jarrold sat stooped over his roll-top desk. His long sensitive face, grey-eyed and grey-bearded, wore a look of vexation. His white, tapering fingers were turning blue-lined pages with the impetuosity of a wind. Sighing, he ran his eyes down the ledgers. The petty ledger, the long-standing accounts, the monthlies. There was the same tale to be read in each of them. People wouldn't pay. People wouldn't pay, though to-day they were spending more recklessly than ever before.

Mark frowned, staring through the window into the yard where a dozen cars were lined up in front of the old-fashioned horse-stall. There were too many accounts—long-standing ones running on for two and three years. In the main they were safe enough. There were always the promissory notes. Practically you ran your business on promissory notes in this part of the world, but you couldn't hope to work on that system for ever. Conditions were changing everywhere, and you were as dependent on the season as the farmer. More so, since you were expected to carry the farmer on your back.

He opened a ledger and greily commenced a new inspection. There were a dozen unpaid long-standing accounts. The names were familiar through long association. The Baileys; T. C. Anderson, of Narinego; the Hopetons (they had just bought a smart-looking car); the Mullers.

His moving finger came to a stop at the name of Muller. They were a German couple, brother and sister. He himself had put them into the tiny farm he had once bought from Heathcote, the land-miser of the district. The Mullers, poor patient people who had suffered a scandalous persecution during the war, ran a couple of cows, and grew vegetables for sale.

They worked hard, but somehow in spite of the fact that he never dunned them for rent, they had never managed to make a success of their place. But this time they must pay. He had sent out a pretty sharp note to Franz Muller this month, along with a bunch of others. He'd have to be hard . . . like John Hurley. Hurley had never run his business this way . . .

Mark raised his head and called out a peremptory "Come in," as a timid knock sounded on the door. The door opened slowly and the humming noises of the shop stole in. It was little Elsa Muller who stood there on the threshold, her blue German eyes piteous, her mouth drooping.

Mark got up and pulled a chair across, hardening his heart. He saw the signs on her face. He was familiar with those signs, and he was getting just a little sick of them.

Elsa looked at him. She was a little podgy woman with greying flaxen hair, a round marble of a chin, and a subservient air.

"Well, Miss Muller," Mark's voice, full-

bodied with a faint metallic timbre in it, had an edge to its crispness. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"It's about the account, Mr. Jarrold." Elsa sat carefully, humbly on the edge of the chair. "Oh, Mr. Jarrold, sir, this time Franz and I, we were certain to pay. We'll leave everything go and settle this up first," Franz said. And now, Franz—"

Elsa began to cry weakly, the tears welling up in her pale, washed eyes, and spouting out over her sparse lashes. She took a hemmed oatmeal bag from her coat pocket, and blew her little round, shiny nose.

"Yes?" said Mark Jarrold impatiently.

"They've taken him down to the hospital at Bendigo," went on Elsa, looking down at her muddy turned-in shoes. "It's the veins in his leg that have broke. Various veins they call it. It's a long way down to Bendigo, but Mr. Sanky knows a special doctor there that can fix him. It'll cost money, Mr. Jarrold, hospital and all, but I couldn't see Franz suffering . . . And so, Mr. Jarrold, as you've always been so kind before—"

"That's all right," said Mark gently. "Don't worry about it. See to Franz first." He passed his fingers over his forehead, and sighed. It was no good. A man couldn't do it. These endless tales of woe—

"It isn't as if it costs us much to live," went on Elsa humbly. "We live like the birds, Franz says. A little rabbit now and then—"

"Yes, yes," said Mark hastily. He knew it all. A clock on the wall struck one. It was time for his lunch. He looked at the little woman sharply. There was a blue drawn look about her mouth. He wondered when she had last eaten. She was the sort who would forget the needs of her own body in her care for another's comfort. "I must go now," he said scraping back in his chair. "It's time for your dinner too."

"I couldn't eat anything," said Elsa in a low voice. "Mrs. Murphy is picking me up at three. I can walk about and look in people's gardens. Nobody can say anything to an old woman who's just looking over fences. There's some lovely flowers out now—"

Mark hesitated, then a smile started in his kind grey eyes and spread over his bearded face.

"You'll come along with me," he said firmly. "I'm just on the way home. You can look at my garden. The roses are at their best. And I have my lunch alone," he added with sudden enlightenment as she hung back reluctantly. "They never wait for me because I'm too unpunctual."

He went out into the shop and through the drapery department with its smell of velvet and beeswax, its air of rich concealment. Miss Crampton, with a bookrarn shape in her hand and a pair of shining scissors dangling from the black tape at her waist, was leaning on the counter with a rapt, far-away expression.

"I'm going now, Miss Crampton," Mark said easily.

Miss Crampton said in her most refined voice: "Very well, Mr. Jarrold," and went on filling her mouth with pins, her rapt expression still unimpaired.

Mark, with Elsa trotting at his side, walked briskly down the business street up to Terrapee Hill, slightly uneasy under a little feeling of guilt. There had been occasions before when his bringing of an unwanted stranger to lunch had roused the

household to angry protest. Not that it was of importance—surely he could do as he liked in his own home!—but Petronella had a bullying way with her that made for discomfort. Pleasant perhaps to be lovingly bullied by a daughter of sixteen, but undignified, and suggestive of future friction.

It was interesting to conjecture just how the little chit had come by her pugnacious qualities. He was a mild man, and his wife, dying two years before, had left behind her the memory of nothing but sweetness and serenity. Only in the choice of her children's names had she ever evinced any assertiveness. Fantastic names of her wayward choosing—Petronella and Yolande with a plain "Jane" thrust in between. He was always thankful for the unvarnished Jane. It was like the good slab of honest cake let in between two thicknesses of pastry in those baker's slices called Napoleons.

He opened his gate now with the feeling of completeness that always swamped him when he looked upon his home. The big garden with its patchy buffalo lawns and crowded beds was a mass of color, and the verandah house, one of the few brick houses in Brown's Town, had a look of solidity and comfort behind its mauve curtain of wistaria.

He left Elsa in the long, cool rose-smelling drawing-room, and went down the hall, stifling that uneasy sensation of guilt. In the back part of the house, the half-day woman was washing up, clashing china on tin. Aunt Maudie was seated in the glass-sided vestibule, knitting with casual interest that always doomed her efforts with needle and wool to certain and ignominious failure.

She was a little chirpy, ineffectual woman of forty, a sister of Mrs. Jarrold, and had come to take charge of the household three years before.

Mark looked at her, smiling his whimsical smile.

"I've brought someone home with me," he said gently. "A poor little bit of a woman in trouble. Miss Muller. Remember they're out in my cottage near the Four Mile? I suppose you could er—dish up something extra."

"Father! What—again!" It was Petronella swinging into the vestibule. Petronella young and vital, her dark stormy beauty spelt only by the predominance of her high-bridged nose. "It's too bad!"

"Just something like a little chop or a cutlet," said Mark smoothly. "Or—"

"There are three crumbed outlets," admitted Petronella sulkily, "but absolutely no extra potatoes."

"Nonsense," said Mark in a mild voice. "Surely a man may demand a fair quota of potatoes in his own house."

He went out stooping a little, and his voice, high and pleasant, could be heard bawling his guest into the dining-room.

"He's always doing it," said Petronella bitterly. "That funny little German woman."

Aunt Maudie went on knitting. What shape the finished article would take she didn't quite know. A baby's singlet perhaps. There were a number of new babies about. Mrs. MacGregor had told her that there was a new one at that ramshackle hotel on the Four Mile. . . . And if a singlet didn't materialise—well, there were always coles. . . . Coles hadn't sleeves, and wooden coles were always useful.

THE children played in the cemetery down the road.

Fran knew that they played there, but she was unperturbed. It was better for

them than hanging round the hotel, and she didn't like them to go down to the lake unaccompanied.

Mary was seven now, Ritchie two. He was a stolid little fellow, easier to manage than the imaginative Mary. He would fall down and pick himself up again without a whimper. He had the staring blue eyes of Sam, and a whorl of coarse straw-colored hair that stuck up on the crown of his head. His stout little legs would carry him for long distances, but Mary liked to push him in the light go-cart that Sam had bought at a sale.

Mary found the cemetery a fascinating place. There was a drooping oleander at the gate that had flowers like soft, pink roses, and a very heavy smell that made you feel a little sick. There were lovely gravelled paths and tombstones with queer shapes. There was one made in the shape of an angel with the wings marked like the plectrum that Grandma Addicott nicked with a fork. The grass was thin and long, more slippery than the grass on the road, and starred with little red flowers like bits of glass.

Probably the children would have gone on playing in the cemetery if Mr. Houghton, the clergyman from Brown's Town, had not come along to The Swan that day.

Fran learned of his visit with a little trepidation. She (like Sam, who had no religion but thought it an excellent thing in other people) had absolutely no instincts towards churches. Mary had been baptised at the hospital—and Ritchie (in deference to Ma Addicott's wishes); but there it had ended. She went into the bar-parlor reluctantly.

It was a warm November day with a smell of honey in the wind, and pallid cuckoos calling over the paddocks far and wide. She had been scrubbing the back verandah in an old gacking apron, and the water had penetrated through to her skirt. She would have contented herself with running a wet mop over the rough boards but for the old woman, whose sly comments on dirty floors would have been unbearable.

Mr. Houghton, a hearty man with the physique of a prize-fighter, sat cross-legged on the horsehair couch, laughing inordinately at his own jokes and conducting a monologue that was flavored with statistics. . . . How much they had made at St. Bede's for the last fete; how many thousands of new bricks were still needed to complete the unfinished edifice in the church grounds. . . . how many communicants there had been last Easter. . . .

It was heavy going, and Fran, sitting motionless as only she knew how to sit, with her large hands folded on her lap, and her eyes steady and serene, gave him little help.

"Surely," boomed Mr. Houghton, joining soft white fingertip to fingertip, and staring at the fly-specked ceiling, "surely with the fortnightly church service so close in the little hall, so very close, my dear lady, it would not be out of the way, not the least bit out of the way, to attend occasionally. You will? Ah, splendid—splendid!"

"I have too much work to do," said Fran with her easy self-possession.

"There is always time for God's work," boomed Mr. Houghton, and, as that was unanswerable, Fran smiled her warm, friendly smile and waited.

It was at that moment that the children came. Fran could hear the squeaking of the go-cart wheels, the up-and-down gurgle of Mary's voice, a pattering of feet outside. Mary, followed by a dirty ambling Ritchie,

rushed into the room. In common with cats and well-bred people, she had the faculty of not seeing those people she was not immediately concerned with. She brushed past the vicar of Brown's Town without being aware of him. She wore a faded pink frock, a torn straw hat with a loop of chewed greyish elastic under her chin, and carried a handful of willing flowers.

"I've brought them for you, Mummy," she cried in her deep voice so like Fran's. "The lovely flowers from the dead people's graves. And some letters we found in the little gardens."

The little white cardboard strips fluttered to the ground. Mr. Houghton picked them up, smoothed and read them. Over his square, clean-shaven face spread a look of absolute horror. "Rest in the Lord, Mrs. Wimple," he read. And "Forever with the Lord, Mrs. Smith."

"Not the cemetery," he cried in a shocked voice. "Surely not the cemetery! God's acre!"

Fran looked at him in surprise. It sounded like an expletive as he had said it. Then she understood. Of course. God's acre! Her mouth twisted humorously, and Mr. Houghton's face darkened. "Why, it's sacrilege," he said. "Sacrilege."

"Oh, surely not," countered Fran, flushing. "Two happy little children—"

When Sam came in he found Fran with a deeper red in her face, staring at the floor, while Mr. Houghton's booming voice went flowing on like a steady stream.

"Hullo, what's it all about?" he asked jovially, perceiving a tension in the air. He waved the children away. Ritchie trotted off immediately, but Mary favored him with her long, inimical stare before she went, and looked towards Fran for confirmation with that steady questioning gaze that always enraged him.

"Mr. Houghton is upset because the children play in the cemetery," said Fran calmly. "He suggests that Mary, in order to learn the error of her ways, should attend the Sunday School service before church every fortnight. The suggestion is that I should take her and remain on—"

"Well, why not?" asked Sam pacifically, with a little furtive wonder as to whether he might ask the parson to join him in a drink.

Sam liked to do the right thing. With all his appearance of casualness he liked to stand well with people. It wouldn't do, he thought swiftly, to come up against the church crowd, small as it was. . . . No, by gosh, Fran and the kid had better go along as the parson suggested. It would look all right anyhow. . . .

Mr. Houghton departed pacified, rubbing his hands and ejaculating: "Splendid! Splendid!" Sam rumbled away to the bar that was filling, and Fran went out to the kitchen laughing as though she could hold in her amusement no longer.

"Laugh away," mumbled Ma Addicott, who had been listening at the door. "That's right—laugh! Vampires—that's what they are—my grandchildren! Vampires! Ghouls. Robbing the dead. It's a wonder—"

"You make me tired," said Fran with a look of hatred.

SAM bought the chair at a sale. It was an enormous red saddle-bag dripping with tattered green fringe, and sunken in the middle.

Timmins, the auctioneer, knocked it down to Sam with a coarse wink.

"I'll do for the missus," he shouted across the heads of the amused farmers who had gathered to see the last of Bob Garnett's effects under the hammer.

"I'll do for meself," parried Sam with a bellow of laughter.

He superintended the removal of the chair to a dray which would pass by the hotel. It was a nice chair, he thought, as he threaded his way back among the crowd. Fran would like it—though he would let it be strictly understood that it was his private chair. Anyhow, what more could Fran, ceaselessly bemoaning the lack of comfort in the bar-parlor, want in the way of furniture? It had real class that chair, and would give to the parlor that tony look that Fran was so set on.

Sam and the chair rocking in the blue dray, arrived at the hotel together. Sam helped freckled young Murphy to lift it into the bar-parlor, treated him to a hasty drink and went to find Fran.

He was in a high rollicking good humor. He had had a word with Lamb, of Sheeps, Plains and Lamb, one of the most successful farmers in the district, a man who had started barely a dozen years before with a few scrubby acres and a Purphy tank, had been both affable and informative. There was a move afoot he had admitted to establish a mill in Brown's Town, and Barclay Brothers of Melbourne and Ballarat were nosing out the lay of the land even now.

The choice lay between Brown's Town and Munkari Flats higher up, but Brown's Town was favored for its greater accessibility. They were tentatively opening negotiations for a site already, a somewhat ticklish operation since every available bit of saleable property adjacent to the railway yards lay with old Josh Heathcote, whose disinclination to part with an inch of his land either for love or money had provided for years one of the chief conversational topics of the neighborhood.

Yes, Lamb, gattered and hatted in the best traditions of the successful farmer, had been encouraging, and Sam, hanging round the edges of talkative groups, had gathered a word here, a word there, and felt himself well satisfied.

A mill in Brown's Town would put it (as he had said) on the map! Everyone would benefit. There would be more wheat carted past the door of The Swan, and less going to the siding near Naringee. There would be employment in the township for a nice little handful of men—decent fellows with steady money in their pockets who would hang about the radius of Four Mile, following the football in its season, the hare-shoots and a chance of sport along the edges of the lake . . .

Sam visualising a huge spreading bulk of buildings that would rear with cabled tops along the railway line, Sam glimpsing a new unfamiliar Swan humming with prosperity from door to door, padded along the passage rubbing his hands.

Fran was in the back scrapping manure out of a broken-handled barrow on to the meagre garden. Her face under its bettered straw hat held a look of strange innocence. There was about her something of elemental simplicity as she stood with her broad foot pressed down on the edge of the rusty spade, her eyes empty of all considerations.

Laughing a little, her waist encircled by his arm, she followed Sam into the bar-parlor.

Next to the silent, yellow piano, sprawling across the floor in all its blatant

hideousness of red plush and rotting green fringe, Sam's chair made its presence known.

"For the old man," said Sam with his hearty bellow of laughter. "Isn't she a beauty, Fran? I got a bargain that time, I can tell you."

All the light faded out of Fran's face. Something in her rose up and spread. She felt an actual aching pain. Her earth-stained hands crept up her breast and stayed there crossed.

"Now you got what you wanted," said Sam complacently. "A bit of the color that you're always yapping about!" Struck by her stillness he looked at her, an amazed wonder creeping into his eyes. "You don't mean to say you don't like it, Fran?"

"It's terrible," said Fran in a low voice. "Terrible! Why did you have to bring it in, Sam? There was no need for it. It wasn't as if we wanted it! I was going to do something with this room. I had an idea. Just green, I thought—green and white. I bought some cretonne at Jarrold's with the extra money for those eggs. . . . And now—"

"By the living Harry!" There was unbearable exasperation in Sam's voice. "There's no pleasing you! What's it matter, anyhow? A piece of furniture. Anybody'd think—"

"I know," admitted Fran in that low running voice. "I'm a fool, but I can't help it. . . . Unnecessary ugliness. I can't bear it. It gives me a pain—here. . . . I'm sorry, Sam."

But Sam had turned furiously, grinding his heel on the floor. His delight was gone—smashed to bits. What the devil did she mean? What did she want?

Whilst angrily he went along to the bar to relieve old Paddy Callaghan, who behind the sloppy counter was trying out with a squat brown bottle at his elbow a new, infallible cure for his "rheumatism."

Fran regretted her outburst while she realised its inevitability. Sam was hurt and she hated to hurt him. This time he unbent slowly to her coaxing efforts, shooting dark bewildered glances across at her as he entertained some casual locals in the bar.

And so Fran, reckless a little, and desirous of making amends, drank more robustly than usual with Sam's acquaintance, and made no demur when Mary (waking in terror from a dream of blood-sucking vampires which had its origin in Ma Addicott's cautionary stories) sought the friendly bar-parlor and Fran's arms as a shelter.

It was unfortunate that the new Brown's Town policeman, bent on cleaning up the district and making an example of the most persistent law-breakers, should have chosen just this night to carry out his punitive operations.

Sam was convicted, and alongside the names peremptorily taken, was that of Gubbins, sometimes lay reader for Mr. Houghton in the local church, who, though he took his shandies three parts full of lemonade, found himself not a whit better off than his fellows.

Sam's conviction and the proceedings detailed subsequently at great length in the local weekly caused a little stirring of comment in the district. In the billiard-saloon of Brown's Town, in the street, in the correct middle-class drawing-rooms of Terrapine Hill, the subject invited derisive discussion for weeks afterwards.

"Scandalous," was the opinion of the bank manager's wife, delivered in a loud, important voice. "They say that Addicott's wife was there drinking with the men. A big oldster of a woman—you might have seen her about the town. And a child too—a little innocent girl of seven or eight sitting

there wide awake with her nightgown on, listening to the bar-room stories!"

"Which only goes to show," said Miss Houghton, the vicar's sister, sententiously.

AT the end of the autumn a deputation concerning the establishment of the flour mill in Brown's Town waited on old Josh Heathcote. This was necessary, since the situation brought about by his continued reluctance to discuss the terms of the sale of his land by letter, had developed into something of an impasse.

Fincham, a Melbourne solicitor, representing Barclay Brothers, Edward Lamb and Jarrold made the journey out to Heathcote's one cold, windy evening. Fincham, a languid, urbane man muffled to the ears in wool, sat in Mark's open car suffering silently. His urbanity dropped away at first sight of the miserable homestead standing a little distance back from the river.

It was a mean, weatherboard dwelling guileless of verandah, and differing in few respects from the shanty which years before had provided the background for the first groping land-hungry of its tenant. Inside were bare hardwood floors scrubbed clean by their owner, and hard wooden chairs.

Josh Heathcote himself was a tall, formidable man with long white nicotine-stained whiskers, and an obdurate rat-trap mouth. As he bade the deputation be seated, he covered his ear with a scarred, bent hand, pleading a hardness of hearing that was more apparent than real, and listened to their business with an air of sneering incredulity as though he were for the first time aware of the advances that had been put forth.

At the end he gave his decision, which had been obvious from the very start.

"Not selling, gentlemen—not selling!"

He was adamant. The suaveness of Fincham, the jocularly of Edward Lamb availed them nothing.

"It's my land from here to the River Flats, and half of Brown's Town," chanted old Heathcote. "Acres and acres of it, and they can't take it from me."

You could see his passion for the land burning in him hot and strong, keeping life in his hollow husk of a body and lighting a lamp behind his cavernous eyes. He would stand at his miserable door and stare out, gloating over the sheep grazing on his stretching acres yearning hungrily over what was his and passionately to possess still more.

Only once had he in a moment of weakness capitulated by selling. Early in the war, influenced by a sudden strange liking for Mark Jarrold, he had sold him a small property behind the cemetery, an action which he had never ceased regretting. Mark had immediately let the shabby four-roomed cottage to the two unhappy Germans, Franz and Elsa Muller, and had stood out against all Heathcote's frenzied efforts to buy back.

For years the presence of those two (Heathcote hated German blood with the same ferocity that he loved land) had been a thorn in his side, and deep down he nursed a grudging hatred against Mark Jarrold for his repeated refusals to turn them out.

Now he looked at Mark with an ancient cunning, stroking his ragged, yellow-stained beard.

"There's that bit of land you had from me, Mark Jarrold," he said. "Sell it back to me on the spot, or turn out that shiftless pair o' Huns. Do that and I'll promise to think over what you're after asking me, gentlemen. Not that I commit myself, mind you," he added cautiously, "but it will bear thinking over."

Mark laughed.

"You know that's impossible," he said sharply. "I refuse to turn the pair out—they've suffered enough already at the hands of unimaginative persecutors. They're making a decent living there at present, and Frans is getting over his bad leg."

"Well, there's no more to be said, gentlemen," said old Heathcote, scraping back his chair and shuffling out.

"You might placate the old fool," suggested Fincham.

"I'll placate nobody," said Mark, bristling.

"I think you'd better, this time," retorted Lamb, rubbing his galled leg thoughtfully. He was a big man in the neighborhood of Brown's Town, and accustomed to giving advice. "The old fellow's barmy, all right, but if there's any single way of getting him to listen to reason, we can't afford to miss that way. That bit of land doesn't matter to you one way or the other, Jarrold, so—"

"That's entirely beyond the point," said Mark. "Don't you see he has no intention of ever coming to terms? It's a trap. His mind is quite definitely made up."

Fincham got to his feet with an air of faint disgust. He was already bored with the whole proceeding. What a confounded fuss to make over a few feet of desirable ground! For his part he'd prefer to see the mill established in Munkari, higher up.

He'd said so from the beginning. Not in a one-horse show like Brown's Town. If they'd taken his advice they'd have gone ahead at Munkari months ago.

It was fairly late when Mark got home. He let himself into the house feeling more than a trifle dispirited. The whole thing had crashed, through the obstinacy of a grasping old man, and though there was no sense in making a song about it, it was impossible to avoid the dreary sensation of defeat.

He passed stealthily down the hall, looking into the drawing-room. Aunt Maude was probably in bed, but Petronella was still entertaining. The room seemed to be overflowing with people. Someone was picking out isolated notes on the piano with the soft pedal down. There were coffee cups everywhere. Petronella was sitting on the arm of a chair, smoking gaily, with her back turned.

They were all young, all self-sufficient, all delightfully uncaring. They didn't want him. Mark went quietly down to the dining-room, where the remains of a mallee-roast fire smouldered in the open fireplace, and dropped into a comfortable chair with an odd feeling of loneliness.

Petronella found him there after the front door had banged for the last time. She was followed by Yolande, looking implish in a pair of over-long pyjamas. She was a pretty child, her big brown eyes in startling contrast to her straight, golden hair. She had an irritating way of looking up through her thick curling lashes.

"Father, I wish you'd speak to Yo!" Petronella's voice was high with disgust. "I can't do anything with her. I've put her to bed twice, and each time she's come back. Just because there are people about! She simply can't bear to miss anything. At her age! Nire!"

"Come here, Yo."

Mark opened his arms and without a word Yolande crawled in, putting out her little red tongue.

"There!" cried Petronella furiously.

She sat down on the hearth-rug, thrusting out her narrow feet to the fire. Yolande sighed a long sigh, and closed her eyes. "You look tired, Father!" Suddenly

Petronella was aware of the weariness that underlay that more than usual universal grey look.

She put out her hand, stared at the tell-tale nicotine stains on her fingers, and pulled it back hastily.

"I wish she hadn't done that," thought Mark, wondering why she had come to him.

"It's been rather a wearing night," he said, stroking Yolande's hair. "The mill won't be established here after all. It's going higher up to Munkari—all because that grasping old curmudgeon of a Heathcote won't sell them the site."

Petronella listened wrathfully.

"The old beast," she cried. "And that lamp-post of a Lamb! He's quite capable of noising it abroad that you were the stumbling-block. They've never forgiven you because you didn't spit on every German you saw during the war. Wasn't that it?"

"Something like," admitted Mark with a smile. "I suppose a country storekeeper in a small town can't afford to run against the current. . . . What is it now, Petronella?"

"Jane," said Petronella placidly. "That's really what I came in to ask you. Jane really must go down to school and get something dinned into that little square block of a head. There's talk of a Higher Elementary School starting here, but that mightn't materialise for ages."

She looked at Mark ruminatively, her large nose throwing a three-cornered shadow on her cheek.

"I had thought of Miss Ambler's school," she went on, hugging her knees. "They rather go in for the commercial side there, and if Jane is going to do your office work later she'll have to be pretty fly with figures. Those terrifying wheat sums, Father! . . . Then do you think Miss Ambler's at Elsternwick?"

"Just as you like," said Mark lifting the sleeping child.

Always in the end Petronella got her own way, though she carried off her triumphs nicely.

Sam took the disappointment of the mill to heart. It would have made a difference, he said. Business wasn't too good, and the brewery travellers were not as accommodating as they had been. And the brewery crowd themselves would suck blood out of a stone. Quick payments was what they demanded. One month—perhaps two. No waiting there, by the Lord Harry. It was a case of pay up on the knocker or out you go!

Sam roamed round the hotel a little bored. He had put his finger into no farmer's pie this year, and there was not enough for him to do. Fran began to look a trifle jaded.

One morning, in a fit of restless irritation, Sam flung off to Brown's Town, leaving Paddy Callaghan in charge of the bar.

It was that morning that the piano-tuner came. He was a timid little white-faced man with a black bag and long, uneasy hands. Fran, glad of Sam's absence, took him into the bar-parlor glowing with excitement. At last, after all these years, the piano would have a voice. She would be able to play again, put out all her music that was at the bottom of her case. List and Chopin and Beethoven. Teach Mary the meaning of sound.

"I'm only just realising how much I've missed it," she thought as she flung up the lid and displayed the yellow keys, many of them with broken ivories.

The piano-tuner made his examination and was dubious. It would be a long job, a matter for all day, he said. It would be a matter of new felts and a dozen difficult adjustments. . . . It would cost three pounds.

"That's all right," said Fran happily, and left him running his fingers disconsolately over the bared strings of the piano as though they had been the strings of a harp.

All through the morning thin, fangling sounds came from the region of the bar-parlor. Ping-ping-ping. It had begun to rain, and the rain falling on the roof made a murmuring obbligato to that wavering ping-ping-ping as the piano-tuner with his head bent sideways over the board ran his fingers down the keys.

"Three pounds!" screeched the old woman, who had listened at the door. "Fiddlesticks!"

There was a purplish look about her face, and she breathed heavily. After the midday meal she disappeared into her room, saying that she felt bad.

Sam returned in the afternoon a little out of sorts. In the township behind the barber's shop he had spent an unprofitable two hours. And now to come home to Fran and find her as delighted as a kid, because—simply because—a little man sat in the bar-parlor making hideous noises on the piano!

He listened to Fran loweringly while she explained with a smattering of impatient contempt what was wrong. This felt . . . the wires . . . everything was wrong . . . you see it was so old . . .

"Three pounds!" Sam swore. "I'll run him out. Where's Ma?"

"Lying down," said Fran, sniffing battle. "She isn't well."

Sam went with his light step to the door of the old woman's bedroom. She lay there on the bed, a black huddled shape with a swollen look about her. The cockatoo had left its perch and was walking gravely up and down the dressing-table, picking at the litter of plush pin-cushions.

"What's the matter, Ma?" asked Sam kindly.

"I'm bad," said the old woman. Her fat hands plucked at the patchwork quilt. "It's me head, and that noise in there is making it worse. Oh, ey, it'll kill me if it goes on! Send him away, son!"

Sam went back to Fran. She was still in the kitchen cutting up big green patterned melons that had the cold, sweet smell of the sea. The rain was drumming on the roof. From the parlor came that faint, unearthly ping-ping-ping.

"I'll tell him to go," said Sam. "It's getting on Ma's nerves. Besides—three pounds, Fran! That's plain daylight robbery."

Fran pushed past Ritchie, who was making little black mountains of melon seeds on the floor, and faced Sam.

"You mustn't do that," she said. "It mustn't be left half done. You always promised me, Sam, that you'd have it tuned, and it's my pleasure. I don't have much pleasure, Sam."

Sam's bright blue eyes glinted behind their thick glasses. He stared at her hurt and puzzled.

"Stregh," he burst out, "what more do you want, my girl? Haven't you got a decent home, plenty to eat and drink, a husband who fusses over you and two kids! What the—"

Something in her eyes made his own drop. "All right," he said humbly. "Have it your own way!"

Before dusk the tuner went, jumping on his motor-bike and splashing into the puddly road.

"And not spent a cent in the bar," mourned Sam, fingering pennies in his pocket. "Of all the likes!"

He strolled back into the old woman's bedroom. Fran had made her comfortable with a hot-water bottle and a nicely-set tray, but she lay with an angry, congested face, breathing heavily.

"Listen," she cried. "She's at it now!" From the bar-parlor came the sound of Fran's playing, inextricably mixed with the hurrying wind and rain.

"It goes right through my head," the old woman cried in a fury. "I don't like the piano! I won't have it! Tell her to stop this instant, Sam..."

In the parlor Fran's fingers drew sound out of the yellow keys tenderly, lovingly. How long she had been waiting for this moment. More than four years—oh, much, much more than that! It seemed that she had been waiting all her life...

With fumbling fingers she broke into Rachmaninoff's most hackneyed prelude. Boom. Boom. Boom. The echoes of the rumbling bass were covered over with the wind and the rain...

"You'll have to stop, Fran!" Sam was at her elbow, his face a pale blur in the half-light. "The old woman's kicking up a dust in there. Says she can't stand it."

"Oh, rubbish!" Fran laughed, lifting her fingers from the keys, then slapping them down again. "She's only behaving like that out of spite. I'll stop in a moment, though, to see to Mary. She's out in the bathroom changing her wet clothes. Your mother can't really hear anything!"

Carelessly she ripped her fingers up and down the rather tinny treble—then turned. There was a sound at the door. Old Ma Addicott stood there swaying, her puffy face convulsed.

"You had ungrateful girl," she mouthed, shaking her fist in passionate reproach. "You want to have me dead between the two of you." Her black eyes, so like the hairless eyes of the cockatoo, flickered over Sam where he stood with a helpless air beside the piano.

"A good son! Ho! Ho! No he wouldn't turn his old mother out! He was too good for that—too kind and good! Do you know what he done, Fran? Made me sign the pub away to him when I wasn't right-like in my head! ... This pub his father left me with his dying breath. ... But he couldn't put me out. Ho! Ho! He had to keep me here. ... I had sense enough for that. ... Had it down in writing, black and white I had! ... A roof over me head! Your fine Sam and his pack of—"

"Look out!" Fran's voice held warning. Ma Addicott was tottering. She put out her hands, sawed at the air, and went down slowly, her skirts billowing about her like the skirts of a ballet dancer.

"It was a stroke," the doctor said. She would need nursing. Fran drove across to the Saunders' and brought back the eldest Miss Saunders, pale and gloomy, with a hint of morbid curiosity in her shallow, red-rimmed eyes.

Fran's heart went out to Sam that night. There was about him the pathetic look of a small, lost boy, as he tip-toed through the hotel with an anxious ear cocked towards the back bedroom. His aggressive vitality was toned down, his complacency gone. She felt working in her an obscure pity. He was rough, he was lacking in perception. He could cheat. She had gathered enough from

the old woman's trade to know that. But he was Sam, and what in anybody else would have been insufferable was in Sam merely one expression of the individuality that made Sam.

They clung together seeking comfort.

"Little love," Sam told her. "It was true what the old lady said. I got her to sign away the place to me. She didn't know what she was doing."

"That's all right, Sam," Fran said, and pillowed her head in the crook of his arm.

Ma Addicott died a fortnight later. Fran did not go to the funeral. She sat in the bar-parlor with the blind drawn a little, and Rosie Parker came across and stayed.

A good deal happened in the next four years.

The township was quickened into a brief activity. Building went on. A Higher Elementary School was established for the needs of local scholars. A new Picture Hall with a deep, ornate balcony, sprang up in place of the old draughty barracks. A cheap-jack shop that went in for cut prices opened in the centre of the street.

At Jarrold's there were new plate-glass windows and showcases with chromium mounts. Little square Jane Jarrold came home from school in the city, and settled down to attend to her father's books in the panelled office. Aunt Maudie, drawing out her insurance moneys, took a trip abroad, and sent postcards from every foreign port to the whole town. Out on the Soldiers' Settlement gay little gardens bloomed in the parching sand. There were more motor cars about the country now—fewer towering, back-to-back buggies and rattly gigs.

At the Four Mile the changes were negligible. The Swan, a little shabbier, a little more in need of a wholesale overhaul, drowned by the rondale, offering its scanty attractions with a take-it-or-leave-it air.

Elsa Muller, walking across from the little farm behind the cemetery each day, worked now in the hotel kitchen.

And Fran, after eight years of it, brooded on the fact that she was now thirty-two, and proceeded to take her first holiday.

There was something of an adventure about that journey. The day was hot and the train (an excursion that stopped at every tiny station) packed with people, but Fran, ignoring discomfort, stared out of the window with the eyes of an enchanted child.

Ritchie, a sturdy boy with golden freckles and a small snub nose, sat on Fran's knee, Mary opposite with her face glued to the window glass. She was twelve now, a tall child for her age, scarcely pretty, but distinctive with her fine black hair, olive skin and odd, greenish eyes. She had a reputation for cleverness at the Four Mile School (smartness they called it there), and Fran, remembering it now, felt her heart yearning after unspeakable blessings for Mary. The train got hotter and hotter. There was a smell of burning wood and leather. In the compartment people slept, their faces lifted up towards the crowded luggage-racks.

Spencer Street was an oven. Fran stood poised and quiet, waiting for her luggage to be brought. There was a slight delay because Mary in her excitement had eaten half her ticket, and the guard, a morose man, was difficult to convince.

At last they were in the hazy suburban train rattling out towards the sea, and Fran sat back and closed her eyes.

They were going to a cottage at Cattrum.

Aunt Clare (who was now running a guest-house in the hills at Sassafras) had made that cottage possible. It had been lent to her by a friend, and unable to make use of it herself she had in a moment of rare consideration for her niece passed the invitation on.

Fran, leaning back clutching the ragged, last-minute parcels, thought kindly of Aunt Clare ... of Sam ... of little Elsa Muller working in the heated kitchen of The Swan. Sam had been amiable about the holiday from the very beginning—so amiable that Fran, smelling the sea with her eyes still closed, wondered why she had not suggested coming away before.

THE hot days of the holiday were spent always on the beach. Fran in a green old-fashioned bathing gown which she had bought at Jarrold's for seven and sixpence. When it was cold and wet (which it frequently was) they walked through the dim, tea-tree groves towards Seaford, where there was a smell like the smell of damp ferns in sunless gullies, and perpetually the faint violin-sound of some white-shafted fantail slinging.

In the evenings, after the last vestige of color had been squeezed out of the sky, they would sit in the little made-over living-room, Fran dreaming contentedly, Mary reading in her greedy, avid way with her eyes licking up the printed page and her black hair tumbling over her ears.

They had found in a funny little second-hand shop on the Point Nepean Road a miscellaneous collection of books (absurdly cheap) among the odds and ends of electric light bulbs, candlesticks and furniture that nobody ever seemed to buy.

It was something new for Fran to feel at home with books again. At the library in Brown's Town, where the librarian, a taciturn young woman, kept a secret board under the desks for her private friends, there were a dozen difficulties in the way of her getting the books she wanted. The petering out of a subscription, Sam's reluctance to wait while she made her choice, her awareness of the fact that she had lost touch with current literature. Added to which was the realization that it was hardly worth while to bother since reading at The Swan (with casual people drifting into the bar-parlor, her only sitting-room, and the consciousness of Sam's uneasy presence always with her) was less a pleasure than a disappointment.

Now, however, there was time, there was peace, there was opportunity for concentration. Sprawling on the springless couch with a book in her hand, and the muffled sound of the sea in her ears, she would think with a quiet ecstasy:

"How still it is! No one to stamp up the passage and bawl out an order! No drunken feet sliding over the step—no snoring from the bedrooms! My house at last—not anybody's house!"

She wrote to Sam, long letters scored across and across with happy detail. Sam let a week go by before he wrote at all. Not that he was unkind, but because he was what he would have termed "not a one for letter-writing."

The letter when it came was almost impersonal in its matter-of-factness. So cold and stilted, so much a refutation of all that Sam really was, that Fran had to laugh with tears in her eyes.

"Dear Fran (Sam wrote) I am glad that you are enjoying yourself. It has been very hot here. Joe Barker caught two snakes in his paddock yesterday. Six footers. ... Elsa got that girl to wait on the tables and help in the kitchen. She doesn't shape too

well . . . Business is not very brisk. Looks as if we might be in for a bad time . . .

There are a lot of ducks about—the first for years. Looks as if we might have a good season. Love to the nippers. If you are about you ought to have a look at John Hurley's house in Toorak. They say it is a mansion and well worth seeing . . . Have a good time. Love from Sam."

Mary found some children to play with. They came from a big wide-verandahed house a little farther along the beach. The girl's name was Vicky Howitt. She had two long fair plaits, dazzling white teeth and an air of always being correctly dressed.

"Anyhow, I'm in a higher grade at school than she is," Mary told Fran triumphantly one night while she undressed. "They don't call them grades where she goes—they call them forms. Anyhow—I'm in a higher one. I wish I could go to a school like that, mother," she added pulling her nightdress over her thin, sunburnt shoulders. "All the girls seem to have such fun."

Fran, making the first advances in her casual, friendly way, became acquainted with the Howitts, who sat most of the day under an enormous tulip-colored sunshade drinking blackish tea out of thermos flasks, and talking incessantly. Mrs. Howitt was a pretty, fluffy-haired middle-aged woman who divided her time between bridge and Pekingese pups. Her husband, a lean, bald-headed man with a twinkle in his eye, was an accountant in the city. Fran listened to him talking about Mary with a stirring of pride.

"That imp of yours," he said thoughtfully as they lay out on the fine, sun-warmed sand. "What are you going to do about her? She has more than the average intelligence for a child—and what is better she has a quite unchildish—well, let us call it an awareness . . . I've heard her talking to Vicky. Have you any plans for her?"

Fran hesitated, running the sand through her fingers. She had had dreams for Mary, of course, but none of them had become crystallised into definite shape.

"It's so difficult," she admitted. For a while she talked frankly as she had talked before of the third-rate hotel on the dusty Mallee road. "You see, there's always the question of expense . . ."

"There are such things as scholarships," said Mr. Howitt. "Lord, a man can get to heaven on scholarships these days! Find out about them. A soldier's daughter, isn't she? That makes it easier."

They went up to the city twice. Once to a pantomime and the zoo. Once to do some shopping and see Pearl, who was living in a crowded street in Flemington.

Pearl didn't look too happy. She sent the children out into the garden to play, and unburdened herself to Fran.

"It's that Bert," she complained running her multitudinous bracelets up and down her plump, white arm. "He's always sniffing after the girls. I get tired keeping my eyes on him, if you know what I mean. I mean to say as soon as he's out of my sight he's throwing the come-hither look at some dolled-up flapper . . . That's men for you." She changed her tone with a surprising swiftness. "How's Sam behaving?" she inquired meaningly.

Fran looked at her in amazement. Pearl with her black tatty dress, her little painted discontented mouth, her varnished fingernails that were like wet red berries at the ends of her fingers! There was a certain sly air of waiting about Pearl. As if she

were waiting to be told something unpleasant and at the same time exciting.

"Sam is all right," Fran said stiffly, then her voice warmed. "Sam and I—well, we each know the value of compromise perhaps!" She laughed. "We're happy, Pearl! Is it old-fashioned to be in love still—at our ages?"

Pearl poured out tea, crooking her little finger delicately. She looked faintly disappointed.

"Well, give me a bit of comfort with my sort of love," she said crossly. "A vacuum and an ice-chest and something on wheels, if you know what I mean . . . wouldn't be stuck in that God-forsaken pub for a million pounds." She stared at Fran with a hint of Sam's good-nature in her eyes. "I'll mind the kids if you want to do any shopping one of these days. You're too tall for these terribly short frocks, Fran. You might be glad to know that points are coming in. They look awfully dainty on the right people . . . Well, come again, my dear . . ."

But Fran didn't come again. Instead, they went home sooner than they had originally intended—one day short of the three weeks laid down as the limit of their holidays.

If Mary hadn't gone out in the Howitts' canoe with a dressing-gown for a sail and nearly drowned herself in her attempt to make the shore, Fran would have stayed, holding desperately on to the last minute. As it was, the sight of Mary's little white face in its dripping hair woke in Fran a sudden unbearable terror of the sea, and a determination to be away from it.

Up at the Four Mile, Sam suffering adjusted himself to the changed conditions occasioned by Fran's absence. Business was fair with the wheat-carting still in progress, and Elsa, sleeping temporarily at the hotel, worked uncomplainingly through the long, sultry days, but nothing seemed the same with Fran's rich, comforting presence withdrawn.

There was, too, the matter of the girl whom Elsa had brought in to wait on the tables. A shiftless, inept young creature whose heavy hand with the crockery drove Sam to despair, and finally led him into sending her packing.

There were a couple of sales in the vicinity, and casual people drifting in for meals at all times of the day. It was essential that they should have a waitress, and Sam, driving the second-hand car that he had bought for a song the previous week, journeyed into Brown's Town one sweltering afternoon in order to lay his hands (figuratively this time, not literally) on someone suitable, whom he surmised he might find through the good offices of the baker's wife.

But Sam did not get as far as the baker's. In the yard behind Jarrold's where he backed his battered, panting car, he discovered Glad. Glad separating herself from a little group of people hanging in the rear, to do what she would call "figging up" her face. She looked older, Sam thought, after a furtive glance, than when he had seen her last, less sure of herself and a little shabby. Her short blue silk dress swinging just above her knees was creased. Her straw hat pulled down over her forehead had a sad-upon appearance. But there was the old mysterious smile as she crossed the yard, picking her way delicately.

"Hullo, Sam."

Her voice had more than its ordinary flatness. She stood swinging her little tarnished mesh-bag, one hand playing with the moonstone necklet at her throat.

"Hullo, Glad." Sam's blue eyes flickered over her. "What are you doing up here again?"

"Looking for a job—for the time like," she said. "Eibel wasn't too good and she asked me to come up and give her a hand like, and she would pay my fare back. Now she can't cough up. Bob's always moaning hard times since the mill never started, and he lost his job on the railway. I thought I might land something in the waitress line at the tea-rooms—just for a week. But they said I was too old." She tossed her head. "Twenty-six."

Sam lit a cigarette, threw the match away, and breathed out a puff of smoke.

"Well, we're all getting older," he said, ponderously.

Glad looked at him with a Glacinda smile.

"I suppose you don't know of anything," she said at length.

Sam frowned, grappled with an idea, tossed it away then came back to it. Dash it all, why shouldn't she?

"I got rid of a girl yesterday," he said, "and I got to have another—for a week at least. Till Fran comes back. She's taken the nippers away to the sea." He looked at her broodingly. "No funny business, mind, Glad."

"What do you take me for?" she said in an affronted voice.

Glad, who had worked at the hotel before, took her old place unobtrusively. At night she occupied the second bed in Elsa's back room, usually sleeping in long after the worn-out little German woman slept. Sam got used to seeing her about the place, waiting on the tables, washing-up, cleaning the bedrooms with a sort of lifeless efficiency, her mouth a little scarlet wound in the white mask of her face, her slightly squinting eyes as expressionless as the grey lake-water.

One night when her week was almost up, Sam came into the bar-parlor to find her sitting there in a settled attitude of waiting. His eyes widened in surprise. What she had done with her nights up till now he had counted as no concern of his, but the sight of her sitting unexpectedly at this moment in his big red chair stirred and inflamed him. It had been a sweltering day and he was bone-tired, conscious, too, that he had "turned it on" a little too often in the bar that night.

"You'd better get off," he said.

She looked at him smiling faintly. The little dangling moonstones of her necklet rested on her throat like little separate drops of water. Sam moved towards her seeing nothing else . . .

Elsa waking later with a start, remembering that she had forgotten to close the front of the red-hot stove, got up and crept on her bare feet to the kitchen. The first grey light of dawn was beginning to filter through the house, and there was an unfamiliar sound somewhere. Elsa shuffled along the passage. The door of the parlor was half-open. She looked in . . .

"Mein Gott," murmured Elsa creeping back with her head bent over. "Mein Gott! I always knew that one was no good from the very first day."

Fran, coming back unheralded and so robbing Sam of the exquisite pleasure of calling for her in the car, had perforce to

haul herself, her children and her belongings into Murphy's empty wheat-cart that was returning to the Four Mile.

Sitting painfully on the springless wood, half-choked with the ascending clouds of dust, Fran was absurdly happy. There was something satisfying and complete in the homecoming that rounded off her lovely seaside holiday.

Behind her, Mary perched on the bursting luggage looking a little grim. Ritchie was cuddled up against her, in his hands the shells (rather smelly now) from which he had refused to be parted.

Fran, sniffing that dead sea-smell, smiled. There were more shells packed in among her clothes. Shells and dried weed, a new frock and the little crystal tree she had bought at Hurley's in the city. It was true that she had forgotten Sam's very special tobacco that he had commissioned her to get, true that she had used to the last farthing the note that Sam had given her grudgingly as a stand-by in case of emergencies. All this was true, but it seemed as nothing compared with the possession of that very lovely crystal tree.

And now they were at the hotel, and Ted Murphy, dust to the eyes, was helping them out. The whole place seemed in Fran's eyes suddenly shabbier than her remembrance of it. More paint had peeled off from its walls. The window curtains had a dingy air. There were scraggy fowls pecking around the verandah step.

Fran went through the doorway calling that she had come. Sam stood in the passage in shirt-sleeves and an old straw hat. He looked faintly aggrieved at sight of her. His jaw dropped and his eyes grew blank. Then his face brightened.

"Why, Fran," he cried, pulling her round. "Fran! We didn't expect you till to-morrow. You're looking very fit and handsome, woman!"

Fran waited smilingly for him to say how much he had missed her. But he said nothing, and she told herself with a little obscure sense of hurt that she had never expected anything else. She smelled the old familiar smell—stale beer, paint and varnish—as she went across to the bedroom. Sam following rather sheepishly behind.

"There's been a new girl," said Sam casually. "To wait on the tables. She was to wait until to-morrow, but she finds she has to get off to-night." He stood by the dressing-table picking up things and putting them down again in the old futile way that always irritated her. "We're to have a crowd for the opening day, Fran. The ducks are as thick as peas this year."

He delivered his final piece of news with seriousness that could not entirely cover naive satisfaction.

Hurley is coming here, old girl, for the voting. The John Hurley and his brother. I said I could put them up. The wiles, Fran! So put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Fran, running a comb through her hair, chanced a look at her face in the glass. Aweary and unsmiling, told herself not without a little amusement that Sam's preoccupation with the Hurleys almost excluded her own image from his vision.

Fran's untimely return had shaken Sam, for he had decided to get the girl out of the house before her arrival. Since that was now out of the question, he was determined to remove her before the night was out, driving her into the township himself. But Fran or no Fran, he knew that there would have been no repetition of the pre-

ceding night which in retrospect had filled him with angry shame.

He was a little depressed still, and Fran perceived it, and put that and his first blank stare down to the fact that her premature return had cheated him out of driving her from the station in the new car. And out in the kitchen Elsa's look of faint discomfort could be ascribed just as certainly to the prolonged heat.

Glad came in to wait on the table. Once she spilled some sauce and Sam spoke to her roughly.

"Please, Sam," rebuked Fran. She had seen the girl raise her eyebrows and stare. A queer girl, she thought, with her smooth, pale face, and her crooked eyes the color of the moonstones in her necklet! "You shouldn't pick people up so sharply."

Sam grunted, and there was an odd, hating look on his face as he grumblingly got ready to drive Glad into the township.

Fran had unpacked by the time he returned. She was standing in the bar-parlor, her face tinged to a golden-brown by the sun, drooping over a little glassy tree on the table.

It was an exquisite toy. She had paid three pounds for it, and even then the salesman in Hurley's China Department had taken two pounds away from the price because of a break in one of the branches.

The crystal tree hung wearily like a drooping birch or a little willow—like the Ash Tree of the World that she had once seen pictured in a book on Scandinavian folk-lore. It was the color of dew on grass, and whichever way you looked at it there was a thread of silver running down like a thin, solid streak of rain.

Fran laid her head against Sam's sleeve. "It's too lovely, isn't it?" she breathed. "I'll steal it in a dozen times a day just to see it. It was three pounds—but still—"

"Three pounds! That thing!" Sam made a contemptuous noise in his throat. Red ran into his face. His very eyes looked inflamed. "You're mad, Fran. Mad!"

Fran stayed very still, her golden head still against his sleeve. Something in her seemed to droop and die.

"Don't you like it, Sam?"

"If it had cost sixpence perhaps," he said, with disgust.

Mary smiled across the room.

"Don't listen to him, Mother," she said passionately.

"You speak when you've spoken to, Miss," he said. He turned and watched her as she stalked from the room. "You've got a bit too uppish since you went away."

Fran went out with Sam and sat on the verandah bench where it was cooler. It seemed as if she had never been away. She smacked mosquitoes against her face, smelled the smell of sheep and drying grass in the dust, and thought:

"What a fool I am! It's unreasonable to be angry. I was just the same when Sam brought home his chair . . . There you have the two points of view utterly irreconcilable . . . The difference between Sam and me is the difference between that chair and the crystal tree . . ."

"Are you glad to be home, Fran?" Sam was asking, stroking her hair with his big hot hand. "Perhaps love makes a fellow soft, but I couldn't do without you, little love."

"That Mary—she's above herself," said Sam, belatedly the next day, when the child had gone off to school, unkissed shoes flapping at the ends of long, sunburnt legs.

"It'll be a good thing for her in two years' time when she can leave and help you in the house." He made a comical face tweeking her ear with a rough playfulness. "She'll never be a patch on her mother, old girl, but she'll have the boys round her like bees round honey before you can say Jack Robinson."

Something in Fran came alive, very still, very watchful.

"Indeed no," she said in a soft voice. "That's not my idea for Mary at all. I've been going to mention it to you. She must go to the High School in Brown's Town—now at once. We must buy her a bicycle—"

"A bicycle," guffawed Sam. "What's this?"

"We must buy her a bicycle," continued Fran very calm and firm. "She must go to the High School until she wins a Scholarship. She will be thirteen in August and there's no time to be lost. I must see the headmaster about it. Down at Carrum that nice Mr. Howitt was most insistent. He gave me a list—"

"Nice Mr. Howitt," repeated Sam with angry emphasis. "I tell you I'm not set on this higher education business. Not for the likes of us anyhow." He turned his puzzled, blue glance on her. "What good has it ever done for you, Fran?"

She laughed softly, leaning on his shoulder.

"Oh, Sam, Sam, Sam! Won't you ever see?"

"I can see the nose and two eyes on anybody's face," said Sam defensively. "That's good enough for me."

THE Hurleys, John and his younger brother Rennie, arrived the next day in a big spanking car that protruded, when it was parked, half-way out of the shed.

Sam, freshly-shaven and clothed, received them with a graciousness that bordered narrowly on servility. Fran, quietly amused, watched him tip-toeing backwards and forwards, almost ludicrous in his anxiety to see that the occupants of the two best bedrooms should have everything that they required.

"But the soap, Fran, the soap!"

That wasn't to his liking—brown and hard as a junk of wood, and devilish slow to produce a lather.

"There's some scented lavender in my room," she told him chuckling. "I believe that would be the fitting aroma for success. But they can't have it."

He surveyed her with anxious reproving eyes.

"You don't seem to understand, Fran. John Hurley, he must be worth—"

"I know, I know," said Fran sticking her glaring scarlet geraniums into adequate vases. She studied them for a while, her head on one side, her hands on her curving hips. "He's the local Dick Whittington, darling. In fifty years they'll have woven a legend around him and he'll be served up as a shining example to bored school-boys."

She waited on them that night at dinner, never flurried, never hastening unduly, though the dining-room, festive in its scarlet and white, was unpleasantly crowded.

John Hurley leaned back, and the light chair protested under his weight. He was a big man in the middle fifties, with jewels and little hard grey-eyes like granite, and he wore his baggy shooting-clothes and all his trappings of success with considerable aplomb.

Beside him Rennie, younger by sixteen years, looked what he was—a less enduring brother beaten in the race. Removed from the overbearing presence of John, his per-

sonality took on a deeper meaning. Light of limb, with a small compact head and high coloring, he suggested a wiry delicacy rooted in vigor.

Fran's eyes rested on him with a quick flash of interest as she expertly removed plates and substituted fresh ones. Sam had introduced her with a nervous jocularity. She had replied pleasantly but briefly, in the manner of one who had no words to waste.

Now she thought with a dim surprise: "He has hands that would be gentle with birds."

On the verandah afterwards they talked fitfully in the warm breathless darkness—Sam and John Hurley, two commercials staying over for the opening, and a few straggling sportsmen who had their camps pitched at the far end of the lake.

Somebody was talking now of snipe. "Eight brace of birds, Mr. Hurley . . . Funnin' thing—snipe. Do their flying by night. Devilish hard to shoot because they will scatter all over the place . . . different with quail . . . the little beggars have an oblique habit of flying away from you straight . . ."

"I remember when I was in Scotland—" began John Hurley, clearing his throat.

Rennie got up silently and faded away. In the hotel a lamp burned low, its green oily bowl thick with dead insects, at the end of the passage. Rennie groped his way towards the bar-parlor. There'd be no one there, he thought. He could have a pipe in peace, freed from the necessity of smacking mosquitoes against his face, then drift off to bed. They would have to be up before the dawn.

He put his head round the door and drew back uncertainly. The parlor was not empty. Standing at the little centre table with her hands on her hips was the silent Addicott woman who had waited on his dinner table. Such was her immobility, her profound absorption as she stared down at the little crystal tree, that Rennie, clutching his pipe, made as if to go.

Fran looked up, composed where another woman would have started with surprise.

"Don't go, Mr. Hurley," she said, in her deep, grave voice. "I'm only here for a moment."

Her hand touched the tree, and her touch was an unconscious caress.

"Thanks," Rennie went in with his peculiar side-stepping gait. He said with his quick faun-like glance, "It's a lovely thing that—French, of course."

Fran sat down quietly, folding her hands on her knees.

"Hurley's" she admitted with no single trace of embarrassment. She smiled her candid, confiding smile. "When I was a child there was a little thin white birch growing outside the window. One of those weeping birches, you know. After the rain it would be beaded with little twinkling drops. This is my tree here—caught in glass."

With a "May I," Rennie seated himself and filled his pipe in silence. It was a silence that held repose. A repose that emanated like a perfume from the blonde woman on her ugly horsehair chair, and drew him inside.

He talked as if it were expected of him, of the duckshoot and the chance of good bags. Then he went back to the crystal tree.

"The beauty of inanimate things," he said musingly. He gave her that fleeting

under-look which had in it something of derision. "It isn't for everybody," he said sucking at his pipe.

She smiled.

"I must go now," she said.

He rose and stood while she passed from the room. Her feet had a weary, down-at-heel look. The gold knot on the back of her hair was slipping, caught with insecure pins. Yet there was apparent in her some serene poise, some balance or rhythm that reduced these to negligible quantities and piqued Rennie's interest.

Fran sighed on her way to the kitchen . . . The way he had stood with that gesture of deference! . . . It was a long time since a man had done that for her in the bar-parlor . . .

She bent over Mary who was doing her homework at the end of the littered table.

"Go to bed now, pet."

"All right, Mother, I've finished." Mary snapped her books together and stood rubbing her heels on her stockings. Her hot little white face had a drained look about it. There were hollows under her eyes. "Oh mother, I wish I could go to the High School like Yolande Jarrold. I wish—"

"So you shall, my pet," Fran told her.

In the stuffy bar-parlor Rennie sat with his long legs crossed, listening to the singing of the tall petrol lamp and thinking disconnectedly of Fran. She herself had gone, but it was as though the echoes of her low, grave voice were still there in the room. He frowned, trying to place her. Or couldn't she be placed? Had she a place, or was she like himself, an individual who possessed no background of her own, because she was incapable of being absorbed into one?

It was perhaps a pity, Rennie mused, nursing his pipe, that he had refused so long ago to be absorbed by that vast business built up by brother John . . . Lack of ambition people had said (John among them). Lack of ambition and sheer plain laziness . . .

Thus, Rennie, puffing his pipe in The Swan, his narrow grey eyes glinting with a sardonic humor, Rennie Hurley, light dabbler in a dozen hazards, who more for the sake of possible adventure than from any latent sense of duty had undertaken for the next two years to give the London end of the firm the benefit of his presence.

He roused himself now, stung into awareness of time and place by the noisy echo of Sam's laughter from the verandah. Close on Sam's laughter came the sound of a gunshot from the direction of the lake.

"Some sport—sport unmindful of the gentlemanly ethics of shooting," thought Rennie lazily.

He rose, yawned, and went to bed.

The shooters were astir before dawn the next morning, Sam disgruntled because of the premature firing.

"Shouldn't wonder if it hasn't driven the birds down south to Reldy's Swamp!" he growled.

Rennie coughed a little in the chilly air and tightened his coat collar, conscious of John's ill-concealed impatience. They made their way down past the looming stacks and across the paddock to the lake. At the edge of the water two boats were moored among the reeds—Sam's and Joe Parker's. Joe was standing up in the bows, a lank, drooping figure against the dim, rose-smeared sky.

He beckoned Rennie to climb in, and John Hurley took his place in the second boat with Sam.

The two boats slid out through the reeds, Sam motioning Joe to go ahead. Joe placed his long paddles dexterously and the water slipped away under them. Hidden behind his screen of leaves, Rennie peered out with darting eyes that missed nothing. There was a faint, dolorous crying from the centre of the lake. A long smear of black lay on the water.

"Steady," warned Rennie. "Steady."

"Darn the blighters," whispered Joe with a hiss of disgust.

With necks outstretched the swans rose above the water, making a crescent against the sky.

Rennie looked curiously at Joe. They took their sport seriously in this part of the globe, he thought, puzzled a little. The man seemed beside himself, his hands trembling, his mouth opening and shutting. Rennie moved impatiently. What on earth did it matter if they bagged twenty or four? As for himself—he was a sportsman last of all. It was purely on John's account that he was there lurking behind the screen of leaves, a gun in his unfamiliar fingers.

Then all of a sudden Joe with a long-drawn whistle was shipping his paddles, lying stretched at the bottom of the boat and paddling with little, short, round blades. Rennie looked along his barrel, sighted and fired. A dark cloud rose from the water, broke and scattered. There was a light crying, a whirring of wings as the ducks flew towards the dead timber.

"Got 'um by Gum!"

Joe was firing with machine-like precision, his gun-shots answered in every direction. From the reedy shallows, from the tree-thickets where the fires of the campers showed wanly, the sound of firing came to a rapid bombardment.

Joe laughed softly to himself. Something broke in his brain. Something that had lain there blurring his vision for years. For the first time he could feel, he could think, clear and unhampered. . . . Ha-Ha! A man lives again. This was something like, this was . . .

. . . As good as the old artillery fire back in the trenches. That had been something like living, then! . . . one of the boys! . . . Bang! . . . Crash! . . . Bang! Shells screaming past . . . lights flaring in the sky . . . black mud spraying up . . . mud up to your ankles, to your knees, to your hips . . . Bang! Crash! Bang! . . .

"Hey, you! Can't you hear?" It was Sam's jovial voice winging over the water. "Pun up the birds and we'll make down towards Sanger's end."

Sam was standing up in the rocking boat beside himself with joy. His aim was set that morning. Picked off seven, he had in the great John Hurley's three. Picked off off as neat as ninepins. And there was a day yet (they had their tucker with them) and a chance of bagging something down near Sanger's where the willows offered a little cover.

The rosy early morning opened into a cool grey sunless day, real "sportsman's weather." The water took on the look of molten lead. Rennie, who had slept badly, began to feel a pricking of weariness under his eyelids. From the region of the lake and away beyond the river date, bursts of firing sounded intermittently. Joe Parker, pulling in his birds, paddling the boat through the water with his effortless ease, lived through the hours in a sort of waking dream.

The feel of death was in his cocked trigger finger; each hollow gunshot echo roused him to a new ecstasy of remembering. He saw

back with the platoon again, back with the boys, tasting the only warm companionship with men that he had ever shared. . . . Back to the Menin Road . . . to the black earth torn into little mountains and pitted with shell-holes. He could see it all without closing his eyes. . . .

No need to think a blessed day ahead. . . . No wife and squawling kids. . . . No Rosie with her mouth drawn down to glory, nagging at a bloke from dawn till dark. . . . "You haven't chopped me any kindling, Joe. . . . You might bring me up a bucket of water, you lazy hound! When a woman's back's breaking. . . ."

Close to Joe's ear Rennie fired without warning.

Joe clapped his hand to his head, swayed, overbalanced, and tipped into the water.

Rennie fished him out (they were in the shallows) and got him ashore. There was a blue tinge in Joe's face and his hands were tightly locked. "He's not shot, of course," Rennie told himself after a hasty look, but he was relieved when he saw Sam, followed by a reluctant John, running along the bank.

"A sort of fit, I should imagine," said Rennie in his slow, modulated voice. "I fired suddenly and the shock must have been too much for him."

He regarded Joe's limp body frowningly. "What shall we do with the poor fellow?"

Sam had his answer ready. Sanger's homestead was up on top of the ridge behind the trees. It was only a walk of a few hundred yards. There was an old pensioner on the place—Jimmy Quirk—and perhaps he could do something for them.

Leaving a disgruntled and rather scornful John Hurley behind, they carried the light body of Joe Parker up the path from the willows.

Sanger's homestead was a square weather-board house with long windows opening all round on to a creeper-smothered balcony. What once had been a country residence of some distinction was now nothing more than a hollow wooden shell steeped in decay.

"A pity to let a property like this go to rack and ruin," Rennie said as they staggered up the steps with the unconscious man.

"Oh, I don't know," said Sam always with an eye to the commercial value. "Land's too poor along this ridge anyhow." He took his hands gently from under Joe's arms and let him down on the verandah. "I hope the poor cove'll pick up."

Joe "picked up" in the kitchen, an enormous low-ceilinged room with a great, rusty range. Made comfortable by the piping old pensioner, Jimmy Quirk, swathed in a dingy blanket while his clothes steamed by the fire, he drifted back to normality.

Rennie, who had watched Sam depart, torn between the desire to see his friend through, and his desire to placate the waiting John Hurley, drifted out into the garden.

"A man could be happy here," he mused. "If this place were mine—"

He broke off abruptly. From inside the house Joe was noisily demanding the return of his sodden clothes. He looked up at Rennie when he returned, his long, lean face lugubrious and shamed.

"Thought I was back in France, I did," he said violently. . . . "And what I was!"

Fran told herself that she would be glad when the duck-shooting was over. Quite apart from the endless work involved in the preparing and cooking of the birds (Paddy and Elsa shared in that labor), there was her unhappy and ever-present consciousness of the little soft, feathery bodies making patterns across the sky as they went to their deaths.

The ducks had streamed down now towards Reidy's Swamp and the drying marshes beyond Naringee, and the men were following them the next day. But for to-night the atmosphere was still redolent of duck, and the same noisy crowd filled the hotel.

In the bar-parlor they were playing poker. On the front verandah in the cool darkness they were talking. Mary was in bed, and little Ritchie who had fallen asleep in her arms crying with toothache. . . . Fran listened, leaning against the door, her figure drooping with weariness. Men were standing in the passage outside the parlor talking men's hard talk and smoking their endless cigarettes.

Then the sound of Ritchie's howl, ululating and long-drawn like the howl of a dog, came to her. . . . Ritchie's tooth again! She rushed down the passage and out the back door to the verandah where Ritchie's bed was close to Mary's. . . .

"Hush, darling."

Fran soothed the child, pressing his head against her breast to stifle the sound of his crying.

Sam came to the door, a fan of cards in his hand.

"Good Lord, Fran, I wish you could make that kid stop that bawling. It sounds awful, I can tell you."

"It's his tooth," said Fran pitifully.

"Tooth," sneered Sam who had the healthy man's contempt of pain in others. "Tooth!"

Sam went away. Fran sat there with her arms round the crying child.

"Oh, it's awful," blubbered Ritchie. "It's awful."

Fran looked round with a white desperation, threw a thin piece of blanket round Ritchie's shoulders, and stooping, lifted him out of the bed.

"Where are you going, Mother?" Mary sat upright, her black hair stuck out around her head. "I'm coming, too."

"All right," said Fran. "We'll go down to the lake. They won't hear Ritchie down there, and all the shooters have gone."

They went quietly, Fran carrying the sobbing Ritchie, Mary pattering along at her side, an old coat drawn over her night-dress.

The cows were chewing contentedly down by the haystacks. Plovers were calling harshly over the plain. Under the wispy moon the lake seemed to stretch on into infinity.

"It's lovely, Mother," said Mary, dragging her feet in their sloppy, unbuttoned shoes.

They sat down on the grass, Mary with her knees drawn up under her chin, Fran rocking Ritchie, whose sobs were becoming less and less.

Rennie found them there as he walked aimlessly along the edge of the water. He had come out to be alone, for the sight and the sound of the hot, overcrowded hotel had all at once become distasteful.

Fran recognised him immediately.

"I've had to bring Ritchie away from the house," she explained in a matter-of-fact voice. "His crying was disturbing the poker-players."

"It can be terrible—toothache," said Rennie. "One of the most demoralising pains a man can suffer. Even the Red Indians who used to cut themselves about with knives would cry under the anguish."

"I wouldn't cry," said Mary. "Only if a vampire bit me in the throat and drained my blood away. Then I'd scream like a mandrake. Mother, what is a mandrake?"

Fran laughed, still rocking Ritchie, whose eyes were now closing.

"It's a plant, darling," she said remembering back to a little yellow-stained book she had once picked up at the Eastern Market. "Not an animal. It has roots shaped like a man with arms. If you pluck it out of the ground they say it will cry and kill you."

"Why?" asked Mary.

"I don't know," Fran laughed again. "Ask Mr. Hurley."

Rennie sat down on the hard ground. He sat with his arms around his knees strangely at peace with his surroundings, telling himself with a macabre delight that of all situations, this—to find himself sitting by the moonlit waters of a Mallee lake, discussing the magical properties of a mystic mandrake with a "pub-keeper's" wife and her children—was the most fantastic.

Ritchie slept. Fran stared at the water. Mary lifted her nightdress and walked delicately over the dark ground singing under her breath. Rennie made no attempt at conversation. He felt that it was unnecessary. He did not look at Fran, but he was aware of her through every fibre of his body. She was like a dark presence brooding there by the water. Primitive, age-old, unchangeable. . . .

He looked out across the lake and beyond it. A vague glimmer of light marked the shoddy little farm that sheltered Joe Parker. He had gone right up to the house with Joe that afternoon. He remembered the decrepit sheds, the fowls pecking round the back door, the greyish dishcloths flapping on the window-sill, remembered Rosie with her shrewish mouth, her eyes never still, her red knuckly hands mechanically cuffing an infant. "Poor devil," he had thought then. "Poor devil," he thought now, visualising Joe's dark, transported face and jerking elbows. "He'll creak up for good one of these days."

Fran was getting to her feet, slowly, awkwardly, holding the sleeping boy.

"There's a cold feel in the wind," she said. "We must be getting back. Come, Mary."

"Let me!" said Rennie.

He took Ritchie in his arms gently and walked towards the house. By him went Fran, seeming to make no sound as her feet moved over the earth. She was there at his elbow, a dark friendly presence without shape, without meaning. And it seemed to Rennie as they toiled up past the odorous stacks, the three of them keeping abreast, that he had walked thus across a through primitive meadows—a bent man with his woman and child.

It was quiet in the hotel the following morning. The shooters had departed for a trial of Reidy's swamp and the country beyond Naringee. Sam, loaded up with guns and gear, making no pretence of hiding his honest enjoyment, had departed in Hurley's big car.

It was a warm day with a gusty wind blowing from the north. "A good drying day," Fran told herself, and one to be

utilised. There was every indication of another heat-wave on the way, when unnecessary energy was to be avoided. So like a tornado Fran swept through the house, whisking dusty covers from the tables, ripping scorch-marked linen from the bedrooms.

In the bar-parlor she gathered up a couple of dingy beer-stained cushions and commenced on the cheap cretonne cover of Sam's gross red-velvet chair, an unsatisfactory proceeding since she was not an expert needlewoman, and had reinforced the cotton stitchings with little tacks. Tug, tug, tug! Fran pulled recklessly, and the stuff, stiff with dirt, came away in her hands.

Something fell to the floor with a faint silvery tinkle. Fran, groping on her knees, found it and held it up. It was a moonstone dangling at the end of a thin golden bair. Fran looked at it curiously, pushing back her hair from her sweating forehead. Where had she seen it before? . . . Moonstones the color of shallow water on a girl's white neck. . . . Suddenly it came to her. The girl waiting on the table the night she had come home. . . . The girl to whom Sam had spoken with an uncalled-for sharpness. . . . She could see the girl's eyes, half-insolent, half-furtive. . . . and Sam's face with its odd hating look. . . .

Fran got up very stiffly and walked out to the kitchen, heavily, as though all the life had drained out of her limbs. Little memories of words spoken came back to her. . . . The girl who had walked out from the township that day. . . . And Pearl's innuendos. . . . Pearl waiting avidly to hear something to Sam's discredit. The look on Pearl's face. A cheap sceptical look. . . .

Elsa was cutting the heart out of a cabbage, white like ivory and whorled like coral.

Fran touched her on the plump, freckled arm.

"Elsa," she said quietly. "That girl who was here waiting on the tables—do you know anything about that girl and Sam?"

Elsa's washed blue eyes held out against Fran's steady gaze, then they spouted with tears and dropped.

"She was a bad lot, Mrs. Addicott, dear," said Elsa, fumbling with her apron. "She was bad. I knew from the first day."

THERE was nobody in the bar-parlor that night. The last of the shooters had vanished. John and Rennie Hurley had gone into Brown's Town to visit the Jarrolds.

Sam sat back in his chair, his short legs spread out. The chair had a crisp, clean, patterned cover and the cushions were fresh, but Sam didn't notice.

His eyes, however, unobservant as they were, detected a change in Fran. She walked stiffly as though she were hurt inside somewhere. Her face, with its high, flat-topped cheek-bones and generous mouth, had a drained, empty look. She seemed remote, withdrawn into herself away from all possibility of outside encounters.

Sam watched her puzzled. He had come in hearty and talkative after a good day's sport, to be met with this sulky indifference. He began now to trim his nails with a pocket-knife, laboring under a sense of grievance. . . . Pretty thick for a man tired after puddling through miles of mud to come home to this sort of thing. . . . Sam glowered, looked up and met Fran's eye.

"That girl, Sam," Fran was saying gently. "I know all about it. What was that girl to you?"

"Which girl?" Sam blustered.

Gods and little fishes, Sam swore to himself. So that was it, was it? "Which girl?" he asked again.

"You may well inquire which girl," Fran answered with that slow, maddening smile. "But this time I mean that particular one who was here quite recently. 'Glad,' I believe you called her. She wore a necklace of moonstones around her neck. I found part of the necklace fallen at the back of that very chair you're sitting on—this morning."

Sam moistened his lips with his tongue. There was silence in the hot, airless room. The pendulum of the clock ticked loudly behind its walls of frosted glass. The clock struck with an asthmatic whirring sound like a man's strangled coughing.

Fran waited for the noise to die away. "There's only one thing to believe now," she said in a drugged voice.

Sam's blue, short-sighted eyes roved round the room and came back again. "Fran, it didn't mean anything. Not a brass sou. I swear it."

Fran was motionless, looking down at her folded hands.

"It's horrible," she whispered. "It fills me with shame. I loved you. It's so vulgar—"

"Fran!" there was a torrent of pleading in Sam's voice. He got up and went across to her, stood with his red hands twitching. "Fran, there's never anybody but you. You know it—"

"Don't touch me," said Fran, and his hands fell to his sides.

"All right, Fran!" Sam said humbly.

He crept out, his old water-logged boots squeaking as he went. Later he heard her moving her things into the old lady's room at the end of the back verandah. Heard her opening drawers, shutting them, moving a bed. Cursing violently, he padded back to the bar in his socks. Here it was better. The twinkle of bottles behind the counter. . . . the old comforting smell. He drank, smacking his lips and thinking encouragingly:

"She'll get over it. They all do!"

AT Jarrold's they sat out on the lighted verandah where most of their summer life was lived. Petronella had set down glasses on a red-lacquered table, and occasionally there came the cool sound of clinking bottles like breaking ice.

John Hurley lay back in the deck chair, his large figure, monstrous in cream flannels, lapping over the edges of the canvas.

Mark, whose lined face showed signs of weariness, listened to Hurley talking, deferentially, but with a certain sad scepticism. He had taken Hurley down to the store with him. Hurley had looked over his old ground with a melancholy satisfaction, making a dozen suggestions for improvement in the manner of a man to whom money and ideas are concurrent.

John was speaking now, taking his time, using the deep-pitched smooth voice that made him sound in casual conversation as if he were addressing an audience.

"There's not so much money to be made these days in the country store. . . . The country storekeeper who knew the names and ailments of every customer's children, and who handed out bags of sticky lollies every time a bill was paid, is finished. He'll soon be as extinct as the dodo. . . . The

country store, too. . . . that's done. It's going to cost too much to keep running. . . . Conditions are changed. People are not so easily satisfied. The farmer's wife wants more for her money."

Petronella, sitting back in her chair, one foot curled under her, quivered with vexation. How bored, how unutterably bored she was by the whole trend of the conversation that quite definitely excluded her. She had stayed home from a party at the bank, not so much to please Mark, who had made the suggestion, as to satisfy her feminine curiosity concerning the great Hurleys.

The great Hurleys! Wriggling in her chair, Petronella knew a seething disgust of herself. Big John Hurley who, while he talked, looked blandly through you without seeing you! His brother Rennie, uncommunicative, middle-aged with crow's-feet round eyes that seemed to be perpetually laughing at something which nobody but he could see. Neither of them the least bit aware of her. . . . the least bit interested or interesting. . . . She looked up at Aunt Maudie. Aunt Maudie doing her new tapestry, pulling long threads of thin scarlet wool in and out the heart of a canvas rose.

"What am I doing here among these ageing people?" she thought restlessly. "Why am I here?"

She got up swiftly and went to move the hose, her white frock fluttering down the garden path.

Rennie looked after her, nursing his pipe. Should he have exerted himself a little more, he wondered. There had been something like petulance in the swing of her skirt as she had bounced off.

He looked after Petronella and rose from his chair with a weary reluctance. Hawk-nosed, grey-eyed with a straight, proud profile she did not, he felt, conform to the standardised type. The type that knew a little about everything, and nothing much about anything at all.

Rennie drifted down into the shadowy garden.

People were coming up the path. Little sandy-haired Doctor MacGregor from next door who would talk all night, unless he were stopped, of his brilliant young medical-student son, Colin, and Jane, square and compact, a little self-conscious with a flat music book under her arm.

"Glee Club—in this weather," said Petronella brusquely. She looked at Rennie a little bored. Rennie with his middle-aged pipe and aloof eyes. What a dull night! "They're going to play bridge now. Do you want to play?"

"No." He shook his head. "Do you?"

"Not really."

Petronella moved the hose, spraying a stream of thready quicksilver over the palms.

"Then let's talk about gardens," said Rennie in his charming modulated voice.

When they returned to the house bridge was over, Aunt Maudie having deliberately ruined the rubber by bringing in the coffee too soon. Bridge was no good to Aunt Maudie, who wanted passionately to talk about her travels.

"When I was in England, Mr. Hurley—"

she began. "Wouldn't have it on my mind," interrupted John Hurley. "Spent a miserable winter there once. Sleet, fog, mist, snow—"

"When I was in England—"

There was a grimace about Aunt Maudie's mouth. "Mr. Hurley's going for two years," sighed Petronella, who felt that she had grown old on Aunt Maudie's stories.

Aunt Maudie retired, beaten.
"Well, we'll have to be getting back—"
Rennie, anxious to be gone, looked at Petronella under the light. He thought he would remember her hawk-nose, her smooth shingle black as ripe apple-seeds, the vigorous note in her young voice, for a long while.

The Hurleys drove back along the deserted road. The dust hung so thickly that it was like driving in a fog. Rennie coughed dryly in the dust.

"Well, I'm glad I came up to have a look at the old place," John was saying as he ran the car into the yard of The Swan, "if only to convince myself all over again of my good sense in leaving it when I did. . . . This country fills me with a shuddering depression. . . . Jarrold will never do any good there."

To Rennie's murmured "Charming daughter," he gave a blank look. "Was ah?" I didn't notice."

Hurley's engrossment in himself and his business had left him little time for the cultivation of women.

They left the next day. It was a hot, breathless morning with a white glare that seemed to come straight up out of the parched ground.

"A hundred and five," Rennie said with a glance at the thermometer. "We're lucky to be getting back." He held Fran's hand for a moment in his thin, hard fingers, conscious of a vague distress. There was so much he had wanted to know about this big, golden woman, and now he would never know. "Perhaps we shall meet again, Mrs. Addicott."

"Perhaps," said Fran, composed and friendly.

ON the third day the heat-wave broke, the cool change heralded by a fierce dust-storm.

The storm broke suddenly with a black cloud detaching itself from the dun-colored sky and sweeping low over the earth. And in one shock came the wind with a mighty roar, bending the tops of the trees, and scooping up the red, crumbling ground.

Fran rushed the children inside and shut the windows. The house was teetering like a ship in a storm until it seemed that its roof must lift off. Dust drove against the glass with the spatter of hail.

Fran, gritting dust between her teeth, rushed to the back of the house. The pepper-berries were lifting in a blown, rosy curtain, close to the window.

"Oh, Mother," it's lovely, it's lovely," Mary danced beside Fran with a stolid Ritchie in tow. Her little fallow face was lit with an unearthly excitement.

Fran pushed her back impatiently. Sam, a grotesque figure in the gloom, was crossing the yard, his head down, his crooked arm shielding his face. All about him was a fury of blowing things—grass, trees, and rattling tin. The rusty salvanched-iron roof of the fowhouse had become dislodged and was bowling with great bounds towards the house. Sam saw it and dodged.

"Sam," screamed Fran from the window. "Sam, look out!"

Sam dodged again, but the clanging from seemed to leap with a separate life of its own and engulf him. He staggered back under the shock, his eyes blinded, his hand at his temple.

Fran threw open the door, and Sam and a fury of wind entered together. . . .

It was a deep, jagged cut that oozed dark trickles of blood. Fran looked at it, blenching, as he lay back on the kitchen chair, his face white as paper.

"The iodine, dearie!" Elsa pattered away, shooting the frightened children before her as she went.

She was back with a little brown bottle. Fran tipped it on to the wound with a steady hand, and Sam roared like a bull.

Fran looked at him, shaking with pity. He had removed his glasses, and his eyes had a swollen look. His face seemed to stare up at her out of some troubled dream that held the hollow sound of the wind, and the rattle of rain on the roof.

They led him half-fainting into the bedroom.

"Does it hurt much, Sam?"

"Not now, Fran."

Fran drew his head down on her shoulder and choked back a sob. It was good to have Sam here again so close to her.

The rain fell with a menacing sound on the roof, heavy, solid, drops wide apart. The wind expending itself in a last fury rattled the windows. Fran sat with Sam's head on her shoulder, feeling herself drawn down into some sweet, shelter that excluded all possible chances of danger.

"Everything all right now, Fran, old girl?"

There was a look of entreaty in his swollen, short-sighted eyes.

"Yes, everything's all right now, Sam."

Fran stared in front. Yes, everything was all right. Everything . . . It would be the same always. . . . Inevitable. No matter what happened she would come back to Sam sooner or later. Like the boomerang to its owner she would return, drawn by some need deeper than herself—drawn by his need of her. . . .

"I'll do anything for you, Fran!" Sam's voice was still humble. "Anything to make you happy."

Fran kissed him holding his face in her hands.

"Do this for me, then," she said very brisk, very happy. "Meet me half-way with Mary, dear! Let her go into the township to school. Buy her a bicycle! Give her a chance."

"All right, old lady, you're boss here!"

Sam heaved himself off the bed, padded across the room, and holding the aureoled lamp high, studied his bandaged head in the mirror. After all, he thought good-naturedly, a bicycle was a small price to pay.

MARY won her scholarship the following year. It was a generous scholarship offered to the daughters of deceased soldiers, and was tenable for three years at an approved Melbourne boarding-school.

On the day that the good news arrived, Fran was in the throes of a belated spring-cleaning. Late in the afternoon she took off her spoked apron, and, sitting on the front verandah step with her chin in her hands, gave herself wholly to the sensuous delights of the hour.

There was a smell of wild honey in the air, and the warm breath of fading cape-weed. Against the skyline the skimp trees wavered in a flood of golden light like trees in water.

She went into the bar where Sam was polishing glasses with a dirty rag slung round his neck.

"Sam," she cried, "I'm going down the road to meet Mary."

"All right, Fran."

There was a smear of silver along the road. A little tan hare fled by in a flurry of white dust. . . . And then Fran saw Mary. She was flying along on her bicycle, not sitting on the seat, but standing up as she pedalled, her thin, childlike body lurching from side to side. Her face was crimson, and her

school hat hung precariously at the back of her head.

She threw herself off in a whirling tangle of arms and legs.

"I've got it, Mother," she said, in a high, unnatural voice. "I've got it; Mr. Hedley told me to-day."

She burst into tears.

Fran looked at her tingling under a sudden sense of completion.

Something was finished. Something was beginning.

The year dragged on. Sam was frequently so surly that Fran and Mary held whispered consultations out of his hearing. Business was worse than ever, and to make matters worse he had gone halves with Joe Parker in a wheat crop that wouldn't be worth taking off for its seed. The season was a bad one all round. No rain had fallen, and the ground was baked dry. Feed was scarce, and in places they were hand-feeding the stock.

Enough to give a man the willies, Sam would think, slouching at the bar door, his eyes roving up and down the dusty road. Not that there was anything to look at, he would tell himself cursing the cars that rattled past, and waving on the stragglers of that sad army that poured itself out over the countryside. Bearded tramps with little black bulges, hollow-eyed and hopeless, looking for work.

Towards the end of the summer Mary, burning with excitement, went down to Chertsey School accompanied by Yolande, and Petronella, who, to save Fran the journey, had volunteered to see her settled in.

Fran appreciated Petronella's kindness, knowing that Sam would have vetoed the idea had she talked of going herself. Sam was growing "tighter" than ever with money, though his meanness had not prevented him from laying his hands on as much spare cash as he could muster, and buying a bull.

It was an ugly red bull with lean flanks, eyes that looked out from under a curly crown.

Fran hated the bull. She would look at it askance as it grazed in the little paddock near the curved end of the lake. It made her feel vaguely ashamed. It reminded her in a queer way of Sam.

But with the coming of the bull, Sam's spirits revived. He was proud of his newest acquisition. It was not a scrub bull; it was a pedigree brute. He would go down and stare at it, hands in pockets, fascinated and awed by its smooth strength, and its assertive masculinity. He boasted of it continually, showing it off and declaring noisily that he knew where he could sell it quite soon for half as much again as he had paid for it! "The bull is half the herd," was an axiom constantly on his lips. . . .

There was a day when Fran, returning from Parker's (she had walked for a change instead of taking the boat), came face to face with the bull. It had broken through the flimsy fence of its paddock, and was walking towards the lake snuffing the ground.

The bull looked at Fran. Fran looked at the bull.

"It's absurd," she thought, feeling her heart rush up into her throat. "It won't hurt me. It's just that I've startled it coming from behind that clump of trees suddenly."

She began to walk slowly with a little trembling in her knees. The bull put its head down, took an uncertain step, and started pawing the ground. Fran measured the distance from where she stood to a

stout fence that enclosed a tiny field of Sam's onions. If she ran . . . But you shouldn't run with a bull . . . you should keep your head . . .

Fran started to run, her head back, her arms beating at her sides. Behind her the bull, excited by the sight of that flying white figure, let out a menacing bellow and gave chase. Fran could hear the animal coming behind her . . . Oh dear heaven, it couldn't be, it couldn't be that anything was going to happen to her! Fran sobbed as she ran. There was Sam . . . There was Mary . . . There was Ritchie. All those people who loved her . . . And she hadn't done anything . . . Her life was half-lived and she hadn't done anything . . . Hadn't done . . .

With a gasping cry Fran hurled herself through the space between the wooden rails of the fence. Her sleeve caught on a nail and jerked her back for a moment. The bull thundered by, wheeling in time to avoid impact with the fence, and the point of its horn ripped her sleeve from shoulder to wrist without grazing her arm . . .

Fran lay for a moment among the bristling onion-stems with her head in her arms, then, reassured at the sight of the bull trotting back quietly towards the lake, she walked, ashen-faced, up to the house.

At the back door Sam met her with a look of consternation. He led her into the bar-parlor, thrust her down on the couch, and brought brandy.

"Fran, love, what is it? What happened? Was it a snake?"

"It was your precious Red Boy."

Fran, reviving under the stimulus of the brandy, gave him the story in an indignant voice.

Sam bit his nails and gnawed at his underlip.

"That's a mighty funny thing, Fran," he said irritably. "You must have annoyed the brute."

"I annoyed it merely by inhabiting the same world." She showed her torn sleeve. "Look at that! It's lucky my arm wasn't ripped open."

"Perhaps you ripped your sleeve on the fence," said Sam stupidly.

"What if I did—or I didn't," snapped Fran. "That's beside the point." She looked at him through half-closed eyes. "It doesn't seem to dawn on you, dear man, that I've narrowly escaped being gored to death. It's not a death that anyone would choose. Your precious bull! It's obvious that it means more to you than your wife!"

"Aw, Fran, don't be silly!" Sam patted her hand clumsily and laughed.

But there was discomfort in Sam's laugh. He had hated listening to Fran's story. Fran in danger! By Heck, it was terrible . . . but Red Boy . . . good old Red Boy. Why, he was as gentle as a lamb . . .

"The animal is a menace down there, Sam," Fran was saying, looking up at him from the couch. "That fence round the little paddock wouldn't keep a cat in. The wires are loose, and the posts rotten. You'll have to get it fixed up properly."

"Oh, I'll pull the wires a bit tighter," said Sam uneasily. He went to the window and stared out, rocking on his toes. "There's nothing to worry about."

"Nothing to worry about!" Fran's voice quivered with scorn. "There's everything to worry about. The Parker children cut across by the end of the lake there going to school. A whole string of them. To say nothing of an occasional fisherman or a man after ducks. It's not safe, Sam. It's—"

"Oh shut up," said Sam wearily. "You're

getting a nag like Rosie Parker." He shot his head round as Ritchie trotted into the room rattling a dirty little calico bag of marbles. "Go and tell Elsa to make a cup of tea for your mother, son."

Mark Jarrold sat squashed close against his desk, leaning his head in his hands. Then he rooted in the waste-paper basket for a crumpled letter, and read it slowly. There were a number of crumpled letters in the basket, and they all began with the same words . . . "Dear Hurley . . ."

Mark sat a moment longer. He had played with the idea all day. It was only putting off the evil moment which would have to come. He needed money and he'd have to get it. He had reached the limit of his overdraft at the bank, and they could do no more for him. The policy of the bank was opposed to loans just now, they told him . . .

He selected a clean sheet of the firm's notepaper and made a fresh start. John Hurley had made himself quite clear. "Anytime you're in a tight corner, Jarrold, get on to me, and I'll see what I can do. The old place, you know . . ."

But as he wrote, Mark Jarrold told himself bleakly that he had never hated doing anything quite so much.

Petronella was walking in the garden when he got home. She had a tight bunch of red roses in her hand that gave her long blue frock a barbaric look.

She held the roses laughingly under his nose but drew them away in an instant.

"What's up, Father?" she asked tenderly. "More worried than usual? What's it all about?"

Mark walked stiffly up the steps. "I wrote to Hurley. I didn't like—"

His voice trailed off. Petronella stared at him without a word, then she threw her roses down.

"Father, let's leave here." There was something frightening in Petronella's face. "Let's sell the house and the shop and clear out. Why keep staying here! I could get something to do in town—and Jane. Oh, Father, let's go!"

"Never." Mark looked at her curiously. "We'll see the bad times through—somehow, child!"

"But, Father, I want to go! I myself! I'm dying here because there's nothing to live for! . . . I won't to notice it once . . . But it's horrible now . . . The years crawling and crawling . . . This horrible Brown's Town. It'll put a blight on us, darling. It's put a blight on us now—"

"But you have a good time, Petronella." Mark's voice was a little unsteady. "All of you here—"

"Yes, yes," Petronella stopped and picked up the roses. There were tears in her eyes and she wasn't going to let anybody see her in tears. "Let's go inside . . ."

John Hurley's reply to Mark's letter arrived in a few days. It was couched in the friendliest of terms, but its general tone was one of sorrowful regret.

Mark read it with a wooden expression. "Cannot see our way to do anything . . . The universal shortage of money . . . The falls in gilt-edged stocks and shares and the horrible difficulties of the exchange situation . . . All of us in the same boat . . ."

Mark tossed the letter across to Petronella. "A flop," he said with a short laugh. "Well, it doesn't matter. Read it all through. His brother is coming up for six months to live at the old Sanger homestead. There's nobody in it now. He wants to come north for the winter. The English climate prob-

ably played up with him while he was over there."

"That will be nice," said Petronella smoothly. "He'll be what they call an acquisition to Brown's Town."

In her heart she said: "Good! A real live man! . . . Don't get so excited, Petronella! You must have changed, my girl! Two years ago you wouldn't have looked at him."

ALTHOUGH it was April the earth was like a rock. Fran struggled to force the blunt spade through the stony ground, but it was bitter, back-breaking work.

It was a man's work this, she told herself despairingly. Paddy Callaghan could have done the whole thing in a trice. But Sam had assured her that Paddy couldn't be spared to waste time on footling jobs like putting up a fence for sweet-peas.

All of a sudden Fran was swept by a sense of desolating futility. What was the good of it all? Her sweet-pea fence. Anything. She had been here now for eleven years . . . Eleven years . . . and what was there to show for that time that was more than a decade?

She thought of Sam. Sam with his blundering good nature, his lack of all perception . . . his utter inability to grasp what was not immediately under his eyes. They had been quarrelling a lot of late. Stupid quarrels that sprang up out of nothing and were no longer healed by passionate reconciliations . . .

She remembered the quarrel of the preceding night. It had begun by Sam giving Ritchie a glass of beer to drink. The sly look in Ritchie's eyes, Sam's guffawing encouragement, had roused a demon in her. "Ritchie and Sam!" she had thought. "Those two banded against me and Mary." She had hit out wildly, and Sam, stepping back, taunting her, had tripped against the tablecloth and pulled down the little crystal tree, which had smashed to splinters.

It was more than a tree that had been broken, she thought now, pressing her foot on the spade. It was more than that. Much more. Sam had laughed at first sneeringly, but later a look of shame had come into his eyes. Yes, Sam had broken more than the crystal tree. In breaking it, that pale, pure symbol of beauty, he had broken something in her. Sam had broken—or life had broken—something in her that would never come alive again.

Tears came into her eyes. The ache in her back was frightful, grinding down her thighs, and creeping up her spinal column. She straightened herself again, dragging the palm of her hand across her forehead. When she looked up, blinking her blinded eyes, she saw someone coming across the yard . . .

Reenie saw her in the same moment that she saw him.

The thought came to him swift and unbidden: "She carries the mark of sorrow on her."

"Why, Mr. Hurley!" She greeted him as serenely as she would have greeted a guest in a drawing-room, unconscious of the spectacle she presented. Pleasure rang in her voice. "Whatever are you doing here?"

"Staying for a few days until my things arrive by carrier," he said, smiling the old disarming smile. "I want to spend a winter up north. I'm going to dig myself in at the old Sanger homestead over the lake."

She looked at him smilingly, thinking: "How nice that he's come again. Sam will be glad, too. I wonder if Sam gave him the front bedroom. I'll have to see to fresh covers."

She was suddenly conscious of the spade in her hand, and the half-dug hole with the hard stony earth thrown up all around.

"I was digging," she said. She hesitated. "I ought to finish it."

"Give me," said Rennie. He took the spade gently from her, and thrust it into the ground. "You shouldn't be doing this, you know. It's too hard for a woman."

"Nothing is too hard for a woman," said Fran. She watched him swooping out lumps of red rubble without a trace of embarrassment. "I'm going to have a fence here for my sweet peas. Mary picked them from Petronella's plants."

Rennie stopped in his digging and threw a side-long look over his shoulder. Quite plainly he could see Petronella Jarrold with her beaked nose and disdainful profile.

"Do you know Petronella?" he asked.

Fran laughed her low chuckling laugh.

"She doesn't know me."

"There, that's done!" said Rennie, throwing down the spade. "I'll dig the other one to-morrow for you if you like. Where's Mary?"

Fran told him, warning to her subject as she went on.

"Afterwards I'm hoping she'll go on to the University. I'm ambitious for her and she has brains."

"Umph," said Rennie doubtfully. "Why the University? To equip her for the business of earning her own living?"

"I suppose so," said Fran frowning.

"That's all Universities here are good for," he grumbled as they walked back towards the house.

Fran led him through the back part of the hotel into the bar-parlor where Sam, playing the jovial part of host, had brought drinks.

Sam's high spirits lasted well. He liked to have men lodgers in the place, especially good drinkers and (even better still) good shouters.

"Going to run a few sheep, eh?" he asked Rennie as the petrol lamp in the parlor flickered out.

"Good Lord, no!" Rennie laughed. "I'll probably do a bit of scribbling, paint a few hen-coops, grow some beans, and cut up a bit of wood."

"One of those born loafers, Fran," Sam said later as he got out of his clothes and threw them untidily on the bedroom floor.

Fran did not answer. Braiding her long hair into plaits she was thinking of something that Rennie Hurley had said.

"But the little crystal tree has gone, Mrs. Addicott. I knew something was missing as soon as I came into the room."

Rennie found Petronella softer, more anxious to please than the Petronella he had remembered once or twice in London. She sat in the window embrasure the day he called, regarding him with a friendly look that dispelled the last fear he had of being an embarrassing visitor in the Jarrolds' house. He knew that Jarrold himself had written to John for a temporary loan, and John's refusal on the score of his own pecuniary losses had seemed to him churlish and inadequate.

It was true that the Hurley stock had gone down, that the firm was inevitably feeling the effects of the universal depression, but they were not suffering to such an extent as John believed, or pretended to believe. His own action in cutting

out of the firm after two negligible years in London, had left John more resigned than disgusted, and he had even viewed the idea of a prolonged stay on the edge of the Mallee with enthusiasm, and helped in the matter of making inquiries.

"Quite an excellent arrangement," he had said approvingly. "You need the brisk air up north for the winter, old man. The London fogs didn't improve your cough any. They'll make a farmer of you yet, up there."

Petronella, swinging her long, narrow feet, was finding Rennie mildly exciting.

"We'll be dragging you in for golf and tennis," she said carelessly. "And then there will be a couple of dances. You needn't be buried so long as you have your car."

She walked across the room swinging her skirt and opened the door of a little cupboard.

"Cocktail?" she inquired with a mocking inflexion. "Manhattan, Martini, Bronx, Love's Dream? Oh, we are quite modern here," she said, "we are quite modern."

Aunt Maudie was silent for a long while after Rennie's departure, sitting drawing threads through canvas with absorbed fingers.

When she looked up there was a calculating look in her eyes.

"That nice man," she said gloatingly. "He has the most charming manners, and he is a great traveller. It is travel I always say that gives people poise." Her glance brushed Petronella's and was away again. "It is a great pity that Mr. Hurley is not our guest instead of staying out at that terrible, comfortless hotel until his things come."

"Rot, Aunt," said Petronella with unnecessary vigor.

But the same thought had been in her own mind.

FRAN was reading a letter from Mary. It was a sharp autumn morning with a touch of frost in the air. She took the letter out into the back yard and finished it in the sun.

"Darling Mother" (Mary had written), "It is still lovely here though the girls are awfully stuck up. There are other scholarship girls here and it is a curious fact that nearly all of them have buck teeth. It's because of their brains Yo says—anyhow, I'm glad I haven't buck teeth or pimples. Some of the girls have—awfully."

"Miss O'Hara, the sports mistress, is divine. She wears the most divine clothes. Yolande and I are mad about her. Yolande spent the week-end with some relations at Kew, and Colin MacGregor, whose hair is really a most terrific red, brought her home in the most gorgeous little sports car. He's finishing being a med. student this year and will be what he calls a resident in some hospital."

"We are doing 'The Merchant of Venice,' but I don't know how Portia could have had all those men mad about her, she sounds so dreadfully dull. We went to see a picture with Joan Crawford; it was too divine."

"Miss Florence, the English mistress, is pretty strict. She had a face like an ant if you could see what an ant's face is like."

"Oh, mother, the trees from my window! They're every kind of brown and pale gold like butter. The gardener makes little piles of dead leaves and lights them, and everything goes swimmy in a lovely blue smoke. It makes me think of the dead trees in the lake, and you, and I go all goofy with homesickness."

"My love to Dad and Ritchie, and you, darling mother."

"From your lovingest child,

MARY.

"P.S. Most of the girls have their tunics longer than mine."

Sitting on the sunny verandah step, Fran smiled with a little catch at her heart. Sometimes she missed Mary unbearably. She wondered uneasily if she neglected Ritchie for Mary, then comforted herself by the reflection that Ritchie, stolid and unimaginative with all of Sam's unquestioning acceptance of existing conditions, was sufficient to himself.

She watched indolently as Sam came round the side of the house followed by Monk Mathews, a day laborer who spent a good deal of his time and money (when he had it) in the bar of The Swan.

"A letter from Mary," Fran called. "She sent you her love."

Monk Mathews went his tumbling way down towards the stacks, but Sam hesitated and turned back.

"How's the little puss?" he asked, then without waiting for an answer pointed to Monk's retreating back. "I'm getting him to hack out some of the suckers down near the lake," he said. "It's a job that wants going, and I'll see some of the money back again in my pocket."

"Down past the emon patch?" Fran frowned. "That's next to the bull's paddock, Sam. You'd better warn him about Red Boy."

"Oh, I'll tell him," said Sam easily. He stood jingling coins in his pockets and whistling. "You've got a mania about that brute, Fran. He's as gentle as a lamb if you don't rile him."

"Then tell Monk not to rile him," Fran said sharply.

Late in the afternoon Paddy Callaghan came calling her as she ironed in the kitchen.

"Mrs. Addicott, where's Mr. Addicott?"

"Where's Mr. Addicott?"

Paddy's long, lugubrious face was longer than ever. He stood opening and shutting his mouth.

"Quick! What is it!" Fran's heart seemed to turn right over.

"Monk Mathews." The old man's calloused hand pointed to the lake. "It's the bull. It got him down. I saw all of it, and there was he taking of his red handkerchief off his neck, hanging it on the fence like, and teasing the brute. I seen him tease animals before, ramping mad. They fence wasn't strong—"

"Is he dead?" Fran's face was ghastly, her eyes staring.

"Not as how you'd notice," said Paddy. "He's laying on the ground back there, and the Murphy boys, after coming over from Joe Parker's, are making shakes to take him off to the 'ornspittle at Naringee. Got him in the groin it did."

She held the flat-iron tremblingly against her cheek to test its heat, heard Paddy's voice repeating the story in the bar, and the hasty sliding sound of Sam's feet as he went out.

"I knew something would happen," she whispered. "I always know."

Two days later they drove into the hospital at Naringee, a bare brick building that stood back from the single, wide street of the township. Sam, uncomfortable about the whole thing, but solacing himself with the reminder that he was generously footing Monk's hospital bill, allowed Fran, laden with delicacies of her own making, to go into the ward alone. She came out with a heightened color and a feeling of disquietude, for Monk's eyes and his tirade against Sam had been full of venom. She said nothing of this, however, and Sam

drove back, preening himself under a consciousness of duty nobly done, and a resolve to have the bull's fence strengthened without further delay.

Mary came home for her holidays a fortnight later. It was fun, she thought, all the preparation for coming home, but it gave you a queer sinking sensation in the pit of your stomach that made you feel as if you were not there. . . . It was divine, though—all the packing-up and the flurry of good-byes, the purposeful missing of the senior girls who were to have kept an eye on you.

Fran met Mary at the station—in the old buggy with Paddy Callaghan driving, because Sam could not leave the bar.

She wore her best black and a felt hat with a wide brim that showed up her bright skin, and gave her a soft, girlish look.

"Why, Mother, you're like a fat lovely rose just before it falls to pieces," screamed Mary, her wide mouth working convulsively.

When they arrived at The Swan, Rennie was sitting in the bar-parlor looking a little untidy in old flannel slacks. There was a pinkish, expensive drink next to his elbow, for Rennie was a drinker of exclusive tastes. A fact which Sam appreciated to the full, and which went a long way towards keeping his regard for the younger Hurley unimpaired.

Rennie cast an oblique glance in Fran's direction. There was a dewy look about her, he thought. Happiness, probably. He had never seen her in black before. Black made most women appear older, but it deepened in her that look of stranger innocence that was hers at times. Rennie knew suddenly that he was glad to be sitting in the same room with Fran.

Mary was chattering with the unconscious ease that she had inherited from Fran.

"I must find a bracken stem," she was saying, her voice suddenly deep and grave. "Mother, I'll die if I don't find a bracken stem—quickly. They say if you cut a stem across you'll find inside a little tiny picture of the fern itself. Mother, I must know if it's true."

"It's quite true," said Rennie. He lifted his eyebrows and his face took upon itself that arch faun look. "There's a bit of bracken growing near an old leaky tank at the back of my place." He turned to Fran as she sat leaning her elbows on the faded, serge tablecloth. "If you and Mary will come across to-morrow, you can both cut bracken stems to your heart's content."

"That will be lovely," said Fran. She added simply, without coquetry: "I was wondering when you would ask me."

IT was as still as sleep and cold as glass in Rennie's garden. Mary walked up the path pushing her feet through the dead, curled-up leaves. A butcher bird was singing out of sight, loudly with a joyous rollicking note.

Rennie met them at the door. He looked slightly ill at ease.

"You're late," he said. "Did you row over?"

"Of course," said Fran. Her level gaze was calm and friendly. "Shall we come into your house first?"

Rennie preceded them into the living-room and left them there, going out, with the air of a delighted schoolboy entertaining furtive guests, into the gaunt kitchen.

Fran looked round her curiously. Rennie had made something of the room which, with its ornate ceiling and elaborately-painted door, still held something of its old, showy splendor. There was a thick cream patterned rug on the floor. Parrot-

colored cushions hid the sparse chairs. There was an inlaid cabinet. A carved sea-chest. A screen with a silk design of monkeys and peacocks. The curtains fell in folds of dull gold.

"Petronella made them on her machine," said Mary pointing. "Yolande told me. He gave her the measurements."

Fran resisted the impulse to check her on two counts. First she could have said, "Don't point." Then, "Don't say he, Mary. Say Mr. Hurley." But she realised that she would have been venting some secret irritation on the child, and contented herself by sitting very still, lapped in the loveliness of Rennie's house.

Rennie brought in the tea. It was fragrant tea the color of pale honey.

"China," said Rennie remorsefully. "I should have asked you which you preferred. China or Ceylon."

"I don't know the difference," said Fran with a simplicity that made him think he had been showing off.

She sat with her knees apart, crunching between her firm white teeth the little cakes which he had bought from the Brown's Town baker, and which contained, to her taste, too much soda. Mary fidgeted with the sharp safety-razor blade she had fished from the hotel bathroom, and yearned after the little green image of a fern held in its stem.

"Yes, I have a few nice little pieces," said Rennie modestly following the direction of Fran's eyes. "I've hung on to them. I used to go in for curios and antiques once."

"Tell me—" said Fran contentedly.

"There were tall Chinese chairs lacquered in dull, heavy gold—alabaster vases—an iron from Russia—"

"It's like a poem," said Fran.

They went out into the garden. The sun had slipped lower and the air was a chilly purple the color of the backs of violet leaves. Near the leaky red tank Mary knelt on the ground and cut through a bracken stem with her sharp razor blade. She almost fainted for joy. There in its secret place, hair-stemmed and thinly branched, was the small, miraculous image of the elderly fern.

They went inside again. Rennie lit the fire in the cavernous fireplace. A faint scent of incense floated out mixed with the pungent odor of dry, burning leaves.

"Rosemary stalks," he said with a grin. Again he had the feeling that he was showing off. "You see, I know all the dodges."

"Yes," said Fran absently. She stood running her hands through her hair, for she had come hatless. She knew that it was time to go, but she knew just as certainly that she didn't want to leave. Something beautiful would be lost with her going. She lifted her head suddenly. "Who's that walking on the verandah?"

There was a sharp tattoo on the panels of the front door. Rennie, resisting a boyish impulse to peep through the window, went out with a look of annoyance on his face.

Petronella stood on the step, her bare arms clasping a flat basket of mushrooms.

"I've brought these for your tea," she said, the barest hint of embarrassment in her voice. "Was it very unkindly? I've been out roaming the paddocks, and I left the car down on the road. Don't eat them if you don't want to. Some of them are black as the acc of spades. The ground is too dry."

Rennie ushered her inside, concealing his irritation under his most disarming smile.

She had been to the house on one other occasion.

"I've some visitors," said Rennie gaily. "Mrs. Addicott and Mary."

Petronella scowled.

"Hullo, young Mary." Her voice was poised and indifferent. She could see where the little group had sat around the fire. Three hollows in three chairs. She watched Fran take Mary's arm with a touch of uneasiness. "Oh, please, Mrs. Addicott, don't go. I shall have a perfectly horrible feeling that I am breaking up the party."

Fran glanced calmly at the face of the little black clock on the mantelpiece.

"It's time," she said smilingly. "Nearly five. Paddy will have started to milk, and there's the dining-room to see to. Come along, Mary."

Rennie and Petronella cooked the mushrooms over the open fire. Petronella had a sardonic gleam in her eye.

Rennie carefully lifted the steaming mushrooms into a dish and carried them to the table.

"You'll notice, Madam," he said gaily, "that underneath we have a cloth of purest Irish linen with embroideries of acanthus leaves. The sybarite with simple tastes! The bath is as rusty as a ship's anchor, and my toothbrush cost eightpence!" he added with an absurd inconsequence.

Petronella drank coffee, her long legs sprawled under the table, her two hands cradling the little fluted cup.

"How's the book going?" she asked.

"It isn't going at all," Rennie got up and moved about with the restlessness of a caged dingo. "I intend," he said, "to write a sort of fantastic defence of the lotus-eater. Why snatch the lotus out of the lotus-eater's mouth! You'll have the life-story of an idle middle-class fellow—his reactions to a narrow world that insists on work as the inseparable adjunct to self-respect—his reactions, my dear Petronella, from the day his caul is lifted up till the time he finds himself a heap of burned ashes in a city crematorium."

"If I had half your opportunities!" murmured Petronella.

She glowered at him and he was struck by the dark, sullen beauty of her face. He lit his pipe with a courteous "Do you mind?" and laughed his teasing laughter.

"Mind you," he said, "I'm not holding any brief for unproductive idleness, but I refuse to believe that intense, concentrated energy is always the secret of success. Our very modern labor-saving devices have been fashioned with the idea of letting someone loaf while the machinery does the work. Think of sausage-machines, typewriters, harvesters, hair-curlers, appliances—"

"Ass," said Petronella. She rose stretching. "I'll have to go now. The male parent and the good aunt will be throwing fits. You can't be unkindly in the country and get away with it. Come down to the car with me, Rennie."

They walked through the chilly darkness to the gate that was some little distance from the house.

"I shan't come again unless you ask me," said Petronella sticking her head out through the side-curtains. "A man is so defenceless."

She started the car up, and roared down the bumpy lane that joined the main road on the township side of The Swan.

Rennie went slowly back to the house, coughing a little in the cold air. Not that his cough—irritated by smoking probably—really worried him. The slight lung weakness had been corrected years before. He

was as fit as the man next door and just as likely to live till he was seventy.

He stood at the door of his room surveying his bachelor apartment negligently. A charming attractive girl, Petronella, with something of a downright honesty about her. But he frowned as he moved towards the littered table, because the recent memory of her clouded the vision he had wanted to remember—that of a smiling blonde-haired woman with her hands resting on her knees like two quiescent doves.

Autumn slipped imperceptibly into winter. It was bitterly cold. Mary wrote long letters home in which she complained of her chilblains. Fran found that it required a superhuman effort for her to stand long at the front door facing the weather. She had always hated wind, and this winter the wind was a snarling grey wolf that came hurling itself across the dun paddocks, snapping at everything within reach.

Rennie was a frequent visitor at the hotel, a welcome one to Sam, since he drank temperately but expensively, and was always good for a "about" if any of the lads were "knocking around." Sometimes he walked round by the road, a good two miles, for exercise. Often (and this was usually after a visit to Brown's Town) he came in his car. But whichever way he came his coming was always a delight to Fran, and the whole meaning of the cheerless winter, the whole meaning of her life even, seemed to be caught up in that smoky little room where Rennie, seated on the green plush stool away from side to side, would send his voice rumbling over the wind.

The cold weather resulted in the usual crop of winter ills around the district. Old Man Heathcote was laid up with severe bronchitis. Ritchie developed a croupy cough, and Sam, rugging the cows one frosty evening, contracted a chill.

Sam's chill was not serious, but like a sick, spoiled child he expected recognition of his aches and pains, and Fran humored him.

He was sitting by the fire one night, sipping hot lemon juice, a muffler round his throat, when a Murphy lad called in from Parker's with the news that Rosie was ill.

"She wants Mrs. Addicott to come over," said Abe Murphy, a sheepish-looking youth with the spread hands of a milker, and huge awkward feet. "She's laid up with a sort of croup," she says. "She wonders if you could bring over some of that stuff you had in a tin for Ritchie."

In the warm room Fran shuddered. Rennie, who had driven along from Brown's Town, left the piano, whistling softly under his breath. Sam coughed and looked bellicose.

"Why can't Joe look after Rosie?" he asked, aggrieved.

"He can't put the kid down," Abe Murphy told them simply. "It won't stop bellowing and it gets on her nerves. She's laying there waiting to have something on her chest."

"That will be antiphlogistine," said Fran. She hesitated, knowing that Rosie, or any of the other country women, would have come to her aid had the occasion arisen.

"I can't come and that's flat," said Sam setting himself back in his chair with a luxurious sigh of self-pity. He wheezed extravagantly. "And Fran can't go in the boat by herself at night. It's out of the question." He brightened in an instant.

"How about Mr. Hurley driving you round, Fran?"

"I was going to suggest that," said Rennie. They went out leaving Sam huddled over the smoky fire.

At the Parkers' house everything was in confusion. Joe sat with a bemused look on his face, rocking a crying child. The room, filled with smoke, was hung with drying baby clothes that gave out a wet, pungent odor. Boots with steamy soles were drying by the fender. Out in the chilly kitchen Alfie, pinched about the nose, was laboriously washing-up.

Fran, thrusting the uncomfortable Rennie into a chair heaped with old newspapers, took charge, stifling the cries of the wet, dragged infant, and heating her tin of antiphlogistine.

In the bedroom Rosie lay tossing, breathing croppily and apologising for making a nuisance of herself.

"It's too bad, Fran. I didn't ought to have sent, but Joe was getting such a funny look in his eyes. He can't stand a row, and what with the noise of that young Myrtle howling herself black in the face I thought he'd have a fit."

She rambled on, sick with self-pity, while Fran, smiling and serene, slapped up a steaming poultice.

"It's times like this you wonder what you're born for. I declare if Joe hadn't mucked up me floors so much with his great ploughing boots, my cold wouldn't got so bad."

It was Joe, Joe, Joe . . .

Out in the smoky room Rennie, who had the happy faculty of being able to adapt himself to any surroundings, talked briskly to the morose Joe, Joe staring at the face of the sleeping child with a sort of ferocious pity.

"At her usual game," he thought darkly. "Moan, moan, moan! She wants something to moan for."

"You want to think forward, Joe," Rennie said, smiling. "If you think at all. I don't."

He got to his feet with a feeling of relief as Fran came back, her face flushed, her hair curling in little wet tendrils on her forehead.

They went out into the night. A smell of wet, upturned earth came on the rainy wind.

"It's only a shower," said Rennie. He caught Fran's arm as she stumbled. "Don't fall, Fran."

It was the first time he had called her by her name.

The rain beat into the car. On the wide road Rennie drew a little to one side and pulled up. His hands were trembling oddly. He felt that he was going to say what had trembled on his tongue for more than two years.

"Fran, Fran, darling. I love you, I love you, I love you! You know! Don't you?"

"Yes," Fran lay against him limp and unresistant.

"Fran!" She pushed him away gently.

"Drive on, Rennie," she said in a low voice. "I want you to drive on."

He let her down at the door of the hotel. There was still a light in the bar-parlor.

"You haven't said anything," whispered Rennie, running his hand over her damp hair. "You never did say much. I remember that first night. The silent woman with the blonde hair, I thought."

He kissed her roughly and she sped away from him, drawing her hand across his lips.

Sam was sitting in the parlor in front of the drying fire, his feet in a shallow basin.

"I thought a little mustard and hot water," he said, in a satisfied voice. "I don't know if I've got enough mustard—How was Rosie?"

"Better when I left," said Fran. Her face was very white, but her eyes had a soft, brooding look. "You'd better get straight off to bed now, Sam, and not take fresh cold."

"Yes, I'd better, hadn't I?" he agreed. He lifted his yellowish feet out of the basin and wiped them tenderly on a towel, making little snorting noises of content. "You're a good girl, Fran," he said. Suddenly a shadow passed over his shiny face. An angry red ran down into his neck. "What do you think, Fran?" he demanded. "That little Murphy cove told me after you'd gone! Monk Matthews is getting at me over the bull. Taking it into court. Here in Brown's Town."

"He's been talking about it all over the place. Going to get at me for a hundred quid, he says. . . . After I paid his hospital bills! He's been pow-wowing with the lawyers. Savagely assaulted while in my employ. As if anybody didn't know the fool didn't bring it on himself! I've got Paddy Callaghan to prove it. He riled the bull—the sweetest-tempered brute in the country." He stopped, stilled by a hard look in her eye.

"You've got to stand by me, Fran," he muttered. "You've got to stand by me, see? I'll fight them tooth and nail. I can't afford to be beaten—"

"Please, Sam!" Fran's voice was colorless. "Don't talk about it any more now. You'll make your throat worse. Get off to bed and go straight to sleep."

Sam nodded.

"All right," he said placidly. He pattered out, his feet in ancient carpet slippers, his pyjama legs peeping from under a sagging tweed coat.

Fran sat by the fire wrapped in a secret desolation.

There was a certain irony in the situation, Rennie considered, and neither was it entirely without humor, though he had always supposed that the humorous element did not enter into the matter of love.

"Of course, it's quite impossible for her to be in love with Sam," Rennie told himself savagely as he stared over the cold, grey waters of the lake. "She accepts him—that's all."

He walked along the road to the hotel the next day. He was going to Melbourne at the end of the week, and it was imperative that he should see her before he left.

He found her in the chilly bar-parlor, pushing a needle through some coarse stuff that looked like sheeting.

"Oh, hullo, Rennie!"

Fran rose quietly, and went out into the kitchen. Rennie went with her. The cockatoo was pecking along the window-sill, its little grey-black tongueolling out. There were newly-churned pounds of butter under a thin muslin cover. Winter-drowsy flies crawled slowly along the smoke-grimed walls. A flicker of warm red showed behind Elsa's shifting grate.

Rennie opened his arms and drew Fran in.

"Fran! Darling, do you love me?" he murmured.

She looked at him out of steady blue eyes.

"Oh, yes, Rennie!" It was as though she had asked herself the question and found the answer from some secret, infallible source. "Oh, yes, indeed."

She stood with bent head staring at the floor. Of course she loved him . . . From a tiny seed it had grown . . . Now it was a love that was as beautiful as a pigeon's wing, or a cobweb caught on the grass. That was because Rennie was beautiful, because he stood for all that was beautiful, while Sam—

She frowned. It wasn't fair to compare them. The same standards of measurement would not do for each. "Oh, Sam," she thought, with a swift blind misery. "You don't mean anything to me now, Sam. You've taken too much from me and I'm tired of giving" . . .

In these last two days she had actually hated Sam. And there he was, day long, hour long, following her about with his beseeching gaze, his voice fraction and half-frightened.

"I say, Fran, old girl, you're not too proud to come to the court and give your old Sam a helping hand, are you? Good Lord! A hundred quid for a scratch in the groin! What's the beggar think he's coming at? . . . We'll have him beat off his own ground, Fran!" . . .

She lifted her eyes now. Rennie was lighting a match with his quick, nervous movements. His narrow, grey eyes had little pin-points of light in them like phosphorus stars in wet sand.

"Fran, what's left between Sam and you? I like old Sam, dear. Fran, what's left—"

"Nothing!"

Rennie squeezed her hand without making any comment.

"I'm going down to town for a couple of weeks," he said. "Do some solid thinking while I'm gone, my pet. . . I'll carry you with me as I've carried you for these last two years or more." He stood at the door, listening for Elsa's shuffling steps along the back verandah. He wanted to say: "You're mine—not Sam's—remember, sweetheart." Instead he said: "There'll be little knobs on the elms when I get back, Fran. And there's a patch of tiny violets by the gate—"

He went away, his head held side-on against the wind. Sam appeared at the end of the passage.

"Not even the price of a drink on him to-day," he said in an aggrieved voice, "and a face as long as a bar of soap. Skedaddling off to the city. Did you know?"

"Yes, I knew," said Fran tonelessly.

THE case of Mathews versus Addicott, locally heard and hastily put through, was over before Rennie returned. Dimly Fran was glad of this, for she was ashamed of her part in it.

She thought she would never forget the smell of the little crowded courthouse. Papers and ink and policeman's wet coats. The scraping sound of feet along the muddy floor. The long, hostile face of Monk Mathews' lawyer suspended in a green, subaqueous gloom. The face of Monk himself, dark with an implacable malice. Her own voice coming out of her mouth as she gave evidence without a tremble. Her own voice clear and round as a bell. . . . She, Fran, verifying Sam's story, Paddy Callaghan's story. . . . The hall was quiet. . . . There had been absolutely no risk in the ordinary way. . . . Children passed quite close there on their way to school. . . . It was not Monk's employer who was culpable—it was Monk himself, who with his incurable habit of teasing animals had gone out his way to infuriate the bull. . . . There had been no

evidence of negligence on the owner's part.

Monk Mathews lost his case, but it was a subdued Sam who made his way out of the precincts of the courthouse and bundled Fran into the car.

"A narrow shave, old girl," he said, mopping his head. "I thought half a dozen times we were gone."

Fran was silent, looking out over the dreary paddocks, where little long-legged lambs were running bleating by their mothers. There was more lost in the affair than wily Monk's claim for damages. There was her own self-respect lost—her consciousness of a separate entity apart from Sam. She had found it impossible to stand out against him. In the end she had not wanted to.

The struggling part of her had been glad to lie down defeated. Defeated by the very recollections of past, tender intimacies, of perils shared together. . . . By the compelling touch of his hands. . . . the expression of some need in his voice. She had given herself to him unreservedly with the memory of Rennie less than a shadow.

The story of the court case excited mild interest in the township. Rennie caught a faint echo of it on his return.

"The unspeakable Sam again," Petronella told him with a laugh. They had met in the windy street, and she was standing carelessly with a golfbag swung over one shoulder. "They say it was a treat to hear him squirming out of it. Even Mrs. Sam putting in her oar . . ."

Rennie listened, amused, then his face hardened.

"But Mrs. Addicott was afraid of that bull," he expostulated. "She was glad when Sam sold it. She'd had a narrow escape from it once she told me, but she hated to talk of it."

"Well—there you are!" Petronella poded indifferently to a passing trio under the leadership of the portly Mrs. Ewers. "A woman will lie herself black in the face for the man she loves—extremely gratifying for the man." She stood staring into a shop window stuck all over with flaring yellow posters.

"Here's your chance, Rennie! Some local entertainment on the way." She read out slowly: "The Georgian Follies. Featuring Hector Blytheswood, the Silver Baritone. May Lacey, Contralto. Miss Violet Villiers, the inimitable comedienne and tap-dancer. . . . You've had your fill of urban pleasures, dear man, why not put me the way of some when they appear?"

He stood fidgeting, his face a little drawn. "Well, I'll be off," said Petronella, swinging her canvas bag. "Why must you turn your back so rigidly on the excitement of golf, Rennie? Tea at the clubhouse to-day and a silver spoon for the best card! To count the game beyond the prize," she quoted over her shoulder, and strode off laughing.

"Evasive, distinctly evasive," Petronella told herself, and it was the memory of this that decided her a couple of days later while taking Aunt Maudie out for what she persisted in calling a "blow," to pass Rennie's bumpy lane and drive straight on down the Naringee road.

Aunt Maudie sat on the edge of the seat with every muscle tight. She was never at ease driving with Petronella though she would not have admitted it openly.

Petronella pulled a little to one side. A huge yellow car, following an erratic course, was coming towards them. Aunt Maudie stifled a scream with a kid-gloved hand.

Petronella cursed, but it was too late. The yellow car skidded, caught them on the mudguard, shot off at a tangent and turned on its side.

"They're killed," moaned Aunt Maudie. Petronella took one swift look and squeezed out from behind the steering wheel. On the road lay a heterogeneous collection of luggage. A man with a furrowed face and black moustache was disentangling himself from the mass. A girl lay on the ground moaning.

Petronella knelt by her while the young man brushed his trousers.

"It's my foot," wailed the girl. "I was squashed under me. I'm sure it's broken." She began to cry. Tears trembled on the points of her mascaraed lashes. "We were going on up the line to give our concert before we did Brown's Town. Oh, oh, oh! I'll never be able to dance! No tap-dancing—"

Petronella remembered in a flash. The billposters stuck in the shop window. The Georgian Follies. . . . Miss Violet Villiers, inimitable tap-dancer, and the rest. . . . This was evidently a part of the company on the way up the line.

She looked at the dark young man squarely.

"You'd better take a lift into the township—there's something coming now—and get a man from the garage and a doctor. There's a little hotel a few yards away, but there's no phone. I'll see to—"

"Miss Villiers," put in the girl in an affected voice.

"Miss Villiers," went on Petronella with a wave of her hand. "If you'll help me lift her into the car I'll get her to the hospital in two minutes. Look, she's fainting. The road back into Brown's Town would bump her foot to pieces. . . . And my own bus has suffered a bit of damage probably."

"It was your fault," said the man in a blustering voice. He looked at Petronella unpleasantly. "You didn't move over and give us enough room—"

"Rot," said Petronella. "She was driving and she lost her head. I saw her lift her hands away from the wheel. You say what I say!"

Together they lifted the unconscious girl into the car, Aunt Maudie twittering helplessly, and Petronella drove to The Swan, where she stayed outside, honking her horn imperiously.

Sam helped her carry the girl reluctantly at first, but with more alacrity when the sight of her pretty, painted little face was fully revealed.

"The best-looker I've laid my eyes on for a couple of years," he told himself with relish, and went out whistling to find Fran.

She took the situation calmly in hand and got the girl into bed without preamble. Petronella and Aunt Maudie, considerably upset, waited in the bar-parlor.

"I don't want to go," said Petronella. "The man from the garage has a look over my car. The front tyre looks a bit fishy." "Of course," agreed Fran. She regarded Petronella with a warm friendliness. "You must have something to drink. Sam, will you bring something? Two brandies, shall it be?"

The man from the garage, Doctor MacGregor, and the young man with the moustache arrived together.

The doctor made his diagnosis swiftly. Badly strained tendons and possibly the fracture of a tiny bone. He spoke of plaster and hospitals.

"Not for me," said the girl, who had recovered with the rapidity of a cat. "I'll stay here, and you, Ike, can foot the bill. I refuse to go in anybody's car." She looked at the young man from the shelter of the best "commercial's" bed. "This settles it. I said I wouldn't do that turn with a new partner—and I can't now!" Her pretty, vivid little face sharpened with a weary hatred. "And now take yourself off, you helpless, livery-checked skite! I'm sick of the sight of you, and it suits me to stay here. Get out!"

The young man took the hint with a bent, sleek head, made a few adjustments to his luggage and drove off with the damaged car in tow.

Fran went back to the bar-parlor, a look of trouble in her eyes. Heavens knew she had enough to do without this addition of a lady boarder—and an invalid at that! This was an hotel—not a hospital. But there had been something of misery in the girl's face, and Sam had made no objections, which was exceedingly unlike him considering his dislike of woman lodgers.

In the parlor Petronella was helping Aunt Maudie to her feet. The wintry sun was throwing long shadows across the road, and a pale purple light was creeping like a tide round the windows. Petronella shuddered. What a ghastly place! To think that Yolande on occasions came here! Yolande! She'd have to put a stop to it. . . . And Rennie—

She felt her heart beating up to her throat. She could hear Rennie now, speaking to someone on the verandah. Rennie coming in for his usual aperitif? Her glance rested on Fran with a touch of delighted malice. Fran with her drooping bun of hair . . . her shoes so unspeakably awful . . . her sucking apron.

But Rennie's eyes, flickering over Fran as she stood quietly with folded hands, revealed no shade of distaste. He was in one of his gay moods.

"I can't bear it," Petronella thought. She departed under cover of her rather high laughter, and climbed into the car with a feeling of relief.

Rennie took Fran's hand and held it gently. "Fran—what are we going to do?" But she drew away unhappily. "I don't know," she whispered. "Sam! You'll have to wait, Rennie, you'll have to wait till I know. . . . I thought I knew before—but—"

She gave a helpless shrug. "You can't love two men!"

Rennie's voice came out of the dusk with a moody anger.

"I can love one man—and feel myself bound to the other, perhaps by the very ties that I hate most," said Fran quietly. "It is like that, Rennie."

MISS VIOLET VILLIERS stayed on. The vague but unmistakable aroma of men that had permeated the commercial's room was hidden under the heady perfumes that the modern young woman favored. Fran brought a threadbare rug from her own room and put it by the bed—substituted a little picture of an English bluebell wood (which she had bought at Jarrold's for one-and-six) for the torn, horsey calendar that had previously hidden a hole in the wall.

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," Violet told her jaconically, "but I'm not the noticing kind."

She was apparently quite contented to be shut away in the little room, polishing her nails, pinching her excessively arched eyebrows, and attending to her symmetrically waved yellow hair.

Her hurt ankle was responding to the treatment, and little Doctor MacGregor (who would waylay Sam in the passage and ask testily about his chances of collecting the account when it came to be presented) had discarded the possibility of a small-bone fracture.

"It suits me nicely to stay here," Violet would tell Fran in between long colorful and highly improbable tales of her theatrical career, "so long as that Ike foots the bill. They were going to put one over me up the line, and I wasn't having any. Not me! They can do a bit of hard thinking now I'm gone—and they can treat me like a lady when they get me back."

A week of it was all right, Fran thought, but when it came to a fortnight she found her patience wearing thin, especially since Violet had left her room, and now hobbling about on an old crutch that had belonged to old Ma Addicott) used the bar-parlor as her headquarters.

Violet was the sort of person who required constant attention and demanded it. All day long it was perpetually: "Oh, Mrs. Addicott, do you think you could bring some more wood, the fire's really almost out?" or: "Would you mind bringing me a glass of hot water for my indigestion?"

Nothing but running about waiting on the girl, Fran would tell herself resentfully. Let Sam do the running about . . .

Yes, let Sam, sprawling across the chair near the fire listening with an appearance of dumbfounded admiration, do the running about!

"Don't be peevish, woman," he told her when she mentioned it. "It's nice to have a bit of young life around, and her money's good enough, isn't it?"

"It takes my time," said Fran who had watched Rennie on at least three occasions thrust his head round the parlor door and stalk away.

Sam threw her a look of sudden fury. "Ho," he said. "So that's it is it?" and he flung outside whistling defiantly.

That night Fran went to bed early, but she could not sleep. From the verandah bed she could hear little Ritchie shouting out in his dreams. There was no sound from the bar-parlor where Sam usually snored in his chair as long as there was any fire to snore by. A moaning wind crept round the house. There was a door rattling somewhere, and a little persistent tap-tap-tap of a blind cord, irritating in its monotony.

Fran got out of bed, slipping a coat over her nightdress. She went down the passage shivering in the cold. Violet's door was partly open, for a bar of light lay across the floor like a streak of sun. Noiselessly Fran slipped along on her bare feet, and looked in. Just inside the door stood Sam and the girl locked in a tight embrace. As she looked, Sam's grasp weakened and he turned with the swift, ducking movement of a frightened animal. There was still a gleam in his eye as he stood there, his face white with fury, his hands hanging redly at his sides.

Fran smiled. Her voice was very quiet. "I'd like to have your room, Miss Villiers," she said. "From to-morrow if you wouldn't mind. My little girl is coming here for her school holidays almost at once."

That was a good thing to say, she thought dully, even if it wasn't true, because Mary would be spending the spring vacation with Vicky Howitt at Carrum. Yes, it was a good thing because it wasn't ugly and at all costs she must keep her tongue away from ugliness.

"That's all right," said the girl. She drew her blue dressing-gown tightly round her

thin body, and lit a cigarette. "Do you think I haven't had enough of this God-forsaken pub? And I don't want any half-baked coots hanging round me either." She gave Sam a push and slammed the door on his back.

Somewhere the blind cord was still tapping irritatingly.

"I must stop that noise," thought Fran. Sam followed her down the passage, wringing his hands.

"Soak me bob, Fran," he muttered in exasperation, "it's a nice thing to do spying like that . . . I swear there was nothing more to it than what you saw . . . I swear there was no harm in it."

"There never is," said Fran with the ghost of a smile.

She looked absurdly young as she stood there with the coat sleeves flapping over her wrists, her hair, hanging down in two long golden plaits.

She evaded Sam's imploring eyes. This was the end, she told herself. She couldn't bear any more . . .

"I'm finished, Sam," she said in a low voice. "It isn't only this girl. It's everything! Everything! This place here—I can't go on with it. It's killing something in me. I've got to get out—"

"Fran," he began helplessly, "I swear—never again—"

Her eyes passed him over.

"I'll go down to Aunt Clare," she was saying in a remote voice. "The children—well, we'll have to fix that up . . . I'll go to-morrow, Sam."

But even while she said it, she knew that it wasn't to Aunt Clare she was going, but to Rennie.

It was raining when she left late the next afternoon. The rain beat under her hat, and drummed against the little imitation leather case that bumped her knees as she walked.

Sam had driven to a sale at Naringee and would not be back till after dark.

"I'll be gone when you come home," she had told him steadily. "I'll walk into Brown's Town and take the afternoon bus that goes through now, if there is no other way of getting in . . . I'll write to you, Sam . . . and let you know. But I must go away. I must go away—to think."

He had laughed unbelievably in her face, but she had seen the startled flush of shame in his cheeks, and had felt a little stab of pity.

She had kissed Ritchie good-bye, weeping over his rough head, and had extracted the promise from Elsa that she would sleep at the hotel at night until she heard from her.

"Just one of those little quick holidays," she had told Elsa lightly.

Now as she turned from the road into the long puddly lane that led to the homestead, she was invaded by a comforting feeling of unreality. She wasn't Fran Addicott who had turned her back on The Swan and all that The Swan stood for. She was another person vaguely familiar. She saw herself like a dark woman-figure in a dream, trudging up and down the dip in the road, skirting the flooded end of the lake and opening the gate into Rennie's rain-drenched garden.

There was a light in the long window. She knew that there would be a red fire under the chimney. Perhaps the smell of burning gum-leaves, and rosemary, which everybody knew meant "Dew of the Sea."

She lifted the knocker and let it fall again. Nobody came and in a moment of hysteria

she beat with her cold fists on the wood.
"Rennie, Rennie, Rennie!"
He opened the door suddenly and she pitched forward into his arms.

SAM was filled with an incredulous dismay when he returned to The Swan and found Fran missing. Paddy had shut up the bar. The fire in the parlor was low. On the floor Ritchie sat absorbed in the pages of a pink comic.

"Where's your mother, son?" Sam asked. Ritchie looked up at him, his little scraped nose seeming to express surprise.

"She's gone to Melbourne, of course," he said absently. "I say, Dad, did you see this beaut about Phoebe Face-Ache and the Prairie Kids?"

"No, I never."
Sam lumbered out to the kitchen. He was wet and his hat dripped over the floor. Elsa surveyed him with disapproval.

"Where's Mrs. Addicott, Elsa?"
Elsa dishied up a helping of stew without raising her eyes.

"She's gone to the city. They've all gone now, Mr. Addicott. That one in the best bedroom caught the mail cart into the township after breakfast."

"I know, I know," said Sam testily. "I was here."

He flung her a suspicious glance and went back to the bar-parlor where he stumped into his chair and sat steeped in misery. Fran! Fran to walk out on him like that! He'd never have thought it of her! Fran . . . his lovely Fran . . . Terror gnawed at him.

It was still raining at dawn. Not a general rain they said in the district—merely torrential downpours in the wrong places. The white bridge over Brown's Town road swung just above the swirling water. The river flats were submerged. Chinese gardeners and vegetable-growers in the low-lying areas got themselves away into a place of safety.

Old miser Heathcote staring out of his rain-washed windows refused to move. On the second day he shook his fists at the townspeople, who, alarmed for his safety, rowed a boat over the drowned paddocks to his cottage. On the third morning they found him (though the waters were receding) lying face downwards in a deep pool by the chicken-coops.

Old Heathcote's death was made the chief topic of conversation in the township. Served him right, people said. His obstinacy had learned him this time! Now that the land would be passed on to young Frank Heathcote, perhaps things would look up a bit.

"Which is exactly where they make the mistake," said Mark Jarrold, repeating the town talk that evening. "The land-hunger will be in his blood as it was in the blood of the old man. He won't sell. He'll simply yearn for more and more."

"A personable young man, they tell me," observed Aunt Maude, knitting by the dining-room fire. "A product of Dookie College. Colin MacGregor knows him quite well, his mother says. Twenty-one and clean-looking and very nice manners and all that lovely land." She dropped a stitch and picked it up a little feverishly. "He'll be an excellent catch for some of the girls round about."

"Plural, Aunt?" Petronella uncured herself from the couch and stood in front of the fire. She wore a dark blue dress which did not suit her and which made her look excessively angular. "Would you make the man a Mormon?" She turned a casual

glance on Jane, who blushed, with her face held over a book. "Jane here, perhaps—or the gay Yolande. I, alas, cannot bring myself to baby-farming—yet."

She stood teetering on her toes, listening to the rain that purred on the roof, then stopped as if a hand had suddenly drawn it back.

"Rennie Hurley will probably be isolated," she said.

She turned and stared into the fire, her young profile stern and hard. She had only seen Rennie once since that day of the accident when he had walked into the bar-parlor of The Swan as though he had owned it, and Rennie, she had told herself, was (in more senses than one) a "lost" man.

"Poor fellow," chattered Aunt Maude, ignoring a dropped stitch with grandeur. "It will be awkward for him. Such charming manners, too! As I have said before, it is not difficult to see that he has travelled. Of course," she added conversationally, "there are his friends at the hotel across the water, and if he has a boat—"

"Which he hasn't," put in Petronella.

"Dear me, that's a pity."
"He can swim, of course," said Petronella with a burst of laughter. "Like the enterprising lover who swam the Hellespont."

In the bar-parlor at The Swan they discussed old Heathcote's death from every angle.

Sam, sitting gloomily over a glass, keeping half his mind on the conversation, half on his own private trouble, looked at the clock on the mantelpiece and hoped that his company would take the hint. His blue eyes behind their glasses had a lost, bewildered look, and his florid cheeks sagged.

When Larkin said:
"Well, Sam, and where's the Missus tonight?" he felt an empty feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"In town," he said dully. "Just a little trip. You know the way women like to have their little flittings."

"That's right," agreed Peters, with the mental reservation that you could count Mrs. Addicott's flittings on your thumbs. "Don't I know it!" He got up, yawning. "I say, Sam, I've got a bundle of bread out there in the cart that ought to have been delivered at the homestead this morning. I couldn't get through." He laughed facetiously. "I don't like to think of John Hurley's brother without the staff of life to see him through. You come across the cove, sometimes, don't you? How about running the stuff over in your boat? . . . No hurry, of course. The morning'll do fine. . . . Well, so long. You're not looking too hearty yourself, Sam. I'll dump the bread in the passage."

Sam listened to them driving away. He had wanted to get rid of them, and now they were gone he was fed up with himself. And only eight o'clock. Could you beat it? Sam looked at the clock ponderously. Fran, Fran, my girl, where are you? Why don't you come home? . . .

He roamed round the room restlessly, kicked at the crumbling fire and made a sudden decision. Blowed if he wouldn't row over to Hurley's and take a couple of bottles and the baker's bread. He knew the lake blindfold and Hurley 'ud probably welcome him.

He'd bring Fran's name just casual-like into the conversation. It would give him the feeling that she wasn't really far away.

Five minutes later Sam was walking towards the lake whistling with a new cheerfulness.

Joe Parker squelched along in the mud.

He had come out to get a marauding fox which, driven in by the floodwaters, was making the fowlyard its objective.

It was Rosie, who had nagged him into pursuit of the fox. She had nagged at him just as she nagged at him in bed, prodding him awake when she imagined that she heard the cows breaking into the turnips.

To-night it had been: "There now, Joe, I'm sure I can hear the beast barking. Why don't you take your gun and go out and have a shot at it instead of sitting by the fire with a face as long as an axe-box?"

He stumbled into a soggy rut, pulled himself up and passed his hands dazedly across his forehead. What was he doing out here? Ah, he remembered now. The fox! The little red killer of the night. . . . Well, he was a killer, too. Wasn't there a gun in his hand? He stopped on, lost again in his nightmare thoughts. Wasn't there something wrong? There had been the sound of firing along the water that other time. . . . Someone—he couldn't remember who—had fired close to his head, and he had dropped, shot to pieces. . . . And even before that! . . . Heavier firing then. . . . shells screaming past your head. . . . mud sucking your boots down. . . .

He tripped over a twist of rusted fencing wire that talled away from a rotten post, and bent down to free himself. Ha, ha! the same old barbed-wire entanglements.

His feet moved on mechanically. March! March! Altogether. March! March! March! . . . Come on now. Left right, left right, left right. . . . There was something moving up through that huddle of trees. He watched warily. The head and shoulders of a man in a burly overcoat. A man with a close-cut head and something that glittered across his face! He'd seen a Fritz pop up like that out of a shell-hole, he had. . . . Ha-ha, he wouldn't be caught a second time. . . .

Taking uncertain aim, Joe fired just as Sam ducked sideways, shielding his face with his arm, and dashing his glasses to the ground.

Fran heard it from the bottom of the garden. The scuffle, the report, a high surprised voice shouting:

"You've shot me! I can't see! Fran!"

"It's Sam!" She stood petrified, unable to move. "Rennie, it's Sam!"

"Stay here! Keep back!"

With a shove that sent her reeling back into the rose bushes, Rennie flashed past her through the little open gate.

Fran picked herself up slowly, trembling as she disentangled herself from the prickly stems. . . . It had been such a beautiful day. Such a beautiful, beautiful day, though under it (dim and wistful like the voice of an oboe in a robust orchestra) she had sensed a melancholy unperceived by Rennie.

Walking out in the sunny garden, she had put her head on his shoulder and cried.

"But Rennie, there's an end to it all. I can feel an end."

He had said angrily: "There need be no end."

They had talked and talked over the evening meal, making plans and breaking them, and always she had talked against that feeling of fleeting joy, that sense of impermanency. She must go back and tell Sam, Rennie had insisted. The next morning. No hocus-pocus. There were a dozen adjustments to be made. Mary, Ritchie. . . .

They had gone out to the garden in the moonlight to see the apple-boughs blowing in the wind. There was nothing so sad, so lovely, so mysteriously significant as apple-boughs blowing in the windy moonlight. . . .

And now—

Now—Sam! . . . And Rennie crying:
"Stay here! Keep back!"
She stumbled down the path, crazy with fear.

Sam had tripped and fallen. He lay on the ground with his face turned up. Rennie who had ripped off his overcoat and grey woollen sweater, was bending over him, lighting matches that were going out in the wind.

"I've got a torch," said Joe.
He passed it over and stood with his head between his hands, shaking himself like a man ridding himself of the last trappings of a dream.

"Only a few pellets in the arm," said Rennie. "He was lucky. He saved his eyes. It's the fall that's knocked him out. He landed on the back of his head." He stood up, took Joe by the sweaty shoulders and shook him to and fro. "What happened, what happened, you dumb fool!"

"I thought he was a German," said Joe in a dazed voice. In the torchlight his face was a mask of fear. His mouth hung down slobbering. "He came up sudden and I didn't think . . . I came out to get a fox. I—I thought I was . . . back there. I didn't know what I was doing . . ."

Rennie turned the light on the unconscious man. Two leaves of muddy bread and a broken bottle had rolled a little distance away. What the devil was it all about, he thought. Well, there was no time now to find out.

He clutched Joe again and whispered with a deadly earnestness in his ear:

"It's lucky that you haven't killed him! You're a menace, Joe, going round like this. Do you hear, man? You'll have to be put away somewhere if you don't take a hold of yourself . . . Now listen to what I have to say . . . You go straight home and out across your side road to Murphy's sister's house. They have the phone on Rling MacGregor to come straight out to the pub. A gunshot accident." He patted Joe on the arm encouragingly. "It's all right, old man. There's no need to worry. I'll row old Sam across and he'll be as right as a trivet in a couple of days . . . But you must keep a hold on yourself, Joe. Have a hot drink and get off to bed—and mind that confounded gun, do you hear?"

Joe nodded. Rennie felt perspiration breaking out on his forehead. Behind him he could hear Fran stumbling down the path, the sobbing sound of her breathing. He looked at Joe. But thank Heaven, Joe, sunk in his stupor of misery, had seen nothing.

"Go along, Joe," he said gently. "It's up to you to put the thing right now, old man."

"You're a gentleman," said Joe in a shaken voice. "You're a gentleman, Mr. Hurley."

He turned and went, his head fallen between his shoulders.

Fran knelt on the cold ground by Sam. She was very quiet. Once she put out her hand and touched him softly on the cheek.

"Is he badly hurt, Rennie? What happened? Does he know, do you think? I thought at first—"

"So did I!" Rennie brushed it over quickly. "No, it's only his arm, Fran, but he must have come down with a crash. He was blinded temporarily . . . That crazy madman! He—"

Rennie broke off suddenly. "Oh, Fran, I can't think! I can't think, Fran, darling. To drop like this—straight from fantasy into melodrama—"

"I know," said Fran.

They got Sam into the boat with a great deal of difficulty.

"Will it carry three, do you think?" asked Fran quietly.

"It's all right," said Rennie. "We'll be pretty low, but it's a heavy tub."

They stood without a word searching each others' blurred faces. The water was making little lapping noises against the side of the boat.

"You're coming?" said Rennie.

"I must," said Fran. She put her hand on his wrist as he took the oars, and the boat glided out into deep water. "Rennie, if it hadn't been this—it might perhaps have been something else . . . Sooner or later that knowledge that Sam needed me—that I needed him!" She touched his unconscious face. "Poor Sam."

She spoke in a tired, remote voice as if she were speaking to herself. "He's blind and deaf and dumb—poor Sam. He's all these things. He cheated his old mother. He's made me cheat . . . he's broken parts of me to pieces the way he broke the crystal tree . . . But I'll go on and on with the idea that some day he will be different—and he never will."

Rennie rested on his oars for a moment without speaking. There was nothing he could have said just then but some wounding word that would have hurt them both. He stared over the hazy reaches of the lake to the looming darkness of Addicott's land, and it seemed to him that he was standing outside himself, looking down from a great height on three humans who were drifting helplessly on a dark current that was life itself.

SAM's recovery was quick and accelerated by his joy at finding Fran there beside him. Her return to The Swan mixed up with extraordinary incidents of the night evoked no question. Elan, roused by Rennie's urgent summons, did not ask for explanations—neither did Fran offer any. To Sam she said:

"I got back just in time, Sam. Rennie Hurley had rowed you over. There was a late bus coming through, luckily. The flood waters had held us up a little."

Sam, making the most of a few days' complete invalidism, was contented. Fran was back and that was the main thing. The startling events of the night, and the trouble preceding the flood, were wiped out as though they had never been. Only Joe creeping about glooming over his ruined out-crop and the logs waiting to be sawn, remembered. Sam's good-natured and blasphemous dismissal of the whole affair, his sporty attitude in not mentioning it outside, did little to comfort Joe. With his head held a little more on one side, and his dark long face darker than ever, he was beginning to be afraid not of his hallucinations but of himself.

Rennie kept away for more than a week. When he appeared (a little diffident but with a stubborn line to his chin) he found The Swan in a state of tumult. There had been a raid the previous day—Sunday—and a dozen names had been taken. Sam had been informed that he would, without doubt, at a later date be hauled before the court on a charge of Sunday trading, and the policeman—a new upstart from Brown's Town—had ridden away (on the step of an offender's car) with a smirk of satisfaction on his face.

The whole affair had been a put-up job according to Sam, who still carried his arm in a sling and wore a pair of makeshift glasses. Monk Matthews had given the information. Monk Matthews, acting up to his throat of "getting even," was hand-in-

glove with the new cop, and had worked things very well . . .

"Two convictions now," grumbled Sam, pushing a bottle across to Rennie.

They were sitting in the bar-parlor and Fran, with her back to the cold afternoon light, and a secret withdrawn look on her broad face, was darning a football jumper of Ritchie's.

"Two convictions," said Sam, again lifting his glass. "Duck, Hurley—and a feller is only allowed three."

"And apes?" inquired Rennie. "I mean what happens then?"

"Turn it over to the good wife," Sam winked at Fran as he backed away to the bar. "That's what they all do, Mrs. Frances Addicott, Licensed Victualler."

Rennie was silent, his lips curling, his fingers fiddling with the stem of his glass. His look said more plainly than words as he met her amused eyes:

"There! Is that what you have returned for?"

He got to his feet with a struggling, ungraceful gesture. He had grown thinner, Fran thought.

"For pity's sake come outside, Fran," he said with the charming troubled voice that always had such power to move her. "I want to talk to you."

"Very well, Rennie."

Fran stuck the darning-needle into the wool and they went through the house out to the sunny yard.

"You must see my sweet-pea fence," she said happily. "You put the posts in for me, do you remember, Rennie? All the pale delicate ones are opening first. Then the old purple ones with their richer smell."

They went past the sweet-peas and the tumbling stacks over the rough, broken-up ground. In the waning afternoon the air had a pearly opalescence, and the grass was netted in thin silver threads.

"Listen, Fran!" Rennie pushed her gently back against a smooth trunk and stood with his hands on her shoulders. "I'm going sooner than I expected. I hadn't a lease or anything of that sort with the home-stand, you know. I just went into it in a casual sort of way. It's been said now over my head to young Heathcote, who apparently will carry on the traditions of his horrible old uncle. He's going to use some of the timber in the house on his own place. Had you heard?"

Fran shook her head.

"Well, that's how it is," said Rennie. "I'm leaving at once." He put his hand under her chin and looked into her eyes, very blue, very steady. "Fran, I'm asking you again. Will you come with me? Fran, darling, you do love me, and I love you too much to leave you to—this! Fran, darling, think of the years! The terrible, terrible years . . . you and Sam—"

"I'll make something out of the years," said Fran trembling. "There's Mary—there's Ritchie. I'll make something out of The Swan. I dreamed of it when I first came here . . ." She laid her cheek softly against his hand. "If I went now, Rennie, it would be like giving up something half-finished."

"Something that will always be half-finished," said Rennie brutally.

He looked at her, hating her for the moment, hating the impulse that had urged him to come back to the Four Mile. What had he got out of it? Nothing! There had been frustration everywhere. His book would never be finished. Nothing that he had ever attempted would be finished . . .

And Fran!

"Forgive me, Fran," he said. "I'm un-

reasonable and bitter. What the two of us have had we shall have for ever."

"Oh, Rennie, Rennie," Fran whispered. "I'll never forget the beauty that you've given me."

THE dream grew faint and receded as the years passed. Fran would sit at night in the parlor and think back, trying in vain to recapture the evanescent memory of those hours of delight. The sound of Rennie's voice lingering over delicate Chinese poems . . . the peaty smell of the wet fern-stems in the garden . . . They were gone—gone, all of them, never to return!

Time, which seemed to be standing still like the moon under a cloud, slipped by. The hotel grew more decrepit. Its walls had the hollow, caved-in look of an old man's toothless mouth. Up and down the wide, red road, tramps roamed aimlessly looking for work. The country, suffering under a succession of bad seasons, wore a lean, sterile aspect. On the farm, in the township, there was gloomy talk of changed conditions and financial ruin.

But Fran, working harder than ever, frustrated at every turn, yet looking forward to some future bliss, was quietly happy. Whatever came there would still be butcher-birds singing in the windy mornings . . . there would still be the hazy lake like a clouded pearl . . . bloom on the ancient peach, and the sound of bees in the heavy gum-blossom.

Then there was Sam. Sam a little touchy and peevish at times, with his collarless neck creased, and his blue eyes not so clear as they once had been. Sam . . . and Ritchie with his scraped, snub nose always thrust into a cow-bell or the interior of some farm machine. And Mary! A rampant, growing Mary coming home at intervals from school, surveying with an increased distaste the shabby environs of the hotel. . . . Mary triumphing in all her difficult exams, and finally returning at seventeen with the news that she had won a University Scholarship which would see her through her B.A. degree. . . . Brilliant Mary, still hand-in-glove with the slower-going Yolande, who had put her name down on the waiting-list of a Melbourne hospital.

"Not that I'm crazy to ruin my hands with disinfectants," Yolande confessed to Petronella, with that velled look in her eyes. They were sitting out in the garden shelling peas into a cracked blue basin, and Yolande spoke with her mouth full. "But I'm not going to rot away here like you and Jane. No thank you! It's the city for me, sister, and my eyes on Colin MacGregor all the time! He's far too attractive to be lost sight of for three-quarters of the year."

Petronella regarded her youngest sister with eyes that held amusement. . . . The assurance, the arrogance, the immense sophistication of Yolande as she sat on the step, her short golden hair meticulously waved, her slim, hipless body encased in a frock that fitted her as an orange-skin its fruit! Everything about Yolande was right. Her dress was the right length. She hummed the right songs, knew the right clichés and the right shades of behaviour to be accorded through the varying nuances to the old, the not-so-old, and the young.

"You're doing the wise thing," Petronella said.

"I'll say I am." Yolande got up to turn on the wireless. "You've wasted yourself here you know, pet. Mary and I often say that. You could have been a bit of a rip in another setting. Aren't you going out to have a whack at golf this afternoon?"

"I'm off my game," said Petronella with some restraint.

Somehow sport wasn't the same fun now. She was losing her prestige on the links with all these little nasty flappers coming on. Fifth player on the club's list where she had once been first! The charwoman's granddaughter had beaten her in the last tournament.

Petronella stared at the little pale green pellets in the basin. To be eighteen again! Not floundering about in a No-Man's-Land beyond the comfortable boundaries of youth. They didn't really want her—Yolande and Mary, Colin MacGregor (home on holidays), young Frank Heathcote with eyes for no one but Mary, and all the little mob that played games during the day, and at night departed on mysterious quests, coming home late, rather self-conscious.

She felt that she (and Jane—so soon!—though Jane, placid as milk and content with her routine work at the store, didn't mind about anything) belonged to a different generation.

Petronella walked slowly round to the kitchen with her peas. No use getting desperate. No use at all. She had been desperate that time when Rennie Hurley had taken up his abode at the homestead. Ha-ha, a man! she had thought. A man! . . . Dear Rennie, so charming, so unique, so utterly unreliable! She had thrown herself at his head and he had turned her aside politely but firmly for that peasant-like woman at the pub—Mary Addicott's mother. She remembered how he had come to say good-bye, how delightfully he had thanked them for their hospitality.

"Almost courtly," Aunt Maudie had said, gratified to the point of tears.

"You must come again, Mr. Hurley," Aunt Maudie had chattered, "but next time you must be our guest."

And Rennie with an odd little smile—the sort of smile that went with a "courtly" bow—had said regretfully:

"Ah, but I am afraid, dear Miss Peacock, there will be no next time."

Petronella laughed at the memory. It hadn't taken her long to laugh that off! Come to that, you could laugh anything off, even the sight of Yolande standing in the kitchen surreptitiously ironing a blouse that you had missed for three days.

"Thanks," said Petronella making a snatch. "That's mine."

"Oh, Petronella," Yolande whined, "don't be so foul! I've only got school ones with the high necks. . . . Next year I'll be in the way of earning my own blouses."

"Pooh! Tuppence a week," teased Petronella.

She threw the blouse back, went to the neat little green-curtained window and looked out.

Mark was coming round the corner of the house ducking his bare head under the ragged eucalypt. There was a new buoyancy in his walk, a new lift to his shoulders. His grey, bearded face wore a pleased, purposeful expression.

"A bit like the king reviewing his troops," thought Petronella. "Thank the Lord for the garden and Father, anyhow! . . . Well, if there's any good news to be heard for a change, I'm all there to gather it in."

Mark said nothing till long after dinner had been cleared away and Jane and Aunt Maudie (with a pleased expression and a tin of biscuits under her arm) had departed for bed. Then he laughed quietly, emptying the ashes from his pipe-bowl into the fire.

"I had a letter from John Hurley to-day," he said. He glanced covertly at Petronella who sat sprawled back in a leather chair with her thin arms under her head. Had

she really been interested in the younger Hurley? Impossible to know, for girls did not give themselves away these days. "Do you remember some time ago when we were in rather a mess, and I asked him for some assistance, and he couldn't see his way to do anything?" Mark's grey eyes glowed pleasantly. "Well, he writes now with delightful pomposity, to say that if I am still in need of financial aid, he will be only too delighted to oblige. . . . The old place, etc., etc. . . . And I am," added Mark with a little hint of elation in his rather metallic voice, "in the happy position of being able to refuse his offer. The stock-taking hasn't turned out too badly at all! We're on the up-grade again, Pet. It's been a stiff pull through, and by God, I don't mind admitting that there have been times when I have been on the point of throwing up the sponge and clearing out—as you once suggested. Do you remember?"

Mark sat down stiffly ("I'm not as young as I was," he thought) and filled his pipe.

"To-day I believe we've got back the last of the customers that Lamb fooled away at that time. Higgins of the Orchard Estate. One of those rattling big yearly accounts. They're doing well on the Soldiers' Settlement, and there's to be some solid construction work on the bend of the river."

"It sounds like a triumphal chant," said Petronella untwining her arms. "Good egg, Father. Anything else?"

Mark cleared his throat.

"He said that Rennie had gone to Fiji to try his luck with bananas. His cough was troubling him, and he wants warmth."

"Poor Rennie."

Petronella kicked her shoes off and reached for a cigarette. (Rennie had given her the box because she had once admired it. Sandal-wood with a lid of embedded turquoises.)

"He'll die," she thought. "We'll all die, but he'll die just a little before us." She sniffed up the incense-like odor of the sandal-wood. "I expect Mary's mother would be interested to hear even that." She felt something in her softening—something that had taken a long time to yield. She thought surprisingly: "I believe I'll walk out to the pub to-morrow and take her two bulbs of my *Lilium Auratum*. I daresay there's more virtue to be had out of a talk with Fran Addicott than in trouncing the Ewers woman's horrible aces. . . . Look at Mary!"

At that moment Mary, with her young face close against Frank Heathcote's sleeve, was whirling down the moonlit road, past paddocks blanched into the semblance of infinitely-stretching ice-fields.

Mary was happy. Frank, though he smelled a little of sheep and had a calculating look in his eyes when he talked of buying farms, and farms, and still more farms, was marvellously thrilling. He had a romantic profile and those lovely curly nostrils that were like interrogation marks side-on. . . .

"You're a little black witch," Frank was saying in his slightly rough voice. "You little fool! Haven't you finished with school yet? Why on earth do you want to go on to the University and stuff your pretty head with facts and figures. . . . School-marm Mary. . . ."

Mary giggled. It was fun having Frank in love with her. It made her feel as if she were going down in Hurley's lift very fast without stopping at a single floor. . . .

It was a year later.

In the bar-parlor Sam sat by the miserable fire, brooding. The wood, green and full of hissing sap, smoked just like the

load they had got from poor Joe Parker that time. . . . Poor old Joe! He'd cart no more wood. He had drowned himself, the fool, one night three months ago—put his hat on his head (his hat on his head, mind you!) and walked into the lake.

A nasty business altogether, but you always knew that he'd come to no good—never been quite right in his head since the night he had peppered him over at Sanger's. And Rosie had taken the kids and gone back to her mother's laundry, looking pleasanter than she had ever looked before. The farm was on the market now. . . . For sale, or to let. . . . Good lord, but it 'ud make your mouth water to think of all that good land going to waste. . . . That strip of fallow away from the end of the lake. . . . A bit of ploughing over it in the autumn, and it 'ud be in fine tilth for sowing. . . . And that run for a few decent sheep.

Sam sighed, roused himself, and asked sleepily:

"Where's Mary?"

"Out with Frank Heathcote. They've gone to a dance at Naringes."

There was a weary patience in Fran's voice. She had already informed him three times. It was an irritating habit of Sam's to want to be told things all over again. . . .

She sewed on steadily. She was mending the dining-room blind and the coarse stuff, rotted with rain and sun as it was, resisted every stab of the needle. There should have been new blinds at the windows, just as there should have been new everything. But Sam couldn't see. The old, old story. Business was worse than ever it was. There was no money to be wasted on *fai-de-lais*. They were even reduced to two cows, and after the wheat-carting (there'd be very little of that) Elsa, in spite of her willingness to work for next to nothing, would have to go back to her precious Frans for good. . . .

Fran broke the cotton, knotted it again and went on with her stitching. She was pale with a threading of tiny red veins showing out on her cheekbones. Her eyelids had a thickened look. She felt tired and dispirited. There had been a peevish little wind crying about the house all day—the spring wind that can have ice as well as flowers in it. Mary, with her vacation nearing its end, had been annoying as Mary sometimes was now.

Not that Mary had changed. Fran told herself with a little flare of pride for the Mary who talked so glibly of the grave University and the clever young things who roomed with her in a cheap Parkville boarding-house. If there were any change it was merely a superficial change on the outside. The essential part, the core of Mary, remained unaltered. And she was a carping old woman to be annoyed because Mary (parted from Yolande who was nursing in her Melbourne hospital) preferred to run into Brown's Town whenever the opportunity offered.

Fran put down her sewing, went to the piano (it had only been tuned once since Ma Addicott's day), played half through a simple little Brahms waltz and sat down again. She was restless to-night. There was something in her akin to the roving wind that shook the peppers against the roof, and snatched at the corners of the house as it passed. She looked at the clock.

"Twelve," she said. "Mary should soon be here. She promised that she wouldn't be late."

Sam took off his boots and put his feet in the fender, twiddling his toes.

"Oh, she's all right," he said unconcernedly. "She's with young Heathcote." His florid face lengthened comically. "I shouldn't wonder, old lady, if those two—"

"Don't say it," cried Fran in an anguished, "Don't say it, Sam."

"What's wrong with Heathcote?" blundered Sam, aggrieved. "A fine set-up young bloke with only a mother to keep and all that land! Mary 'ud do well for herself if she—"

"Don't—" said Fran again.

Sam smiled at her, his eyes, bright behind their thick glasses, took a boot in either hand and padded out.

Fran watched the clock for a while. If Mary would only come! Mary in her white frock and silver shoes, with her fine black hair tangled into little, loose, flyaway curls. Mary. . . . Mary. . . .

She opened the front door and went on to the verandah, staring up and down the long, star-lit road. The curlews were walling over the paddocks. A fox barked somewhere. The dim tops of the trees emerged out of the darkness as though they emerged out of water. She looked over her shoulder and saw her name written above the door in a sloping black lettering. "Mrs. Frances Addicott, Licensed Victualler." She had never quite got used to seeing it like that, though it had been there for some time, for Sam had had his third conviction early in the year, and the licence, after a good deal of trouble and some adroitness on Sam's part, had been transferred to her.

She looked down the road again towards Naringes, then went inside to bed, taking the battered alarm clock with her, since it was not always wise to count on Paddy for the morning Bre.

A couple of hours later she heard Mary come in. She slipped a coat over her nightdress without disturbing the snoring Sam, and, barefooted, made her way down to Mary's bedroom.

Mary was standing by the dressing-table tugging a bracelet over her thin, childish wrist. Her little dark-skinned face had a secret, absorbed look. She glanced up sideways, tapped her silver shoe and sighed.

"Oh, Mother, I'm not so late! I'm eighteen, you know—an old eighteen." A little smile hovered round the edge of her mouth.

It was a smile that filled Fran with a nameless foreboding. "After all, darling," said Mary lightly, "you were married at nineteen, weren't you?"

Fran clutched the edges of her coat together. Married at nineteen. . . . Married at nineteen. . . . the cold was creeping up from the fibroium through her feet, through her entire body. Something inside her was freezing as hard as crystal.

"What of it?" she asked.

Mary fiddled with her hands.

"Well, after all, darling, I may as well tell you now as in the morning. Frank and I—we—I mean he asked me to marry him to-night. I'm crazy about him, Mother. He wants it to be soon."

Mary stared at her mother imploringly. This wasn't her mother standing there with that awful chilled look on her face. It wasn't her mother at all. It was somebody whom she did not know. . . .

"Well, after all," she said in a small, sullen voice, "why not? Petronella told me to-night that Yo and Colin are properly engaged. Yo is going to stop her training and marry Col the minute he gets on as a ship's doctor. It won't be any worse for me not to finish—"

Fran groped her way to the edge of the littered bed and sat down. She felt as if everything was being taken from her—as if she had nothing of her own left.

"Mary," she whispered. Just that "Mary! Mary!"

Mary stood leaning against the ugly varnished wall, slim and immature in her tight white frock.

"What have you got against him, Mother?" she cried in despair. "What have you got against him?"

"He's a Heathcote," said Fran. "Isn't that enough. A Heathcote!"

"Just because his ratty old uncle—" began Mary. "Oh, Mother, you're awfully weak, darling—"

"Mary, Mary!" Fran's eyes held Mary's against her will. "Listen, Mary. This man! Oh, it is all very well now. You don't know. You are a child. You are both in love. That is all that matters. But afterwards, afterwards, my own girl! . . . You will see him—he will be a different person—somebody you don't know. . . . He won't see your way. . . . you won't see his. . . . There is one thing he will see—land. Oh, I have listened to them talking in the bar! They are all the same, these Heathcotes! It is land and more land."

"I don't care," broke in Mary's stifled voice.

"But you will care!" Fran's words ran on coldly, remorselessly like a river in spate. "You will care, Mary, my own. You will try to escape. You'll be saying: 'Where has all the beauty gone? Where is it? Where is it? Where is it? I must find my way out somehow. Surely there is someone like me who would understand. You will go looking—and hurting yourself looking—perhaps! Oh, I know, Mary! I know! You are mine—part of me—like the small fern in the fern-stem—'"

"But you, mother, you yourself!" Mary stamped her silver foot. "You and Dad! You've been happy, and you're utterly different people, mother. You've never wanted to escape. . . . You and Dad! You've been happy, then why—"

Fran was silent, staring at the floor.

"Yes, I've been happy," she said after a pause. "I've fought and stayed happy. . . . Been hurt and stayed happy. . . . I don't want you to be hurt like that, Mary. I—"

Her feet moved on the cold floor.

"Mother, go to bed," said Mary very fierce and dishevelled. "You'll be chilled through. . . . Here, darling. Slippers—"

Fran fumbled with the slippers.

"Too small," she said in an exhausted voice.

She looked at Mary, weary and beaten. Mary who was too young, too much in love to see. . . .

"No, I can't go to bed yet," she said. She shuffled across to the window, threw it open and leaned out. She remembered how she and Rennie had leaned out of the window that night. . . . how their rainy faces had run with quicksilver under the candlelight. How far away it seemed now. . . .

She turned shivering, but the old repose had crept back into her face. Her face was the deep quiet one that Mary knew.

"Darling, ought I to tell you I wonder? Do you remember Rennie Hurley—Sanger's garden?"

"Rather!" Mary drew the deep whimpering breath of a child finished with crying. "Oh, it was sweet! And Mr. Hurley—he was a lovely man, mother!"

"He was," said Fran with a candid smile. "Very lovely. Everything that was lovely he loved. Everything that was fine."

She listened to her own calm voice com-

ing out of her mouth as if she were listening to someone else speaking. Her own voice going on quietly, telling Mary . . . The old, old house inland in the flood-waters. . . The budding trees in the garden. . . Rennie reading her "The Ancient Wind." The inextinguishable flame of beauty that she had detected in him from the beginning . . . that flame that had touched her, too. . .

Mary was sniffing quietly, rubbing her hands with the back of her fingers. . . "Other mothers wouldn't tell their daughters things like that," Fran thought with a little prick of humorous appreciation. She put her arms round Mary's thin, sharp-pointed shoulders in their silk straps. "I've had the contrasts, Mary," she said. "Always! . . . The ugliness—how much of the ugliness!—and the beauty! There have been times, Mary, when the ugliness has been almost too much. That is why I had to escape from it. . . You see, my lamb, it is because I do not want you, too, to know the bitter contrasts—"

"Oh, Mother," whispered Mary. She crouched, looking out with dilated eyes. How much Mother knew! . . . How terribly much! . . . Her thought went creeping round in a little grey circle. Mother and Rennie Hurley . . . Yolande and Colin . . . and Frank . . . Frank with that air of not listening sometimes when you entrusted about something. . . He had given his mother a butter-churn for her birthday. His mother had smiled, but there had been something behind her eyes. . . It was so heavenly to be in love. . . But how were you to know! Yes, that was it. . . How were you to know if somebody didn't tell you. . . It was all so frightening. . . so terribly frightening now. . . Perhaps if you waited a little—

"I'll wait, Mother," she stammered. "I'll tell him. It wouldn't hurt to wait—"

"No, it wouldn't hurt to wait," agreed Fran, rubbing Mary's icy hands. She had gained her point. A little waiting, and Mary (now!) would see for herself with a more mature wisdom.

Mary went back to the city two days later with a thoughtful look in her eyes, and a touch of embarrassment in her farewells.

Fran had a letter at the end of the week. It was a garrulous letter packed with academic detail and humorous commentaries. It was Mary being very sophisticated, and showy, and unsentimental.

"You needn't worry," she had scrawled in the postscript. "I am much, much too busy down here, darling, to go in for any sort of yearning. . ."

Mary's letter dissolved the last lingering doubt in Fran's mind. She was suddenly happy as she had not been for weeks. Even the new moroseness that seemed to have suddenly descended on Sam appeared negligible.

"This may be the best summer yet," she thought with a surge of hopefulness. "Mr. Jarrold and Petronella seem to think so. . . We shall make a fresh start, Sam and I. . . I shall get the money somehow—before Mary comes back. . . I shall throw away the old, chipped crockery and have little fluted cups like nautilus shells. Pink inside like young mushrooms growing in the shade. . . Get rid of the varnish on the passage walls. . . Cover them perhaps with thick, creamy paper."

But Fran did none of these things.

The next day Sam informed her in a voice husky with emotion that The Swan had been marked down by the Licensing Reduction Board. From the end of the

month The Swan as The Swan would cease to exist.

"Of course there'll be the compensation," he told her as she stood without saying a word, drawing her hand across her eyes as though the hard sun hurt her. "There'll be compensation," he repeated. "Nothing very considerable, but enough—"

Fran looked at him. He seemed more irritable than hurt. He was not hurt as she was, with that dreadful deep-down sense of frustration and defeat. There was even a spark of lively interest in his eye as he glanced over the rusty roof of the fowl-house towards the lake—and Parker's.

Something heavy and dark moved inside Fran. She put her hand on her heart.

"Sam—" her voice was a whisper. "I've been thinking about it," said Sam standing with his short legs well apart, his head cocked on one side. "I've been thinking about it ever since I knew we were done here, Fran. . . Parker's!" His red hand with the little fine hairs on a poppy stem, pointed. "Parker's, Fran. . . a decent little farm, and a fine one for the lad to step into. . . A real farmer, young Ritch! Same as his father."

Sam belloved with laughter, threw his arms round her waist and gave her an abstracted squeeze.

"Yes, I been chewing over it for a darned long time!" He released her suddenly, regarding her with distrustful eyes. "Aren't you keen, old girl?" he asked aggrieved. "Well, soak me bob, you've always kicked up enough shindy about the extra work in the pub—"

"Keen!" whispered Fran. "Keen!"

She shut her eyes. She could see it all. The miserable little house with its blistered walls. . . The broken roof, the leaning sheds. . . the strips of torn hessian that flapped at the windows. . . the parched strip of heaped-up sand in front where fowls scraped dust on to the sticky bit of salt-bush and exhibition bordering. . . She could see it all. . . the low-ceilinged rooms with smoke-blackened walls. . . Joe going out of the front door with his hat on his head. . . to throw himself into the lake. . .

"Keen!" whispered Fran.

She stood there in the sun like an old defeated woman.

Sam looked at her helplessly, shrugged, and walked in to the bar to mix himself a drink.

THE van waited out in the front. It was a dilapidated van that Sam had hired for the day, and it held the furniture comfortably. Ritchie sat at the back with his legs dangling, Sam in front with his hand on the wheel. They were going round by the road.

"Come on, woman, can't you?" bawled Sam. "What the heck are you waiting for now?"

Fran came out of the front door of The Swan. She looked tired and dusty and walked as though her feet hurt. There was dirt on her chin and her hair was slipping, but her eyes, very blue, very steady, were smiling serenely.

"I'm sorry, Sam," she said. "It was Elsa. She was upset."

"Well, climb up," said Sam testily. "Climb up."

Fran colored and bit her lips.

"Oh, wait, Sam! Just a minute! I've forgotten something. Please! I'll have to go back." She called to him breathlessly over her shoulder. "My Lillum—my precious Lillum Auratum."

She went through the house as quickly as

she could. The old familiar smell of paint and varnish and dust stole up to her out of the empty rooms. Already the place had a blind, uncaring look.

She dashed across the yard, the sun beating down through the hole in her straw hat. The bulb was in the crumbly ground near the sweet-pea fence. She looked at the fence listlessly. The sweet peas had been no good this year. The cows had eaten the best of them.

She knelt on the ground clawing at the hard earth with a little stick. The stick broke in her fingers, and she burst into tears. . . It was just the last thing that could happen. . .

She backed with the heel of her shoe, with her strong coarse hands. Tears splashed down on her hands and trickled in the dirt. She rose, tripping over the torn hem of her skirt, straightened herself and looked at the ugly little bulb. It had suffered no hurt. . .

It was very still in the yard. There was nothing but a little sea-whisper from the pepper trees and the chirping of dusty sparrows. Shading her eyes she looked across to the lake. So quiet and blue the lake to-day! So secretive and passionless. . . Then as she looked a little wind sprang up—a little wind blowing from nowhere. The water moved, gathered itself subtly into little ruffled points that rose and fell and rose again. The whole texture of it was changed—whorled into a little dancing pattern. . . Then the wind passed and was gone as suddenly as it had come. The lake lay as it had lain a second before—motionless, secretive, withdrawn. . .

Fran passed her hands over her eyes. She was living a moment that she had lived before. . . She remembered. . . That first night that she had come to the Four Mile. . . Standing by the water, watching, thinking as the wind blew over the lake. . .

"Your life could be like that, placid and unbroken, and then in one swift moment touched into a dancing shape by something coming swiftly. . . out of nowhere. . . Like that for a moment. . . then afterwards. . . as if the change had never been. . ."

She smiled as she crossed the yard. Her life! Yes, it had been like that. . . Before. All that glamor, that enchantment that had changed the shape of her life for a little while. . . Now it was as though she had dreamed it. . .

Out in the road Sam waited impatiently. A cart rattled by with a man and a girl sitting on a heap of bags.

"Addicott's going," the girl said indifferently.

Fran appeared tripping in her hurry. The tiny bulb was dripping dirt down the front of her dress. She climbed up beside Sam and sat leaning forward a little, her hands folded quietly in her lap.

"That place," she was thickly blinking. "That place!"

"Hold on!" bellowed Sam.

The van moved forward with a jerk.

"Perhaps a creeper that would grow quickly," Fran thought meanderingly. "Dolichus for the fences. . . And geraniums. . . Geraniums will always grow in sand."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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